

The Australian

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Over 830,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Women's Weekly

November 22, 1967

PRICE

15c

New Zealand 15c
New Guinea 34c
Malaysia \$1.00



At the
CUP
the
LONDON
LOOK

Two ★ HOME IMPROVEMENTS
Lift-outs: ★ WALL TREATMENTS

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 34c; New Zealand, 15c; Malaysia, \$1.00 (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne 2001.

Brisbane: 31 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane 4001.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 389A, G.P.O., Adelaide 5001.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth 8001.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compress Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 51-53 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

NOVEMBER 22, 1967

Vol. 35, No. 26

OUR COVER

For an uninterrupted view of the Melbourne Cup, three visiting English models took along see-through umbrellas. From left, the girls are Bullo Coleman, Penny Yates, and Rowena Ward. The cover picture and the pictures on page 3 were taken by Les Gorrie.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

Melbourne Cup Fashions . . . 8, 9
Livin' Legs — in color . . . 19-21
Christmas Trees to Make . . . 74-76

HOME IMPROVEMENTS

Centre lift-out
Special insert
WALLS BEAUTIFUL

REGULAR FEATURES

Social 11
TV Parade 15
Australian Almanac . . . 24
Traveller's Tale 31
Compact 40, 41
Letter Box, Dorothy Drain,
Ross Campbell 47
For Teenagers 49-51
Stars 93
Mandrake, Crossword . . 95

FICTION

Do Unto Others, Jennifer Birch 57
The Weight of the Word, Charlotte Armstrong . . 61
Here Comes the Bride, There Goes Mother (Serial — Part 2), Irene Kampen 77
Clara's Quirk, Lorimer Hammond 85

FASHION

Summer Caftans by Vogue . 34
Pants-dress by Butterick . 35
Dress Sense, Betty Keep . . 37
Fashion Frocks 59
Needlework Notions . . . 60
Butterick Patterns 95

HOME AND FAMILY

At Home with Margaret Sydney 38
Home Hints 44
Family Affairs 53, 55
Prize Recipe 55
Collectors' Corner 63
Cookery: Christmas Cakes and Puddings 66-69
Gardening: Christmas Gifts from your Garden . . . 70, 71
Transfer 88

PATTI MEETS THE BOYS

● GTV9 television personality Patti McGrath recently returned to Melbourne after touring Vietnam. Now she is giving messages to "the folks at home" from "the boys up there."



"I FEEL a bit like a carrier pigeon, but it's beaut," said Patti McGrath.

The pretty blonde TV entertainer was speaking about the messages she had been asked to deliver when she returned home after touring Vietnam as a member of a concert party.

Patti said members of the party — Doug Owen, Denise Drysdale, and the pop group the Strangers — were thrilled with the reception they received from the troops, both American and Australian.

"We did about 30 concerts — two a day — and averaged audiences of more than 1000 for each.

"At Nui Dat we had 1000 Australian boys sitting in mud watching the show. They were marvellous."

It was at this performance at Nui Dat that the hazards of tropical weather were brought home to Patti. Previously she had found the heat rather oppressive, but during the performance she was drenched in a downpour and her frock was ruined when it was spattered with red mud.

"Many of my other working clothes were ruined, too," said Patti. "The tropical weather causes them to go mouldy in suitcases."

"I also had problems keeping my hair well-groomed, as it stuck together rather like jelly. Fortunately, I took several wigs and hairpieces, which I wore for the concerts. When I wasn't work-

ing, I twisted my own hair into a ponytail."

Patti brought back many mementoes of her visit, including numerous slouch hats and badges presented to her by the troops.

She also received a crossbow and a bracelet of Vietnamese silver made by the inhabitants of Mountenark, a mountain village the party visited.

"This visit was, for me, the most interesting part of the tour outside the concerts," said Patti.

"The people were very small and dark and to be accepted into the village we had to drink rice wine from a bowl fitted with a gadget like a water level. You have to drink the wine down to the level — about an inch."

Patti said the inhabitants of the village were fascinated to see a blonde, as all their women were very dark.

"They kept staring and had obviously never seen fair hair before," she said.

"Visiting Vietnam was really the most fabulous experience, even though I found the war very hard to understand."

"Once we were flying to an air base, and a mile and a half away on one side a fierce battle was taking place. The same distance away on the other side, we saw people yachting and water-skiing."

"I would love to do another concert tour in Vietnam if possible," said Patti.

— LEONIE NEWBERRY



PATTI McGRATH, one of the most popular concert party artists to visit troops of the Australian Task Force in Vietnam, above, entertains a large group at Nui Dat.

LEFT: Gunner Yarema Troynar, of Noble Park, Victoria, gets news of home from Patti. She also brought back many messages.

BELOW: Denise Drysdale and Patti enjoy a barbecue lunch with troops in Nui Dat. At left is Garth Thompson, drummer with the Strangers, pop group in the party.



"ROGER, a big kiss, and out," said Patti after speaking on the radio with gunners of the 131st Divisional Locating Battery, Royal Australian Artillery, stationed outside Nui Dat. Assisting Patti, Bombardier Vic Danko, Newcastle, N.S.W.

London Look at Flemington

● The seven visiting English mini-models (they were promptly christened "mini-birds") and three Australian models were the attention-getters at Flemington during Melbourne Cup Week. On the members' lawn, where Jean Shrimpton's 3in.-above-the-knee skirt drew shocked comment two years ago, their pelmet skirts were met only with smiles.

The Cup visit was sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with Du Pont International and Qantas. All the girls were dressed in orlon fabrics, with shoes and bags in corfam.



AT THE CUP: Strapper Geoffrey Blackwell holds Pal Tinta to be admired by four of the seven English models, Samantha Juste, Dee Poore, Jan de Souza, Joanna Ford.



● Against Qantas posters (this was the airline which flew them to Australia) are English mini-models (from left) Samantha Juste, Rowena Ward, Joanna Ford, and Dee Poore at Myer's Miss Melbourne Shop. An enthusiastic crowd of teenagers saw the girls show the Australian-designed and made dresses in orlon fabric which they chose to wear to the Derby Day meeting.

● At the Derby (right), the three Australian girls, Robyn Jennings, Lauren Jones, and Janette McLeod, who joined our mini-models to show orlon fashions at Flemington during Melbourne Cup Week.



NEXT WEEK

Your guests will beam with pleasure when you offer them goodies made from the mouth-watering collection of recipes in our 16-page lift-out . . .

CHRISTMAS BISCUIT BOOK



. . . there's a biscuit for every party occasion in the Christmas season!

and . . .

SCOOP!

● The news that British secret service agent "Kim" Philby was also a spy for the Russians set the world agog . . . but what of his wife? Now, she tells her own astonishing real-life cloak-and-dagger story in —

THE ORDEAL OF ELEANOR PHILBY

and . . .

in COLOR



The graceful racemes of beauty, the banners of spring: WISTERIA

● You'll meet an American woman rancher who's bought a valley (and a deserted village) in N.S.W.

Fiery Greek actress MELINA MERCOURI tells her own story, too



● What's the "now" look in fashion? You'll find it in our party swinger pattern!

● Sister Louis-Marie, photographed in the mother house of her order at Hallaton, in Leicestershire. Picture was taken by the convent's Mother Superior, Mother Mary Joseph.

"We were formed to give information to people wishing to enter religious life."



NUN HAS CERTIFICATE IN PUBLIC RELATIONS

ONE name stood out when the British Institute of Public Relations published its latest examination results.

It was that of a nun — Sister Louis-Marie Hawkins. It stood out because somehow, to the lay mind, the two worlds don't — shouldn't — mix.

The secluded world of the convent and the brash whirligig of PR and advertising? Surely not.

But Queensland-born Sister Louis-Marie Hawkins, secretary of the English congregation of the Daughters of Our Lady of Good Counsel and St. Paul of the Cross, is the proud holder of a Certificate in Public Relations.

"I thought," she said, when interviewed at the order's London house, "that it would be useful."

She wore the order's up-to-date habit of a dark green, long-sleeved, calf-length dress, with a short black coif and sturdy brown shoes.

"The Daughters of Our Lady of Good Counsel, or the Vocation Sisters as we are called, were formed to give information to people wishing to enter religious life," she said.

"So, in a sense, we are all public relations officers." The congregation is an English one, founded in 1945 by two Englishwomen. In 1962, it received approbation from Rome.

Although the Vocation Sisters are only 25 strong, they have three houses — the mother house at Hallaton, Leicestershire, a house at Birmingham, and a house and girls' hostel at Ladbroke Grove, London.

The Sisters act as a kind of gateway to the religious life.

"Girls and women who feel they have a vocation for the religious life come to us for information and advice," Sister Louis-Marie explained.

"We tell them what the life entails and help them consider which of the congregations to enter."

"A girl with an interest in medicine would probably choose a nursing community."

What if a girl — through

worked for a year as a secretary in a solicitor's office in London.

Then she happened to see one of the Vocation Sisters' advertisements.

"I thought it was for a reference library," she said. "I answered it and found a congregation."

"I had always yearned for a religious vocation, but could never find an order I thought would really satisfy me."

"The Daughters of Our Lady of Good Counsel was just the kind of work I wanted."

By ANNE WOODHAM, in London

ill health or personality — would be unsuitable as a nun?

"Then we try to channel her interests and ideals into something else," said Sister Louis-Marie, "such as looking after old-age pensioners or youth groups."

Even that would be a task requiring a certain amount of psychology.

Apart from this, the Vocation Sisters do a large amount of parish work, visiting the sick and the elderly.

They speak on the religious life to young audiences at schools and churches; help conduct retreats and exhibitions.

Almost 2000 people have found their way through them into various orders in England and abroad — including Sister Louis-Marie.

She joined the Vocation Sisters in 1950, only a year after she came to England on a working holiday.

Born in the Brisbane suburb of Nundah, she

"I suppose some of our efforts are a little amateur," she admitted with a smile. "That's why the Mother Superior and I thought it would be a good idea for me to take a public relations course."

So, from September last year until the end of May, Sister Louis-Marie set off one night a week to the Institute of Public Relations.

She learnt about media — TV, radio, newspapers — about holding exhibitions, and laying-out advertisements. And she learnt the jargon of the advertising world.

"Whenever the lecturer said something I didn't understand," she said, "I just prodded the girl or boy beside me and said, 'Excuse me, but what does that mean?'"

"Everyone was very kind and friendly."

"You know, from what I'd heard of PR and adver-

tising, I had thought I'd be a little out of my depth."

"It's supposed to be such a secular world, isn't it?"

"But I was delighted to find that public relations people have their own code of ethics and aim for a high level of integrity and professional conduct."

Doesn't she find her foray into professional public relations a little unusual for a nun?

"Not really," Sister Louis-Marie said. "American Sisters do it quite frequently. Their congregations always seem to have a P.R.O."

"But I believe I'm the first nun in England to do such a course."

She wants to go on to the Diploma course now, but it will mean more time — two nights a week at a college.

Already she has acquired a greater awareness of the ways in which mass media work.

The results will mean that the Vocation Sisters will have a more efficient and more professional contact with the public.

"Just as PR fosters understanding between an organisation and the public, so it can help foster understanding between the religious life and the public," she said.

"I've already got a few ideas on how to run conferences of religious orders more smoothly."

She's thinking, too, of more attractive brochures and photographs and interesting ways in which the Sisters can present their work when speaking to the public.

After all, there's an image to keep up — and a lot of promotion to do.

Mr. Ben builds a fence

WHEN first approached about a hand-built fence, veteran axeman "Mr. Ben" Albrecht, of the Brisbane suburb of Upper Mt. Gravatt, as likely as not will say dogmatically, "I'm not doing no more fences, I'm crook."

If he does take on the job, after several more askings, and eventually gets round to doing it, it will be a fence to be proud of, and as straight as a die.

There's a keen demand for his skill in making old-style fences by hand, but Mr. Ben (as he is known) is not always eager to take on the heavy work involved.

City people especially, building modern homes in semi-rural settings, often want him to do an old-style post-and-rail fence for them.

Mr. Ben judges the straightness of his fences by eye.

"They don't know how I get the fences so straight," he said, "but eyesight is a wonderful thing."

Nowadays, to save time, he generally has a younger man to help him put up a fence on a property, to dig the post-holes; and he goes along with other methods of judging a straight line, at least with not more than a mutter or two.

"If I'm doing a fence myself," he said, "I put a peg in the ground about 4ft. high, and another peg in line about two to three chains (22yds. to one chain), then a third peg another two chains along. Then I walk back and look."

Mr. Ben has made a lot of fences. Doesn't know how many, he said, but he was doing straight fences around the district 25 years ago — "that was when a pound was a good bit of money" — and remembers some more than others.

He likes the sturdy look of the post-and-rail fences, with the strong, rounded posts and timber bars between, but he also likes doing the old split-post fences with three wires through.

"Now I like doing them," he said. "I don't know why, but I just like them. Still in demand? Oh, cripes, yes. A man came to me three weeks ago and said would I be interested in four miles of fencing, all split-post and three wires."

"No, I didn't say I would do it. I told him, not at the present time."

To find out more about Mr. Ben's methods, I went down into a 15-acre paddock about 13 miles outside Brisbane, where he was the first man to put axe to tree.

The owner gave Mr. Ben this privilege after he had built a fence for him, and Mr. Ben was mighty pleased. "There's axemen around Brisbane who have been watching that paddock for 20 years," he said with a wicked grin.

The paddock is one of the few near the city still carrying the trees he admires most, the "big woods." Some are 200ft. tall.

Mr. Ben can tell at a glance whether a tree (usually ironbark or a bloodwood) is going to give good posts.

"If you look up the length of the trunk," he said, "and see a hollow limb a good way up, you say that should be a pretty good tree to split. Or if you look from the bottom of the tree up to the top and the bark is running straight, he's good to split. If the bark veers around, I never touch them. They're too hard to split."

Mr. Ben has picked up his knowledge of timber-cutting working in the bush over the past 40 years, and he learned some of it from a brother who used to do a lot of axework. Now he has a chain-saw to fell the trees and cut them into 6ft. lengths, but he still does the rest by axe.

"They reckon I was a good axeman once," he said modestly.

"I used to chop at the shows with men like

Charlie Winkel, of Mt. Mee. Winkel was Queensland champion. After he got that way, he was world champion. Also Leo Appo, Coff's Harbor — another world champion. I chopped with them many times, did a terrific lot of it at shows in and around Brisbane. Yes, I had a couple of wins, but it was all handicap chopping."

These days not too many axemen do the double-cut around the tops of posts, but it is one of the features that mark Mr. Ben's fences as clearly as an autograph.

He showed how it was done.

"I put the round post up on a piece of wood to keep it off the ground. I just take a chip off the edge." He neatly sliced a small half-moon out of the post as clean as a whistle. "Then I get an even cut right round," he added, turning the big post deftly while the chips flew from the edge. (The post weighed around 70lb.)

As he wielded his axe Mr. Ben gave deep grunts, *whoom . . . whaam*, in time with each stroke.

"See, missus," he said: "You don't use the whole of the axe blade — only about 1½ in. from the front. Sharp? Cripes, yes. *Whoom . . . whaam . . .*"

From one tree he can cut about 124 posts, and sometimes more. Asked "Is that good?" he replied, "Mighty, for these parts."

Down in the paddock with the "big woods" reaching toward the sky and the ground still virgin, untouched by tractor or truck wheels, it was easy to believe Mr. Ben when he said he often saw goannas there 5ft long.

"They always go up the biggest tree," he said. "Why? Because me being in the bush I could cut down a small tree and catch him." Ben laughed heartily, then added soberly, "Goannas are bad. I don't like them."

Mr. Ben has also seen a big kangaroo in the paddock. "Yes," he said, "a kangaroo, not a wallaby. He's that high," holding his arms about 5ft. off the ground, "and that big across the rump (about 3ft.). Oh, he's a big fellow. I've seen some in the bush, but this fellow beats the band. He goes like the wind."

"Oh, no, I'm not making friends with him." Mr. Ben hooted incredulously at the suggestion and added with a shake of the head, "His tail is too powerful for me."

Snakes? Mr. Ben said he had met and dealt with hundreds in his time in the bush. "There are a couple of big brown ones here I've been after for a couple of summers," he said. "I've seen them quite a few times, but they've always got away. Once they go in the grass, I say, You can go. I never look for them, because you never know, the mate might be behind you."

"Where do I see them mostly? Round about where we left the car."

Mr. Ben's real name is William Henry Albrecht. His eldest sister, now 81, who still works around flats she owns, started calling him Ben when he was a child. He is now 67. His parents came from Germany, but he was born in Brisbane.

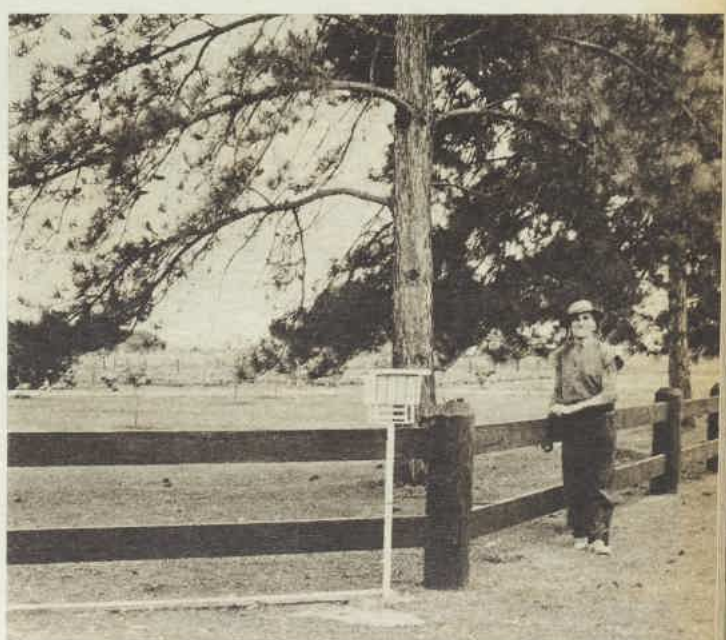
His parents' home on their 34-acre farm at Upper Mt. Gravatt fronted the old Pacific Highway. Mr. Ben and his wife still live in the cottage they moved into when they married, about 200 yards up from his old home, but on a vastly different Pacific Highway, which now carries the heavy traffic to the Gold Coast.

"It was barely a road, the old Pacific Highway," Mr. Ben said, going back to the time when he was seven. "Just a bush road. You might see a bullock team going along, or a horse team. You might see an old fellow go along in a dray with some gravel, throwing a bit in this rut and that one. Wasn't much of a road at all. Oh, cripes, no."

—JEAN BRUCE



MR. W. H. ("Ben") ALBRECHT double-cuts the top of a fence-post. "See, missus, you don't use the whole blade — only about 1½ inches from the front. Sharp? Cripes, yes."



"BEN'S FENCE" — that's how Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Stringer, who chose this post-and-rail fence for their modern ranch-type home at Rochedale, always refer to it. The posts are of red ironbark and the rails of dressed red bloodwood, and Mr. Ben morticed them in by axe.

Clark

30 STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

SPLASHER AND INFLATABLE POOLS AT AUSTRALIA'S BEST PRICES!

MORE CLARK SPLASHER POOLS SOLD EVERY YEAR THAN ALL OTHERS COMBINED!

TONS OF FUN FOR THE FAMILY!
BIG 10' x 24" DEEP

\$27

A SIZE FOR EVERY FAMILY — BUDGET PRICED TO PLEASE!

6' DIAMETER x 12" DEEP — safe for the little ones!

\$12

12' DIAMETER x 24" DEEP — a real family pool!

\$40

7'6" DIAMETER x 18" DEEP — big fun in a small space!

\$17

12' DIAMETER x 36" DEEP — for real swimming fun!

\$60

Clark
SPLASHER

6' DIAMETER

7'6" DIAMETER

10' DIAMETER

12' DIAMETER



AUSTRALIAN MADE! CLARK BRAND! GUARANTEED!

All Clark Splasher Pools have a galvanised steel sidewall that's easy to erect, simple to dismantle. Heavy gauge blue vinyl liner, treated against shrinkage, fits inside sidewall, gives sparkling blue appearance to the water! Pools pack away to a small parcel for storage. The youngsters would love one for Christmas!

SIMPLE, ECONOMICAL, EFFECTIVE!

ACCESSORIES TO KEEP YOUR POOL HYGIENICALLY CLEAN!



\$76

CLARK DIATOME FILTER No. 6790

Inexpensive diatomaceous earth type filter, expressly developed by Clark, provides the ultimate filtration for pools up to 12 ft. When used with Clark Splasher Pools, ensure ideal water conditions all summer through. Save water — one fill will last all summer!

With automatic surface skimmer **\$84** (as illustrated)



POOLCHLOR

1 lb. 80c
5 lb. \$3.50
10 lb. \$6.50
30 lb. drum \$16.00



VINYL POOL COVERS AVAILABLE



HAND SKIMMER

Sturdy 12" frame with large pocketed fibreglass screen. Complete with 4" handle. Removes debris from pool surface. (C-95)

\$4.00



AQUAJET VACUUM

Cleans pool floor. Aqua-coloured head of hi-impact plastic. With napped bag, 5' aluminium handle, replaceable brush. Works off garden hose. (C-95)

\$7.95

INFLATABLE POOLS TOO!

CLARK JUMBO RING POOLS COMPLETE WITH AIR PUMP!



The pool you can set up or pack away in minutes! Free pump makes inflation easy, then just add water for fun! Best quality, brightly coloured, heavyweight vinyl with attractive illustrations and designs.

\$3.95
48" DIAMETER

\$4.95
62" DIAMETER

CLARK IS AUSTRALIA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF ABOVE-GROUND FAMILY POOLS AT PACKAGED DEAL PRICES — SEND FOR CATALOGUE NOW!

Clark
RUBBER STORES LTD.

MELBOURNE: 196 FLINDERS STREET. 63 7411
SYDNEY: 42 YORK STREET. 29 6321
BRISBANE SOUTH: 41 PEEL STREET. 4 5851
ADELAIDE: 15 ANZAC HWY., KESWICK. 53 6133
PERTH: TEL-VU ELECTRICS PTY. LTD. 24 2222
375 OXFORD ST., MT. HAWTHORN.
OVER 30 STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA



FREE! 1968 POOL CATALOGUE
Please send me your catalogue without obligation

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

W.W. 6378

These readers agree . . .

"It's terrific to be a twins' mum"

● Many twins and mothers of twins have written to us since we published in our October 18 issue the story of the mother of identical twin girls, now aged 30. She complained that it was terrible being the mother of twins, that their "oneness" made it seem they had only one personality, one brain between them. Other mothers and twins contradict her.

Cheer up, twins!

AS identical twins now in our early sixties, we want to say to these twin girls, Cheer up. As time goes on, changes do come.

With loss of teeth, new dentures, greying hair, and lined faces, this is inevitable. But even after 60 years, with 15 grandchildren between us, we still cause quite a few heads to turn with amazement when out together.

We decided we would like to share our experiences with you and other readers. As we put pen to paper, imagine our surprise to find that we had both started with nearly identical sentences.

The letter from Gladys: One difficulty in being a twin is that people sometimes think we are snubbing them. This happens when people do not know there are two of us. On meeting and greeting the twin unknown to them, they get no response and think they have been rebuffed by the twin they know.

As children, our mother could not tell us apart. I was always being called by my sister's name, but never responded. On being reprimanded I would glibly say, "Oh, well, I am not Nell."

We always looked, thought, and acted alike. We have always been the same height and weight and even our voices are alike.

It was quite common for one to get a pain and find the other had the same pain at the same time and in the same place. Moreover, it would leave us both at the same time.

If as children we were inseparable, we were nearly as close after marriage. For some years we lived in the same street.

On many occasions we would visit each other's home to find that the evening meal in both houses was exactly the same. Our children were often in the same shop with almost identical orders. We each have three children, two boys and a girl. My sister's girl is her eldest, however. Mine is my youngest.

During the birth of my first child, my doctor, who had confined my twin the previous year, was amazed to find history repeating



● Twins Mrs. Gladys McDougall (left) and Mrs. Nellie Crowhurst, aged in their early sixties.

itself. Both confinements were unusual, difficult, and identical.

To other identical twins, I would say, "If you seek changes, they will come. The affinity, however, which only twins experience, will always remain. I feel sure you will appreciate this 'oneness' more as the years go by. My sister and I do. — Gladys McDougall, Eastwood, N.S.W.

The letter from Nell:

There is a great difficulty in being a twin. People sometimes think we are "proud" when they speak to us and get no response. I am often greeted warmly by someone I have never met. On these occasions I realise the person probably knows my sister.

Schooldays were happy days. Our teachers had a lot of fun trying to tell which twin was which.

Many people have asked

us if our husbands ever got us mixed up during courtship days. Mine did once. We had just announced our engagement and my fiancé was in our home. He was so sure he knew which twin was which, but he asked my sister for a kiss, much to her amazement, his confusion, and everybody's amusement when they heard the story.

There were times both before and after marriage that we tried to branch off from each other and be different. This was because there was often a feeling of lost identity as we knew many people could never tell to which twin they were speaking.

In relating the difficulties of being a twin, we are both well aware that there are many compensations. Not least of these is the wonderful companionship that only twins can know. — Nellie Crowhurst, Padstow, N.S.W.

Very special miracle

I FEEL fortunate indeed and proudly say not only do I have a son but twin daughters.

My 14-year-old daughters have been a constant pleasure and delight.

To be a mother at all is a miracle, but to have been chosen to be the mother of twins is a very special part of a very special miracle.

Most people find it hard to tell Toni and Gayle apart, but, from the day they came home from hospital, I have been able to. I was so interested, the finest differences were noted.

Now I can tell which is which, if not by their voices, then by what they say.

Their "oneness" is apparent at times—buying each other the same presents, liking the same interests and clothes.

The day my daughters were born, my husband said, "I don't know what it is like to be the mother of twins, but being the father is just wonderful."

Each day I realise more and more how much I agree with him.—Shirley Redwell, Williamtown, N.S.W.

Alike, but different

IF twins are on their way to you, take heart. It's not terrible, it's terrific to be a twin's mum.

Of course, 16 months is not long compared with 30 years' experience, but I just have to tell you about it.

Physical similarities can be confusing. Indeed, mine wear badges since Martin swallowed the disc off his identity bracelet. It does provide a lot of fun, though, when friends and neighbors are constantly thwarted in their valiant efforts to tell them apart.

And what sight brings more smiles to people's lips than that of a curly-topped, perfectly matched pair sitting side by side in a twin stroller on an outing? That's when you decide it's worth coping with all the work and extra problems two of a kind bring.

Yet, for all their sameness, little by little their individual personalities emerge.

Naturally, they are going to spend a lot of time to-

gether and copy each other—and it is a great temptation to bring them up as one child.

My boys already have their own ideas about "togetherness." It's been quite usual to catch them swopping their bottles or porridge plates, their toys, and their washers in the bath, or to find them somersaulting into each other's cot simply to have closer contact.

On the other hand, it's a relief to see one toddling off to pursue an interest of his own, or to firmly refuse chocolate custard while the other wolfs down both shares.

Somehow I look for these little peculiarities that make them Martin and David—not just "the twins."

Let's look at some of their differences. Martin, the first-born, likes to be at home. He is gentle, sensitive, and seems to have some of the wisdom of Solomon.

To be reprimanded, or to see his twin scolded, is a major calamity in his book. Tears! Not David—crying is

beneath him. He sets his little mouth stubbornly and answers back in cheeky gibberish.

He is far more outgoing than Martin and has a mate next door, as well as a glowing admiration for his eldest brother, Stephen. A few months ago David earned the nickname of "Fairyfloss"—he used to pose and wave his arms delicately about while Martin looked on in utter disdain.

They are both fond of music, but Martin is a Beethoven fan, while David prefers to "Go-Go." There have been so many delights with these two I have even kept a scribbled diary just so the two babyhoods in one won't slip for ever through my fingers.

You'll have to take my word for it that they like being twins. Great, big ever-ready grins show the whole world that they do—and that helps. I wonder if they'll still be as happy about it when they are 30? I hope so.

Now—what's so terrible about being the mother of twins?—Roselyn A. Forward, Castle Cove, N.S.W.

Rewarding challenge

AS the mother of identical twin girls nearly 16, I most heartily disagree.

I think it is wonderful to be the mother of identical twins and a most rewarding challenge for any mother.

My girls, born ten minutes apart, were—and still are—almost indistinguishable if dressed alike.

Once, when they were very tiny, I bathed the same twin twice and decided there and then that this sort of thing had to stop.

After all, they were two separate people with two different natures, characteristics, likes and dislikes, and, I respectfully submit, two entirely separate brains.

My husband and I have always tried to treat our girls as two separate people—to bring out their differences rather than accentuate their likenesses—to prepare them for any separation in later life.

I have always, from the time they were tiny, dressed them differently. Of course, they sometimes borrow from each other, but surely this happens in most families between sisters or brothers.

They look identical in school uniforms, so we overcame this by different hairstyles. At school, as soon as was possible, we put them in separate classrooms. When there was only one class of a particular grade, we put one on each side of the room.

I usually refer to them as the "girls," not the "twins"—although I have another younger daughter—and they get infuriated at school-friends who call them "twinnie," saying they're too lazy to try to remember which is which.

We would very much like them to have separate rooms, but in our house this is not possible. However, we have always tried to emphasise each girl's own personal belonging as such and rarely give "a present between you both" unless it is a family present, such as a paddling-pool, etc.

I have always tried, though this is not always possible in our somewhat hectic household, to have a few minutes' conversation every day with each of my four children, and I think this is doubly important in the case of twins.

Of course, they took the same steps at the same time; after all, they are identical twins and so matured at the same time. They crawled, walked, talked, and learned to swim at the same time, but then so did the younger two children at roughly the same age.

In short, we have always tried to treat them as separate—although very similar—individuals and they are emerging with different characteristics. Elizabeth is a good-natured clown; Diane works harder at school, so her marks generally are better.

They do not think it is terrible to be twins and insisted I write this letter to say so. After all, the advantages of companionship and many other things in having a sister the same age and with somewhat similar tastes far outweigh any disadvantages.

Please, mothers of identical twins, treat your sons or daughters as two similar children—not as twins.

P.S. Perhaps we had an unfair advantage in child psychology as my husband and I are both doctors and I work part-time, entirely with children.



● Twins Martin and David Forward, aged eight months.



● The violent wind didn't worry Mrs. Ian Baillieu, of South Yarra, who peeped out from under her "see-through" brimmed hat which was one of the most striking at the meeting.



● Unusual high-tongued boots, square-mesh stockings, and a bonnet made of felt petals complemented pretty Mrs. Michael Tinsley's pink-and-white coat.

AT THE CUP

GLAMOR AND GIMMICKS

—Pictures by staff photographer ERNIE NUTT



● At left: Youthful trio, Miss Robin Hoddle, Miss Sally Grant, and Miss Tina Body (left to right), on the steps of the Members' Stand at Flemington just before the running of the Melbourne Cup.



● Above: Mrs. Beth Churchill (left) and Miss Theresa de Tuboly, who wore contrasting hats, flew down from Sydney for the racing carnival and stayed with friends at Toorak.



● Above: Prince Mangkhala, of Laos, pictured with Miss Betty Lim Saw Yim, of Malaysia, winner of the Queen of the Pacific Quest. The Prince is on his first visit to Australia.



● Above: The French Commercial Attache in Victoria, Mr. Herve Hutter (at left), with Mrs. Hutter (far right) and Mr. and Mrs. Simon Warrender. Mrs. Hutter, former model Maggi Eckardt, won first prize for the best-dressed mannequin.



● At right: Mr. and Mrs. Brett Hall arriving at the Cup. Mrs. Brett Hall won first prize in the Fashions of the Field Contest for the best-dressed married woman.



● At right: One of the smartest and most colorful outfits at Flemington was Mrs. Frank Dunworth's A-line coat dress and pillbox trimmed with flowers and stalks.

World's smallest First-Aid Kit

Accidents won't wait. Be prepared with BAND-AID Brand Dressings. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick!

BAND-AID

BRAND

strips·patches·spots



Johnson & Johnson

Comptometrist found contentment in yoga

By Valerie Carr

HER sari was the color of a rich jewel. Thin gold bangles jingled as she raised hands in the Hindu salute of welcome.

Yet, she is Pamela — it's Pramila in Hindu and means rose — Price, a comptometrist, of Bexley North, N.S.W., an Australian with an Australian's love of sun, sea, and surf.

The only difference — Pamela believes she has found peace.

Recently she returned from a month's meditation in the foothills of the Himalayas, where she lived the simple life of the yogi.

"I stayed in an ashram — a Hindu establishment, where swamis live — in Rishikesh, and lived completely for yoga," she said.

Visit cancelled

The spiritual "adventure" which has brought Pamela peace of mind nearly didn't happen.

"In Kashmir I met an Australian yogi, who suggested I go to Rishikesh, but I almost didn't get there," she said.

Pamela, who, according to her mother, has travelled "everywhere," had made arrangements to visit Srinagar, in Kashmir, twice, but each time something went wrong.

"The first time, the Chinese invaded Kashmir, and everything was closed to tourists. Then, in 1965,

my visit was cancelled when the Pakistanis invaded."

Last year she eventually got to Srinagar.

"There is a tranquillity in Srinagar that you don't find anywhere else," she said. "And the air is so fresh. You can get up in the morning and play golf, and climb a mountain in the afternoon. You couldn't do that here."

It was the faces of swamis she had seen on previous visits — "I've been to India three times" — that made Pamela want to explore the ancient philosophy of yoga.

"There was something in their eyes," she said, "an inner bliss."

Back home, library books were her first source of information. She practised postures like "The Bird" and "The Frog" at home.

The desire to study yoga more closely grew. She also wanted to find a way of relaxing.

As well as a daytime job as a comptometrist, she began working at night. Soon she had sufficient money to make her pilgrimage.

"The ashram I stayed at was free," she said. "You just had to give a donation at the end of your visit."

Living conditions in the ashram were spartan.

She would rise from her plaited string bed — "It was all right, but my bed at home was softer" — at five every morning, don a simple white sari, and do exercises on the ashram roof overlooking the Ganges.

"When the sun came up we would bow toward it,



● Sydney comptometrist Pamela Price in sari she wore while travelling in India.

and kneel in a position of prayer. This salute is an ancient yoga custom. The yogi believes the sun to be the originator of all life and energy."

For the rest of the day, there were lectures on yoga philosophy, although, said Pamela, swamis believe it takes many lives to learn.

The daily diet was simple, too. She had to become a vegetarian, eating only curd, rice, fruit, and dahl — a tiny bean — in the silence of her room. She lost half a stone.

Against violence

"Eating anything living is against the Hindu religion. They take a vow — ahimsa — against all violence. They don't even eat eggs, because they believe they are depriving a chicken of life."

One evening during a meeting in the open, a snake came out of the bushes. The swami teacher, instead of killing it, frightened it away with sticks.

Pamela will never forget the time she was dunked in the Ganges, the Hindus' holy river.

"I just thought I'd like to be dipped. It wasn't anything religious."

"It was the end of the rainy season, and the river was running very fast. The Ganges begins in the

Himalayas, so the water was clean. When it gets to Benares and Calcutta, it's revolting."

Highlight of the month was when her teacher, an English swami aged 60, took her to a fire ceremony in the Punjab.

"The ceremony purifies a new ashram. The pandits, or priests, build a small fire, then on a certain word in the mantra — holy prayer — they throw a mixture of rice and ghee into the flames."

Pamela stayed in the small Punjab town for four days. Every time she went out, women and children would rub their foreheads on her feet.

"It was a shock at first. Although I wasn't wearing the saffron robe of the swamis, they must have thought I was one."

Pamela said she visited the ashram where Mahatma Gandhi's teacher, Mahesh Yogi, who converted the Beatles, teaches.

"It was on the other side of the Ganges — a lot more modern with more home comforts than the ashram where I was staying."

Pamela misses the peaceful existence of the ashram, but she feels much more tranquil, much more able to cope with the daily routine of life, which at the moment is job-hunting.

LONDON MINI-MODELS TO VISIT SYDNEY

● The seven English mini-models who were brought to Australia for the Melbourne Cup by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with Du Pont International and Qantas will visit Sydney next week to appear at two stores on Monday, November 20.

Wearing Australian-designed clothes made in orlon, they will be at David Jones', Parramatta, at noon; at David Jones', Bankstown, at 2 p.m.



● A collection by top American designers, ranging from unusual bathing suits to dazzling evening gowns, was enthusiastically admired at the preview of our "U.S.A. Today" fashion parade held at David Jones' in conjunction with the United States Department of Commerce. Proceeds from the gala evening will go toward the Royal New South Wales Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.

GUESTS at the gala evening arranged by the Golden Committee included, **AT LEFT**, Mrs. Fred Kovaleski in a striking gaily printed culotte suit, photographed with her husband during pre-dinner cocktails, and, **AT RIGHT**, American Consul Mr. Michael Balla, an official guest, Mrs. J. G. Beale, wife of the Minister for Conservation (left), and Mrs. Peter Copea.



AMERICAN FASHION PARADE



OFFICIAL GUEST Mrs. William McMahon (left), wife of the Federal Treasurer, with the Chief Justice of Australia, Sir Garfield Barwick, vice-president of the Institution for Deaf and Blind Children, and Lady Barwick, committee president. A large striped sultan's tent formed the entrance to the parade showroom.



VICE-PRESIDENTS of the Golden Committee, Mrs. S. G. Varvareason (left), and Mrs. Michael Paspalis talked with Mr. Paspalis. A chicken and champagne supper, which was held in the store's restaurant, preceded the parade.



AMERICAN ACTRESS Jinx Falkenburg (left), pictured with Mr. Charles Lloyd Jones and Mrs. Ronald Besaw, wore an elegant sari to comper the collection, which was paraded by ten Melbourne models, and two top mannequins from the United States, Christine Lee and Hedwig Bates.

UNWANTED HAIR GONE IN TWO MINUTES

Here's the smoothest, daintiest, easiest way to remove surplus hair. Just spread fragrant Neelo cream on with your fingertips. A few minutes later, wipe it off, and the hair goes too. Nothing could be easier. Neelo simply creams hair away, leaving your skin soft and smooth. No tell-tale shaving stubble. And gentle thorough Neelo penetrates the hair follicle, slows hair growth and brings you long-lasting skin smoothness. At your chemist.

Neelo
cream hair remover

V611

Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors—including over-exertion and unsuitable diet. Neglect—and reliance on superficial relief—invites serious medical consequences.

Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets—now regarded by overseas specialists as the leading anti-inflammatory treatment for piles. Remarkable improvement is being achieved—even with sufferers of over 20 years. A week's course will convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid. Simple and dignified treatment—two tablets with meals.

Write for free, informative booklet to SERA Pty. Ltd., Dept. 28, P.O. Box 241, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Varemoid tablets
The oral treatment for
HEMORRHOIDS

VARS233 (1W)



DON'T BE CAUGHT OUT BY INDIGESTION

Neutralise that excess acidity, get fast relief with the balanced formula of

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER OR TABLETS.

THE MAGAZINE
OF BRIGHTER
READING

15c

Everybody's

Page 12

"People tend to deny themselves meaningful experiences. They put off doing something they long to do until it's too late, and then regret it, often for the rest of their lives," said Doctor Richard Barnard, young Sydney psychiatrist.

● Richard Barnard, the tenor, now studying for a new career in Vienna.



DOCTOR TOOK OWN ADVICE

DOCTOR RICHARD BARNARD was not proffering professional advice when I called to see him at a psychiatric centre in Sydney. He was explaining why, at the age of 25, with the prospect of a successful and interesting career as a psychiatrist ahead of him, he was giving up medicine.

He had decided to go overseas and attempt a second career as a concert and operatic singer.

"For me singing is that meaningful experience that people often deny themselves," he said.

"Don't think I haven't been happy as a doctor. I've found medicine rewarding and satisfying. I may not succeed as a singer, but I know that if I don't try I shall always regret it."

That was four months ago. Dr. Barnard was about to resign from his position at the residential unit for disturbed children attached to the North Ryde Psychiatric Centre, in Sydney.

Now he is tenor Richard Barnard in Vienna—after working his passage as ship's doctor on the cargo ship Port Burnie "at a salary of a shilling a month sterling," with stopovers in Durban, Malta, and "three enchanting days in Greece, where I

had my only real case. One of the crew, viewing the glories of Greece from the Acropolis, was so overcome he fell 30 feet, and I had to patch up minor injuries."

In Vienna, Richard Barnard auditioned at the Vienna Academy and was given a scholarship. At present he is working with a vocal coach in preparation for the International Schubert and 20th-Century Competition for singers and pianists.

This competition, which

Psychiatry gave him deeper insight into music

finishes on November 19, with the finals broadcast over a European network, commemorates the 150th anniversary of Franz Schubert's birth in Vienna.

Vocal contestants must be prepared to sing Schubert lieder, modern Austrian songs, and songs by a 20th-century composer of their own nationality.

Richard has chosen two songs by the young Australian David Lumsden.

He has entered the competition more for the experience than the hope of winning.

"I've a lot more study to do, probably in Munich. At this stage I'll be delighted to survive the first heat. The

By
ENNIS HONEY

prize for that is the Freedom of Vienna for one glorious week."

There are 76 singers in the competition, including entrants from most European countries, Russia, the United States, and Canada. Richard is the only Australian.

Until psychiatry taught him "greater awareness not

that Schubert, Schumann, and other composers used for their songs.

"I even won the Goethe Society's prize for poetry speaking. Natural science, however, was my main interest and the reason I decided to do medicine.

"It was during my second year at Sydney University that pianist Bob Donnelly formed the Leonine Consort, a group of singers and instrumentalists to study challenging and interesting works.

Richard Barnard thinks that he is at the right stage in his life to embark on his "meaningful experience." He's 25, which means his voice is not fully developed, he's a qualified doctor—he's not breaking off midway to begin something else—and he's not married.

"Too many people wait until they're too old or saddled with responsibilities.

"I've also had enough musical success, so far, to make me feel reasonably confident, with my two best successes just last year when I won the Violet Somerset Memorial Contest for Lieder at the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, and a scholarship to the N.S.W. State Conservatorium Opera School."

He believes his experience as a psychiatrist will help his musical career, give him a deeper insight into the music he sings.

But what if he decides some time to return to medicine? Will his musical experience make him a better psychiatrist?

"It's an interesting question. As a matter of fact, three psychiatrists at Sydney University are musicians of professional standing.

"Daniel Kahn is a cellist, Melville Bennett a pianist, and David Maddison, the Professor of Psychiatry, is also a pianist. He was even a child prodigy, and would have taken up Schnabel's invitation to study with him in Europe if war hadn't intervened. We have often made a musical quartet."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 22, 1967

The dramatic arrival of little Jodie

THE nurses at St. Margaret's Hospital, Sydney, called the baby Mighty Mouse. The nuns called her a miracle. And a miracle it was that she was born alive.

It was a miracle of medical teamwork, but faith came into it, too, and so did a mother's courage, and the fighting spirit of the tiny scrap herself.

Her name is Jodie, Jodie Jennings, third child of Robin and Owen Jennings, of Heckenberg, N.S.W. Heckenberg is all of 24 miles from St. Margaret's, a fact which matters, as you shall see.

Owen, a fitter and machinist, married dark-haired Robin eight years ago. They were battlers. Their first home was a garage. Donna, now 7, and Todd, 5, were babies there.

But nearly two years ago, Owen moved his little family into the home of their own he had been working for, a pleasant cottage.

The couple were well content. They had their home and they had their "pigeon pair." Certainly, Todd, the second child, had been born badly jaundiced, but a full exchange transfusion after birth solved the problem.

The Jennings' are so-called "RH parents."

Owen's blood is RH positive, Robin's RH negative, which can result in an incompatibility between the blood of mother and baby, and anaemia in the baby.

It need not happen, and seldom does with the first child. But with repeated pregnancies the chances and the degree of affection increase.

Robin and Owen knew all this, but they weren't worried when they knew Jodie was coming. In fact, they were delighted from every point of view.

Robin's gynaecologist sat her down at the first visit, told her all the facts, and recommended that she be confined at St. Margaret's Hospital for Women, which was well equipped for the situation that might arise.

At the sixth month, he explained, she must have a special test, called an amniotic tap, when fluid is drained from the amniotic cavity in which the baby moves.

The fluid is examined in the laboratory to determine whether, and how seriously, the baby is affected.

Unperturbed, Robin agreed to do everything she

was told, and did, and everything went along happily for those first six months.

She was still unperturbed when, a week after the first amniotic tap, she was summoned for a second one.

"I just didn't feel it could be really serious," she said. "If the worst came to the worst, this baby would just have an exchange transfusion after birth, like Todd."

"I couldn't see myself as the sort of person something dramatic happened to. Other women perhaps. Never me."

The normal color of the amniotic fluid is a palish yellow. The darker the yellow the greater the degree of affection. In the case of the Jennings baby it was very dark indeed.

Robin was called back to the hospital, to be admitted for an indefinite period.

Now Robin and Owen were in no doubt about the

at the hospital there was a big conference of doctors and specialists, and it was decided that if the baby survived to the end of the week, she would be given an intra-uterine blood transfusion. Only a few years ago, this would have been impossible.

"My doctors took me into their confidence every step of the way."

Among the doctors was the distinguished Sydney gynaecologist who performed Australia's first intra-uterine foetal blood transfusion less than four years ago.

"We're constantly improving the techniques," he told me, "but broadly this is what happens:

"Two days before the transfusion, a dye is injected into the amniotic cavity, which the baby may swallow, or which deposits itself on the baby's skin to show the

"Through the tubing, very slowly, over 24 hours, we pump RH-negative blood into the child. We can repeat the whole transfusion five days later, if necessary, by leaving the catheter sealed off in position. Which is what happened here."

Robin was curiously detached when she walked into the X-ray Room for the first stage of the procedure.

The operation was to be televised, and the little room seemed full, what with cameras and X-ray and other equipment, the team of doctors, and the nuns.

"I still had the feeling," Robin said, "that I wasn't one of the people all this happened to..."

Two hours later she was back in bed, very sleepy, telling herself to lie still for the slow transfusion.

"I'm told," she said, laughing, "that my own doctor spent most of the night at my bedside, but personally I slept like a top."

The first news was good. The heartbeats were stronger; after the second transfusion, stronger still.

Robin went home, and did her Monday wash. Her aunt came to stay with the family until the baby's birth. But Robin forced herself to do housework, because that would be good for her.

Then a message came from the hospital. She must come in again, on October 26, 1966, a few days away. Robin sighed a little, but acquiesced. But the Mighty Mouse was to jump the gun!

October 23 was a Sunday, and when Robin woke she knew at once that the baby had moved. She did the washing, and hung it out. Owen was out in the front yard in his working jeans, doing some cementing.

It was late in the morning when it finally dawned on Robin that the baby was threatening to arrive.

Her bag wasn't packed, and had to be. Aunt dashed about, helping, while Owen raced to get out the car. Someone rang the hospital, and Robin got into nightgown and dressing-gown.

She kissed the children, then joined Owen, dirty jeans and all, in the car.

That 24 miles to town through the Sunday traffic stretched out like a thousand, but Owen made it in half an hour.

Most of the time it was 60 miles an hour and horn blaring. They spotted a motor-cycle policeman at the height of it all, and hoped he'd tack on and give



JODIE JENNINGS

them escort. But he didn't even give them a glance.

Young drivers took their speed as challenge. Owen aged a little.

At last they were at St. Margaret's. An anaesthetic would affect the baby, so it was out. Robin told herself, "If the pioneer women could do it, I can."

At 5 p.m. Robin caught a glimpse of the little blue creature who was her daughter. Then Jodie stopped breathing.

"It can't have been all for nothing," Robin kept saying to herself, while the medical team fought for the new life. Jodie was baptised.

Then at 5.20 she began breathing again. She was put in the humidicrib. That night a doctor came to Robin and told her Jodie must have an exchange transfusion. He came back later to report the little fighter had taken it well.

In the next three days she had three more complete transfusions, then a booster.

"Stood staring"

Robin lay and worried — not only that Jodie mightn't survive, but that she might be deformed.

On the fourth night, Sister Anne took matters literally into her own hands. She brought the whole heavy humidicrib up in the lift and along to Robin's room. Robin looked her fill, and was so happy that she cried.

"She was a bad color, but she was perfectly formed," Robin told me. "Her legs were the size of matches and her face no bigger than a cupcake. But her little face was so pretty! She was very long, and so small! Why, at the end of her first week she weighed only 2lb. 12oz."

"But she was all right, and so was I."

"Pretty soon I could go down to the nursery and visit her. On the tenth day, I was to go home, and Owen and I just stood staring at her. We couldn't tear ourselves away from her."

"She was never 'pathetic.' You could talk to her in the

humidicrib and she'd turn and listen, and when she'd had enough of you she'd just turn her back."

"Donna and Todd came in that day and gave blood for research, and felt important."

"They were crazy about Jodie even then. They wanted her home as much as I did, but that wasn't possible till she weighed 5lb. 7oz. It took three long months."

"Over all that time, a friend delivered my milk to the hospital every second day. We visited Jodie every weekend, as she moved from the humidicrib to the premature nursery and then to the big nursery."

"On Christmas Day she was put in my arms for the first time. And the children were allowed to see her. Jodie had about two hairs, and the nuns had managed to tie a big bow round them."

"On January 2, I rang as usual to ask her weight and they told me—5lb. 7oz!"

"I hung on the phone practically all day. I didn't want to waste another minute getting her home."

"And I got my way. First we took her to my mother's to give Mum a nurse of her, then to my father-in-law's, then at last she was home."

"The neighbors came, and Donna and Todd were proud enough to burst."

"By the end of the week Jodie's weight had soared. They say it's mothering that makes the difference. And today — she was one year old on October 23 — she's well over 20lb."

As if on cue, Jodie woke from her morning sleep. I could hear her crowing from her room.

Robin brought her out, a rosy-cheeked mite with dancing eyes.

She and her mother and a magnificent medical team had had to fight like fury to give her life. Now, as she bounced on Robin's lap, it was clear that the world was the Mighty Mouse's oyster.

—KAY KEAVNEY



ROBIN JENNINGS with Jodie and her other children, Donna, 7, and Todd, 5.

seriousness of the situation.

They left Donna and Todd with Robin's mother, who lived not too far away from the hospital. Robin went in and there were more tests. She came home and, close on the seventh month, was called in again.

"My own doctor told me there was no chance that my baby would be born alive," she said. "I was tested again, but the position was the same, still hopeless. I expected the baby to die within days or hours. But the little heart kept on beating."

"Every Wednesday night

outline of the skin contour.

"Yes, you can tell then whether it's a boy or a girl!"

"At the operation, a metal screen grid is placed on the mother's abdomen, and an Image Intensifier is turned on. Thus the operator can localise the abdomen in a definite area under the grid."

"A needle is then introduced directly into the abdominal cavity of the foetus. A smaller plastic catheter is passed through the needle into the abdominal cavity of the foetus and the larger needle withdrawn."

BEETROOT AS YOU LIKE IT

fresh from an Edgell country garden.



SLICED

The one that made Edgell famous.



SHOESTRING

To glamourise your salad



NEW DICED JELLIED

An exciting new beetroot style! Full flavoured Edgell beetroot cut to tender cubes. Set in a tempting jelly. Chill the can. Serve straight from the fridge. Easy!



FROM THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW MOST ABOUT BEETROOT

Edgell



PETERSVILLE AUSTRALIA LIMITED
SHARES ARE LISTED ON ALL
AUSTRALIAN STOCK EXCHANGES

LANE SIGNS FOR ANOTHER YEAR

● TCN9's "Tonight" will present two entirely different types of shows each week when it begins its 1968 season, but they will be compered by an old favorite, Don Lane.

THE "Tonight" shows will be presented, as ever, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, but the Tuesday program will be local and Thursday's will be national.

Lane has signed a contract with TCN9 for another 12 months to December, 1968. What happens after that is governed by many things.

Don didn't want to sign for more than 12 months and TCN9 agreed. The 12 months, I gather, is a very important time for Lane and for TCN9, too. Both parties will be thinking, making decisions.

Lane feels that by the end of 1968 he will know whether he wants to stay in Australia permanently or whether he goes back to the U.S.A. permanently.

At the end of that time, too, TCN9's executives will know exactly how they feel about "Tonight" shows — whether they want to carry on with them or be done with them for something newer, more in vogue for 1969.

Next year's "Tonight" season will be varied.

Tuesday night's edition will stay as folksy and informal as ever, and will come direct from TCN9; Thursday night's show will be the formal national night compered by Lane but presented from GTV9 in Melbourne.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

The Thursday night edition will be like the recent "In Sydney and Melbourne Tonight" show that Lane compered when he featured live acts from Melbourne and Sydney nightclubs and appeared as the "on stage" Don Lane.

I have never seen Lane appear except on-camera, but I am told that he fractures audiences in clubs when he appears live.

He is rated, not only by club audiences but also by sophisticated nightclub-goers, as the top-class entertainer in the field.

I like Lane on-camera—generally. There are times when he amazes me with his handling of difficult situations; other times when he amazes me with his apparent inability to do anything but let the show get out of hand.

I think the 1968 season could prove to be the best Lane yet. He will be trying very hard to make either the impression that gets him a big offer from America or the one that will keep him in Australia permanently.

I can't see how viewers won't benefit.

With all his decisions made—for 12 months, anyway—Don planned to celebrate his new contract and his 34th birthday by giving a monster party at Sydney's newest hotel, The Crest, at the Cross.

Guest list for the party, in a private room opening on to the terrace, was headed by the Premier of New South Wales, Mr. Askin, and Mrs. Askin, and included every TV personality you could think of—including Graham Kennedy—all the executives of TCN9, personal friends, footballers, and the Press.

Plans included a five-piece group of musicians, a lavish smorgasbord—whole Scotch salmon, caviar, roast duckling, sucking pig, lobster, roast beef, chicken, prawns—and drinks from champagne to orange juice.

Crowning the occasion, Patti Mostyn, Don's faithful secretary and Girl Friday, ordered him a surprise—a huge birthday cake sporting a rabbit wearing the red-and-green sweater of the Rabbits, the South Sydney Rugby League team, this year's premiers, for whom Don barracks himself hoarse.

There is nothing better than a success story and Don's TV career in Australia certainly is one.

Remember, he came here for six weeks, was an overnight success, and has developed into one of the most popular Sydney TV personalities. His six weeks has stretched into three years and he's ready to start into his fourth.

It is a pleasure to wish him many happy returns.

NEVER underestimate the power of TV, even down to the kindergarten set. Peter Luck, of that excellent ABC-TV program "This Day Tonight," was interviewing some of them from about five years old up about toy guns. They liked them for playing "goodies and baddies," they said.

Asked to name some of TV's goodies and baddies, they were mostly struck dumb. The interview looked like a dead duck until one tot rushed to the mike and said he'd remembered some — "The Egyptians and the Israelis."

He did not hesitate when Luck asked him who were the goodies. "The Israelis," he said firmly.

A clear look at Russian history

THE World Turned Upside Down," the first part of ABC-TV's documentary program to mark the



DON LANE has something to smile about — he has just signed for another 12 months as comper of TCN9's twice-weekly "Tonight Show."

50th anniversary of the Russian Revolution, was one of those documentary blockbusters that you have to stay with till it gets you.

I enjoyed it, especially the parts about that divine city, Leningrad, and the parts with the train thundering across the snow to Siberia.

If that reminds you of "Dr. Zhivago," it should. Parts of the documentary reminded me so much of the movie that I found myself listening for "Lara's Theme."

Seriously, it was a most fascinating exposition of the old Russia and the new, and the struggle between Lenin and Kerensky. It is a wonderful job of scripting and producing, a lucid presentation of a most complicated period of history.

The Beatles are TOO expensive

THE hottest Christmas TV property is a spectacular, hour-long special called "Magical Mystery Tour" made by the Beatles.

Made in color, it is said to present the Beatles at "the peak of their charming nuttiness."

The Beatles' nuttiness is charming, but it's expensive — so expensive that it seems to me Australian viewers may have to wait till it sells at sale price, perhaps for Christmas, 1968.

Asking price for the special is astronomical. All three major networks in the U.S.A. are competing for it.

Reportedly, the auctioning started among them at the sum of \$U.S.400,000. But the price may go up to a neat one million dollars according to experts.

The Beatles claim they have received 40 offers from just about that many countries which want the show.

They say 11 European countries are bidding, with Japan, Australia, South Africa, and Mexico also in the ring.

At this stage I can't find any Australian network hopeful of showing it this Christmas. They have all heard about it but what I heard didn't sound like a concrete offer from anyone.

The Beatles say that negotiations are proceeding according to plan, and that they are "anxious" to have their program shown at Christmas in all countries.

In England they have said it must be shown either on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day, preferably on the BBC.

"Magical Mystery Tour" has been written and directed by the Beatles and will show them like highwaymen of old travelling round England with all kinds of things happening.

Appearing with them are two British groups who haven't been heard before outside England — which sounds like the Christmas gift of all times.

The groups are one called "Traffic" and the other called "The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band," which is said to sound like a hip version of the old Spike Jones Band, a combination of musical jokes and musical parody.

Another featured attraction is a stripper called Jan Carson.

The big attraction, of course, is the Beatles, singing seven new numbers written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney.

They are playing their TV special very close to the chest.

No one in show biz has had a sneak preview, no one has seen it except themselves, but the Beatles have said they will most likely record the seven songs from the special for their record-buying public before Christmas, which anyone would realise is good business.

AMERICA'S wedding of the year, when the President's daughter Lynda Bird marries Marine Captain Charles Robb on December 9 at the White House in Washington, is getting very democratic treatment from the big American TV networks.

If Lynda Bird, Lady Bird, and President Lyndon B. Johnson permit TV cameras to photograph the wedding, it will be put on tape.

"Shown live, it would interfere with the American public's viewing of football on the TV screen," a network spokesman said.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the week

Mamma once said: "Remember when a car used to be a luxury? Now it's a necessity and some families have two and three. More and more cars are being bought, but fewer and fewer roads are being built. Oh, there are four-lane highways, but have you noticed that as they go into town they become one lane? So traffic jams. And when you finally get into the city, nerves frayed, there's no place to park. I think it's a plot to drive us all insane."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "There are drive-in movies, drive-in banks, drive-in restaurants. Now all we need are some drive-in highways."



RINGO STARR gets upside-down treatment from Paul McCartney, George Harrison, and John Lennon. The Beatles' new TV show, "Magical Mystery Tour," has not yet been bought by an Australian network.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 22, 1967



Modess* *because*

Luxurious softness.... full length
safety shield...

...and a unique *channel* of tiny
perforations centred along the
napkin for instant absorbency

Johnson & Johnson



Choose from Regular,
Super, slim Vee Form* and
new Blue Shield* Modess.

Trade Marks

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 22, 1967

GENE KELLY RETURNS IN FAIRYTALE

"Jack and the Beanstalk" brings Gene Kelly back to the TV screen for the first time in ages in a fairytale that is mainly cartoon, mainly for children, but is also delightful adult viewing.

EVERYTHING is cartoon except for Jerome, the hawker (Gene Kelly), Jack (Bobby Riha), Jack's cow, a strictly utility red dairy cow that has no qualms about TV cameras, and Jack's mother, who appears as a human briefly at the end.

After all these years, Gene looks a bit worn. He kept reminding me vaguely of someone. I think now he looks rather like a cross between famous referee Vic Patrick and Kangaroo winger Kenny Irvine — and his feet are just as nimble.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" was made by those master cartoonists Hanna and Barbera, the enthusiastic inventors of Yogi Bear, Fred Flintstone, Huckleberry Hound, and many other lovable TV cartoon characters.

I believed I had outgrown fairytales until I saw "Jack and the Beanstalk."

One of the things that amused me was the difference in wording the years have wrought. In my day, the giant thundered about roaring, "Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman," but this giant doesn't. After fee-ing and fi-ing, he smells "the blood of a rascalion."

Apart from this, it's all very traditional, with sunshine and flowers when the giant is in a good mood, and fierce thunder and lightning when he is evil-tempered.

Jack, all teeth and flaxen hair, is famous as the boy who sells his mother's cow to Jerome, the hawker, for seven magic beans. The beans grow overnight into a beanstalk that reaches through the clouds to the giant's kingdom.

Jack and Jerome scale the beanstalk to find fame and fortune, and are confronted with a notice that says, "Keep out, trespassers will be eaten."

From then on the fun never lags.

— NAN MUSGROVE



GENE KELLY as Jerome, the hawker, and Bobby Riha as Jack, with the wicked giant in the background, counting his money. The voice of the giant is that of Ted Cassidy, who played Lurch in "The Addams Family."



JEROME AND JACK arrive in the giant's kingdom, where one of the most popular characters is Lucy, the goose that lays the golden eggs. "Jack and the Beanstalk" may be seen in Sydney on TCN9, in Melbourne on GTV9, both on Sunday, November 19, at 7.30 p.m.; other capital cities later.



one of the fine furniture pieces in this room is a Pope air conditioner

(if you look closely you'll see it)



We deliberately styled the air conditioners to blend with your furnishings. Pope "furniture front" it's called. Of course, people will know you have one, even if they can't see it right away. They'll feel the comfortable temperature immediately they're inside, when it's oven hot—or freezer cold—outside. Pope's ability to cool down in summer—and warm up in winter—surprises lots of people who think air conditioners are only summer workers. And did you know this? It costs less to run all year

than it costs to run a radiator all through winter. And there's more. Pope Air Conditioner cares for your furniture, clothes and building materials by reducing winter "damp" and summer "mugginess." Pope also works at keeping air free of invading germs and hay-fever-producing dust and pollen particles. Pope Air Conditioners hide behind their "furniture fronts" at your nearest electrical dealer. The man with the slide-rule-type of card that tells you the exact sized Pope you need.

Go see a Pope Air Conditioner soon—for the temperature that comforts you best all year round.

POPE
Product of Simpson Pope

BUILT TO PERFORM BETTER—LONGER

PRAC 60, FPC-WV

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 22, 1967



LIVIN' LEGS

● Once it was the Bust then it was the Waist, but today all eyes are on Legs. Transforming legs from the tip of the toe to mid-thigh (as at the last report, anyway), the revolution in stocking and shoe fashions has even its originators reeling — all the way to the bank — as they happily think up more ideas for lowering and lifting. Suddenly just everything from last season is out of date. (It never never happened quite as quickly before, did it?) To be "with-it" again you have bought the shorter short skirts, the vivid colored shoes with their chunky heels and bows and buckles, and you have even surprised yourself by getting

By ANNE OLSEN

a pair or two — at least — of the colored or textured stockings. Even the woman who stoutly refused six months ago to don anything higher than a knee-length skirt has suddenly changed her mind and leapt into the act. In fact, women are showing more leg now than ever before in the history of fashion, and the nice thing about it is that nobody seems to mind at all. Long legs, skinny legs, fat, or short legs, it really doesn't matter. Just dress them to suit your personality and pocket and SHOW them. That's all today's fashion asks of you. As the pictures here and overleaf show you have a very wide choice of gear.



● All the pictures on this page are actuality shots of racegoers at the fashionable Spring Meeting at Randwick, N.S.W. A great variety of gay, colorful leg fashions was worn by short-skirted women in all age groups.

LIVIN' LEGS

Continued from previous page



"THE LOUNGER": From age five to 50, Lounger makes socks her favorite leg gear, even for indoors. Here (lounging, of course) she wears checked socks to match a tartan skirt. And she'd wear the same thing for shopping, casual visits, or golf.



"HELPLESS": Men were meant to help a girl with legs like these, and how she knows it! Not for her those vivid strong colors. She prefers pastel stockings and pretty "baby doll" shoes. She likes flowers and doesn't hesitate to use them as an accessory.



"ARTY" (above): She has legs which look interesting whatever "clothes" she puts them into, so she feels she might as well show them off. Her white leather button-ups could come from Grandma's cupboard, and her stockings have wild, diamond-shaped checks.

"WITH-IT-A-LITTLE" (left) never lets her feet and legs give away her small fashion budget. Her opaque stockings give the approved undernourished look to the leg and are correct gear with her green patent shoes.

"ELEGANT" (right): Men rave over such legs, and Elegant is cunning enough to make them praiseworthy, even by women's exacting standards. Though they look good even when bare and brown, their best uniform is after-five wear, like the shimmering stockings in the picture.



"TOWN TYPE" (right): From the minute you see these well-bred, boot-clad legs, elegantly crossed in well-practised nonchalant stance, you know she has a poodle at home and a chauffeur-driven car waiting round the corner. No matter what the weather or the occasion, you'll never catch her legs wearing the same get-up twice in a row.

"PSYCHEDELIC" (below): At heart she's a "flower person" and secretly she gets quite a giggle over making the men turn their heads. This latest fad (special paints for decorating legs with floral or other patterns) was a natural for her to wear to the beach — or just to wear. And who cares about shoes when daisies will do as well?



"DANCER" (left): Who's the happiest girl at the party, who's always asked to dance, and who knows all the latest routines? Dancer, of course, and why not, when she's got such pretty, slim, trim legs, which she treats with as much care as her face. Here her silver-threaded stockings — part of a large wardrobe of stockings — match her silver sandals.

"TWIGGY TYPE": For years people said, "What dreadfully thin legs," then some designer started creating only for such beanstalks. Suddenly these legs were IN, and the red and blue patent shoes she had bought but never worn became feasible to wear with the red dress, which she now turned up shorter than ever.

"WITH-IT-A-LOT": Emma Peel's got nothing this young miss can't match. Psychedelic colors and mad, mad stockings don't frighten her in the least. She is used to people "ooh"-ing as she saunters confidently by, this time in new high black boots of glossy leather and lacy white patterned stockings.



MAKE-UP F

DRESS: KIMMY MCARTY



Because you're a woman
you feel warm and soft and gentle.
Sometimes. For those times Coty
Originals gives you the Velvet look.
(It's Liquid Foundation then Contourer
then a fluff of sheer Translucent
Matte Finishing Powder and
a warm whisper of Jewelled Blusher.)

TOP: BLACK LANGE/PANTS: SPORTSCRAFT



Because you're a woman
you feel free and fresh and young.
Sometimes. For those times Coty Originals
gives you the Polished look. (Just a
film of flawless Liquid Foundation,
a touch of highlights and shadows
from the Contour Kit. That's all.
That's freshness.)

OR A MOOD

DRESS: HALL LUDLOW

Because you're a woman
Coty Originals is your make-up of the mood
whatever the mood. Because Coty Originals Collection
gives you all three Looks: soft and gentle Velvet
Look, fresh 'n sporty Polished Look, superbly elegant
Glitter Look...all in the one basic make-up collection.

Now here are Coty Originals compacts to keep your mood
make-up perfect. For as long as the mood lasts. Wherever the
mood takes you. Orchid white and gold compacts in 3 coolly
contoured designs, with or without mirror or the Coty Duette—
powder and lipstick in one neat case. All with 6 shades to match
your Liquid Foundation.



Because you're a woman
you feel elegant and sure and superb.
Sometimes. For those times Coty
Originals gives you the Jewelled Look.
(Go all the way. In this mood you
can't go wrong. Over your Velvet Look
dust on pure pow: shimmering gold
or frosty tourmaline Finishing Powder.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 22, 1967



COTY
Originals

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

• A weekly feature by Bill Beatty

NOVEMBER 19

1847 Governor Fitzroy announced Gladstone Colony to be abandoned. The short-lived settlement on the east coast of Queensland was designed to absorb certain classes of convicts and help colonise northern Australia. The project was initiated by William Gladstone (later Prime Minister of Britain) and was named after him.

Gladstone stated that a suitable spot for a harbor and town should be selected and streets laid out for temporary housing for the new colonists. The surrounding country should be laid out in farms to prevent accumulation of people in the town. The first colonists sailed from Sydney in January, 1847.

Opposition to the new colony was expressed by Australian newspapers. One accused the British Government of "felonising" instead of colonising. Critics pointed out that there were no capitalists in north Australia to employ prisoners, and every prisoner would be a Government encumbrance.

"We have," wrote one of the pioneers, "three great evils to contend with here — excessive heat, heavy rains, and mosquitoes in millions, particularly in wet weather. We are thus in constant misery." The following year most of the officials and settlers left the district. The town of Gladstone grew up on the site of the experiment.

NOVEMBER 20

1858 Birth of actress Nellie Stewart, who held the admiration and affection of Australian playgoers for half a century. When nearly 70 she played the young heroine of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" with astonishing success. Packed houses greeted her every performance. She made a film version of the play in 1911, with George Musgrove as co-star.

Nellie Stewart was born in Sydney, the daughter of well-known stage artists. Her mother, Theodosia Yates, was the great-granddaughter of the actress Mary Ann Yates, of David Garrick's time. She came to Australia in 1840, and played leading parts in opera. When Nellie Stewart was an infant her family moved to Melbourne, where she was educated. Her father taught her fencing, and she also studied dancing and singing.

When she appeared at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, in the name-part of "Sinbad the Sailor," she was acclaimed a star. She appeared in grand opera in 1888 as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust," and sang the memorial ode at the opening of the first Commonwealth Parliament in 1901.

Nellie Stewart appeared with much success in America and England and was starring in San Francisco at the time of the city's earthquake. In 1923 she published her autobiography, "My Life Story," a frank account of her private and public life and her remarkable career.

1871 First cable message (before the cable broke) from Java to Darwin.

1911 Mawson's first expedition left Melbourne. The Australian Antarctic Territory base known as Mawson is named after Sir Douglas Mawson, who discovered MacRobertson Land in 1930. Mawson, the first major geophysical observatory on mainland Antarctica, is one of the most important high-latitude research stations in the world. Sir Douglas Mawson was elected the first president of the Australasian section of the Antarctic Club in 1938.

NOVEMBER 21

1820 Death of Richard Atkins, Judge-Advocate. Atkins came to the colony of New South Wales with Major Grose in 1792. He was appointed Inspector of Public Works, a position formerly held by John

Macarthur, and this led to bitter enmity between the two men. Governor Bligh once described Atkins as a weakling, a blabber, a drunkard, ridiculous, and in legal matters "subservient to private inclination." Yet three months later, when Macarthur objected to appearing before Atkins because Atkins was a personal enemy, Bligh supported Atkins.

Little is known of Atkins' early life, and when he was sent to England as one of Bligh's witnesses in the Rum Rebellion he didn't return.

1840 "Geelong Advertiser" first issued. The City of Geelong's only daily newspaper was founded as a weekly, and is now the oldest morning journal in Victoria.

1897 Spectacular city fire in Melbourne. A five-acre city block bounded by Elizabeth, Flinders, and Swanston Streets and Flinders Lane, in the business centre of Melbourne, was swept by fire. It started in a warehouse and was fought by 200 firemen, who managed to save a few of the buildings. The damage was estimated at more than £1 million.

1918 HMAS Australia led larboard line of vessels to meet the surrendered German High Seas Fleet.

NOVEMBER 22

1773 Birth of Andrew Thompson, pioneer settler and shipowner. "It is the interposition of Providence to save the Colony from utter ruin, for never was there a more artful or greater knave," said John Macarthur, thankfully, on hearing of the death of Thompson on October 22, 1810.

Yet Governor Macquarie mourned the passing of his "good and most lamented, departed friend," and had a long, eulogistic epitaph engraved on Thompson's tombstone at Windsor, N.S.W. (It may be mentioned that Thompson left one-fourth of his £25,000 estate to His Excellency.)

But, knave or not, Andrew Thompson, who was transported at the age of 17, deserves recognition for his pioneering work. Macquarie described him as the founder of Green Hills, now Windsor, and invited him to Government House—this man who had been convict, convict-superintendent, constable, farmer, ship-builder, bridge-builder, brewer, publican, illicit distiller, flood hero, inventor, smuggler, and chief magistrate.

Macarthur's hatred of Thompson stemmed from his gate-crashing of the rum traffic, which clashed with Macarthur's interests and those of the rum monopolists of the New South Wales Corps.

As a shipowner, Thompson traded as far as New Zealand. In 1809 he received as a grant of land an island in Pittwater, near Sydney, which he named Scotland Island. There he engaged in shipbuilding and built large salt works. During disastrous floods in the Hawkesbury he was responsible for rescuing more than 100 people, and, in so doing, undermined his health.

1838 Melbourne's earliest cricket match. Played at Melbourne's first sports ground, Batman's Hill, between "The Military" and "The Gentlemen Civilian," it was won by the Gentlemen, the bewhiskered military gents being properly "hit to leg." The match was a gala day, with pennants streaming gaily from marquees, where business houses now stand, and a military band blowing vigorously.

NOVEMBER 23

1855 Victorian Constitution received royal assent.

1855 World's longest bare-knuckle fight. At Fiery Creek, near Daylesford, Victoria, James Kelly and Jonathan Smith fought with bare knuckles for 6 hours 15 minutes. The match was a draw. Victoria produced a family of famous fighters named Kelly.



GOVERNOR MACQUARIE in 1810 mourned the death of pioneer settler and shipowner Andrew Thompson, who, in other quarters, was considered an "artful knave." At left of picture, Governor and Mrs. Macquarie are represented in costume by Mr. Peter Fitzhardinge-Seton and Mrs. Garth Cubis and Governor and Mrs. Darling by Mr. Peter Barnard and Mrs. Esme Sapsford. They were at the Women's Pioneer Society of Australasia pageant-ball. (See opposite page.)

Orthodox citizens of those times regarded prize-fighting as expressed in a paragraph in the Melbourne "Morning Herald" in September, 1853: "One of these demoralising exhibitions" took place in South Yarra "about four miles from town . . . the match was for 50s a side," . . . and the name of the victor was "studiously concealed."

1863 Wreck of the Sporting Lass. The brig, a whaling vessel from Sydney, was wrecked on Bampton Shoals, North Queensland. Some of the crew reached the mainland, and eventually Brisbane, but the fate of the others is unknown.

NOVEMBER 24

1642 Van Diemen's Land discovered by Tasman. Abel Janszoon Tasman sighted the west coast of Tasmania, probably near Macquarie Harbor, and named the land in honor of Anthony Van Diemen, the Governor-General of the East Indies. Proceeding south, Tasman skirted the southern end of Tasmania and turned north-east until he was off Cape Frederick Henry, on the Forester Peninsula.

On December 2 a boat from each of Tasman's two ships entered Blackman Bay, where a landing was made. On the following day another boat party tried to land, but the sea was too rough. The carpenter, however, swam through the surf and, planting a flag, took formal possession.

Tasman steered east, and on December 13 sighted the north-west coast of South Island, New Zealand. One of his boats was attacked by Maoris in war canoes, and three of his men were killed and one mortally wounded. From New Zealand he voyaged to Tonga and Fiji, turned north-west to New Guinea, and eventually Batavia.

Tasman's journal relating to his discovery of Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand was published in London as early as 1694. The Mitchell Library, Sydney, possesses a colored manuscript map of Tasman's voyages. It was presented in 1933 by a daughter of Prince Roland Bonaparte. The map is reproduced in marble tiles in the floor of the vestibule of the Public Library of New South Wales, Sydney.

1792 Premiere of the first play having reference to Australia. Performed in Paris, it was "Les Emigres aux Terres Australes."

NOVEMBER 25

1803 First white child born at Port Phillip. The child, Robert Hobart Thorne, was born to the wife of an army sergeant.

1878 Return of the first Australian cricket team sent to England. Cricket took root shortly after settlement. The colonists observed the laws laid down by the Marylebone Cricket Club, since 1787 the maker and guardian of cricket laws, and Australia has followed them, with minor exceptions, ever since.

A New South Wales publication of 1832 mentions an inn sign outside "The Cricketers" public-house, at the corner of Pitt and Market Streets, Sydney. One side represented a match played at Hyde Park, Sydney, and the other side a view of a match at Lord's Cricket Ground. A cricket match in Sydney in 1834 excited so much interest that the Supreme Court was adjourned so some lawyers could take part.

In Victoria, soon after John Batman stepped on to "the site for a village," wickets were pitched on Batman's Hill, where Spencer Street Station now stands.

1902 Death of Eugene Nicolle, inventor of ice-making machinery. Nicolle studied engineering in Paris and London before working at his profession in Sydney, in Melbourne, and in Queensland. James Harrison had made experiments, and built the world's first ice factory at Geelong, Victoria, but his method was too costly, and he became bankrupt.

In 1860, Nicolle devised a method using ammonia, and opened an ice factory in what is now known as Ice Street, Sydney. So simple and sound was the Nicolle system that it is still in use all over the world. Thomas Sutcliffe Mort became interested in Nicolle's experiments, and between 1861 and 1876 12 patents to do with freezing machines were issued to the partnership. When Nicolle's factory was erected, Ice Street was just a track through the bush, with a ramp at one end for ice-loading.

A festival pageant of pioneers

IN Waratah Festival week in Sydney, the Women's Pioneer Society of Australasia staged a pageant-ball at which more than 150 descendants of the pioneers wore period costume to represent their forebears. The pageant, produced by Mrs. M. A. Alldrit, MBE, and written by Mrs. D. E. M. Cubis, was presented before the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Roden Cutler, and Lady Cutler and the Society's patron, Sir Kenneth Street, Lieutenant-Governor of Australia.

—Pictures by staff photographer DON CAMERON.



VICTORIAN bonnet with its lavish flowers and ribbons takes Mrs. Hope Wolgast (above) back to the days of her great-grandmother, Merran McDonald, who came to Australia in 1838.



THE LADY in the straw boater is Sandra Grayson, 21, dressed as Mrs. Aeneas Gunn, author of "We of the Never Never." With Sandra are the Vidler sisters, Sarah, 7, and Cynthia, 6, as children of the First Fleet. Lace on Sarah's costume is 100 years old.



BEWIGGED Andrew Cadden, sixth generation descendant of Captain John Dibbs, is dressed as Governor Hunter. His partner, Vicki Halliday, 18, is wearing pantaloons her great-great-grandmother Katherine O'Loughlin-Kelly, wore at 18.



DRESSED as their ancestors, Sue Dawson (above) represents Mrs. Robert Campbell, wife of one of the founders of Australia's first bank and of Duntroon Military College; David Lord represents Simeon Lord, emancipated convict and rich merchant. He is the seventh family generation.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 22, 1967

LEFT: From left, Jill Sheppard, descendant of pioneer woman Ann Hughes; Mrs. Georgiana Morris, artist-descendant of the miniature painter Georgiana McCrae; Mrs. Rada Penfold-Russell as her great-great-grandmother Mrs. Gidley-King, wife of Governor King; Mrs. Peter Grogan as her ancestor Lady Fitzroy.

RIGHT: Mrs. Hope Wolgast (see top of page); Sarah Jamison, descendant of Sarah, wife of Thomas Jamison, surgeon of the First Fleet; Robert Roger, dressed as his explorer ancestor, Gregory Blaxland



from your favourite Nestle's mayonnaise recipe..

NESTLÉ'S 2-MINUTE ORANGE MAYONNAISE

All spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated.
8 fl. oz. measuring cup used.
½ can Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk
¼ cup white vinegar
¼ cup orange juice
1 lev. tsp. Keen's Mustard
pinch salt
1 tbsp. finely chopped shallots
1 tbsp. finely grated orange rind.
Combine all ingredients. Chill, and serve with cold chicken or pork, or combined with potato salad or coleslaw.

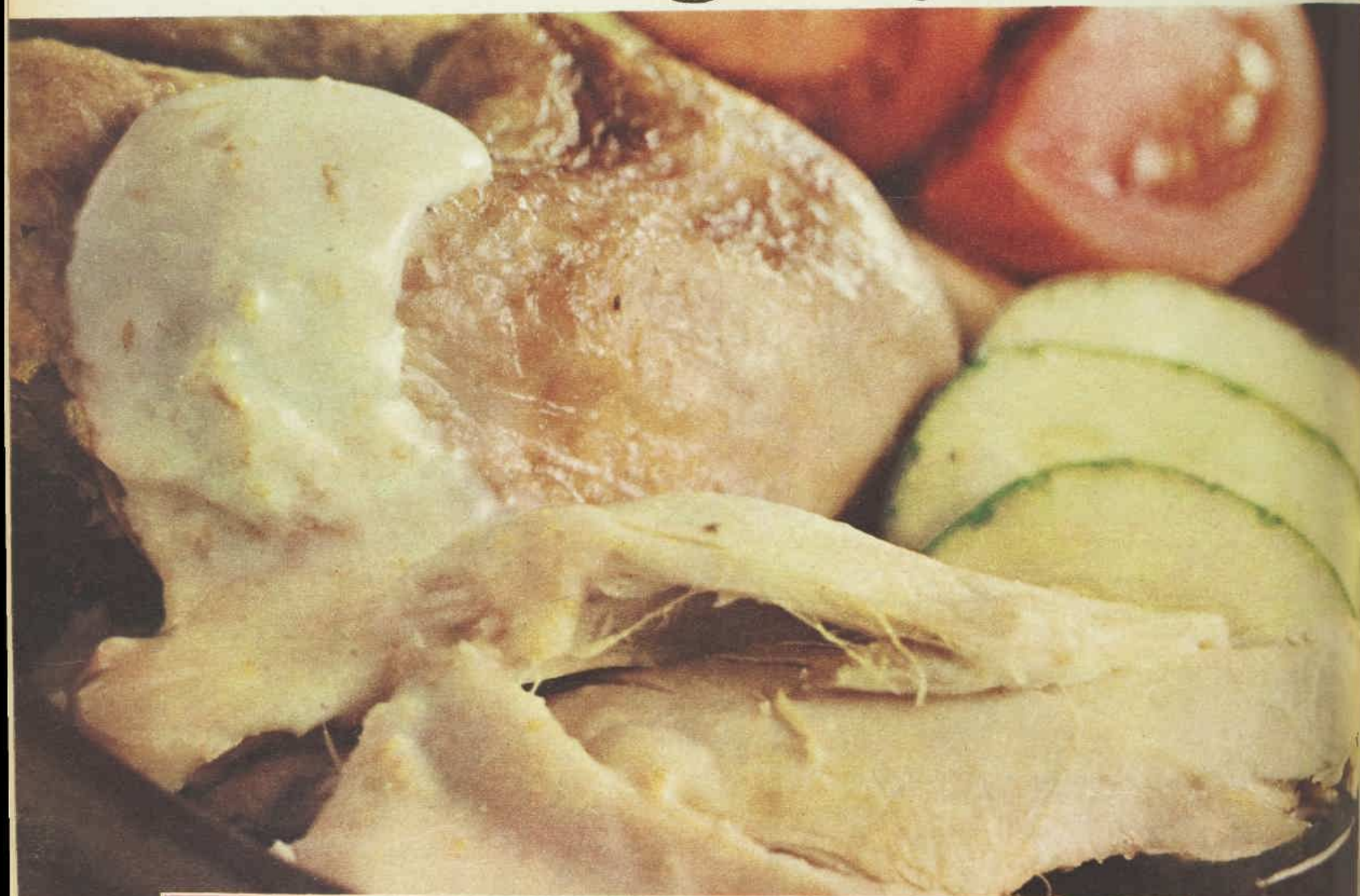
NEW

2-minute Tangy Orange Mayonnaise

NESTLÉ'S 2-MINUTE MAYONNAISE V

½ can Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk,*
1 lev. teaspoon Keen's Mustard,
½ cup vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt
Just stir ingredients till mixture thickens.
Let stand for few minutes to stiffen.
Adjust seasoning to your taste.

* 2-minute Mayonnaise Recipe on Label of Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk Can.



2-minute mayonnaise and Tangy Orange mayonnaise both start with
NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
and Keen's mustard.

NLS5573CPAWW

KYMIE'S NO PUP, BUT HE'S POCKET-SIZE

By JOAN KENNETT

KYMIE WINTER, a four-year-old Yorkshire terrier living in Adelaide, is so small that he once knocked himself out by falling off a three-inch step and had to be revived by mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

He measures only eight inches, weighs 1½ lb. by the kitchen scales (he doesn't even register on the bathroom scales), and fits easily into a pocket.

Kymie lives with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Winter and their daughter Kerrill in the outer suburb of St. Agnes.

He finds it hard to bark very loudly. If ever he manages to, his two front feet rise from the ground in surprise.

"Kymie is our baby," Kerrill Winter said. "We adore him and so does everyone else. He has several admirers who even send him cards on his birthday."

Kerrill is a trained nurse. She resuscitated Kymie when he fell from the step and another time when he almost choked to death. She breathed "the weeniest of puffs" into his mouth.

Curtained basket

Mrs. Winter said, "Kymie's father was nearly as small, and Yorkshires are a small breed. No one we know has ever seen a Yorkshire quite as small as Kymie, but there may be others."

The Winters have bred Kymie's family right through from his grandmother, bought from the late Mrs. N. Leane, the first breeder of Yorkshire terriers in South Australia.

In 1956 Mrs. Winter was awarded "Best Exhibit" at the Royal Adelaide Show with Kymie's aunt.

Mrs. Winter's other daughter in Melbourne, Mrs. Ron Stacey, of Glenroy, owns Kymie's brother, Toddy, who is half a pound heavier.

"You'll understand why we can never leave Kymie alone," said Kerrill. "He is so tiny and vulnerable. We have to keep an eye on him the whole time."

"I mean, if he's going to fall off three-inch steps and nearly kill himself, think what else could happen."

"And the day he choked—it was simply over some dog choc drops we'd cut into tiny pieces, anyway."

When the Winters go out, Kymie goes, too. Kerrill has bought a basket for him and fitted a little curtain to the inside on a drawstring. This can be pulled right around and over Kymie, hiding him completely.

He willingly burrows down into it and will not utter a sound until lifted out, sometimes hours later.

"He's very good," Kerrill said. "He knows if he's put into the basket he's about to go where he shouldn't be seen and he stays deathly quiet."

Kymie has been to weddings and funerals, to parties and church services, to supermarkets and the big stores in town, even to work sometimes with Kerrill.

She has a private nursing job at present, looking after a woman patient who was paralysed by a stroke and lost the power of speech.

The patient adores Kymie, and Kymie likes nothing better than to snuggle up in the crook of her arm. She is gradually learning to speak again and "Kymie" was one of the first words she was able to say.

Kymie loves ice-cream and his cup of tea, or, rather, saucer of tea.

"In fact," said Kerrill, "he likes anything humans have."

"He probably has more toys than most children," and she smiled at the little face looking mournfully up into hers.

She gently wiped Kymie's nose with a hanky. "He's a bit miserable today. Starting to get a cold."

"He's probably wishing we would leave him alone so he could go off to bed. He loves his bed."

"He has a dog's electric blanket we bought in Melbourne and a toy bunny which he cuddles."

Kymie was amazingly patient while these pictures were taken. Whoever heard of a dog sitting astride a cold china horse for nearly two minutes?



● Yorkshire terrier Kymie fits comfortably into an overcoat pocket (above). He likes toys (right) and probably has more than most children. But, at the mature age of four, he is an obedient mite and poses patiently (below left). In fact, he allows himself to be carried abroad in a basket (below right). Pictures by Vic Grimmert.



"Hello Ben."



London. Amelia B. Pepper again. With another Sunoroid Report. That's me going past Big Ben. The going's great on Pan Am.



"I Was Lord Kitchener's Valet." It's full of old uniforms, policemen's capes, etc. Managed by Robert Orach, the gentleman in the doorway with Sammy.



Sammy in Biba's window. All Biba's things are designed, made and sold under their own label in the shop. In other words, good fashion at a small price. Like Sunoroid.



"Bye, bye, Amelia. Thanks for the Sunoroids. See you in Melbourne."



Samantha in full gear. Stripes. Feathers. Sunoroids.



Samantha Juste loves Sunoroids.

She's been around. She knows the scene. (That's how we knew all these places to go.) And she thinks Sunoroids are great. She's my age, 22. Has a show on BBC TV called Top of the Pops, writes for all the magazines. Goes steady with Micky Dolenz, one of the Monkeys. She's just come back from the Monkeys' tour of the States - now she's in Australia for the Cup. She's a great traveller. Has a lot of fashion sense too. Like the hat she's got on that cost 19/11 at Biba's. And the Sunoroids are just as good a buy. \$4.65.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER CARNABY ST

Signs stand for something. Like Carnaby St. for mod gear. Pan Am for "the going's great." And the Sunoroid tag for authentic optical glass lenses.

SUNOROID

WITH AUTHENTIC OPTICAL GLASS LENSES



This is "Granny Takes a Trip". The gear inside looks Indian too. Mostly pantsuits in blinding colours - or silver - like Samantha's. Silver's still a big talking point in London.

"Sunoroids need you"



Irena is 19. She's the manager of Biba's. Another fashion authority who really likes Sunoroids.

My bags are packed and I'm on my way. Will write next from Paris.



FEATURE WALL OF COLORED PAPER

● Brisbane bachelor cut thousands of pieces from our pages to make a gay mosaic of dancing shapes.

A COLORFUL 12ft. by 10ft. feature wall in the Brisbane flat of naturalised Dutchman Tony de Vocht was virtually "clipped" from the color pages of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Tony used thousands of pieces, cut from color pages, to transform a flat, grey timber wall in his sitting-room into a dazzling mosaic of dancing shapes.

"The only cost was time and patience," Tony said. "I've got plenty of patience, not as much time."

He got the idea for the wall from an article in our issue of July 26, which told how to do paper patchwork on bottles or lampshades.

After experimenting on an old vase, bought for three cents in a second-hand shop, Tony decided to try the same process on a wall of the half-house at New Farm he was making into a comfortable flat.

When I saw it, the feature wall was almost finished — after about three months' work. It dominates the small living-room and gives Tony endless pleasure.

He particularly likes seeing it as he approaches the room from the hallway, but also finds it relaxing to sit at night, in the lamplit room, gazing at the wall where the colors seem to move and merge.

"I chose different shades of brown, beige, orange, green, black, and maroon," he said. "There were all kinds of things on the paper patches . . . bright fabrics, food, pieces of legs, arms, faces, furniture, locks of hair. Yet none can be distinguished by looking at the wall."

Amount of work

"I pasted the pieces on the wall, leaving a space of about a quarter of an inch between," he said. "Each subsequent patch was cut to fit one already on the wall."

The wall has been admired by many of Tony's friends, but he said, "Mostly because of the amount of work that has gone into it."

His Italian landlady doesn't mind having unexpectedly acquired a feature

By JEAN BRUCE

wall, but, every time she sees it, throws up her hands and says, "What work! What work! What patience!"

Tony worked on the wall mostly at night and at weekends. He said, "I have always been handy at making things."

His flat fairly bristles with examples of his work — a beaded curtain for a doorway, lamps, picture frames, other ornaments.

The beaded curtain is certainly worth mentioning, especially for anyone with enough patience to make 6000 paper beads. That's how many went into it.

Tony got the idea from a description in an overseas magazine of how to make necklaces from paper beads.

Different sizes

To make the beads required for a curtain, cut pointed strips of paper 1½in. wide and 7in. long from magazine color pages. Roll the strips on the thick end of a steel crochet needle, wide end first. Glue the point of the paper to make the bead firm.

String the beads on strong cotton to length required. Tony put a big plastic bead on the bottom, then seven paper beads, an ordinary bead in between each seven, with a knot underneath to stop the beads from hanging zigzag.

The beads in between are of different colors and sizes. When finished, the lengths of beads, hanging closely together, are attached to a strip of wood, 1in. wide, and nailed above the doorway. Paint the beads with varnish to gloss and protect them.

Tony also has made an attractive lampshade by pasting postage stamps at intervals on to heavy white buckram.

He used 350 stamps, some quite old and of collector value, so he has been told by some friends who think it's a waste to put them on a lampshade.

A large picture frame started as an old timber frame. Tony added a wide inset of monotone linen to the mount, then pasted on to the surface of the frame dress lace 1in. wide.

He painted the frame and the lace with undercoat and followed this with two coats of gold paint.

All these are an achievement for a bachelor who wanted to be a tailor, but didn't get a chance.

"There were 14 children in my family," Tony said, "and there wasn't any chance of choosing a career."

"All of us, and my parents, came to Australia from Holland in 1953, when I was 19. I had started work in Holland in an uncle's snack-bar."

In the 14 years he has been in Australia, living in Victoria, N.S.W., and Queensland, Tony has been a packer, pick-and-shovel laborer, kitchen crockery salesman, and a hospital wardman.

Now he owns and runs a tea-room in Brisbane.



● Tony de Vocht (above) finishing the feature wall he has made from paper cut from our color pages. On the table is the small jug on which he first experimented.



● Beside the curtain (left) he made for his flat out of 6000 paper beads. He says of the curtain, "It's funny, but true. The beads keep out the flies."

— Pictures by BOB MILLAR

Man the beaches! The toga is taking over. It's the new dazzle. Big, stark-white Dri-Glo towels, unexpectedly fringed in black and, for drama, emblazoned from end to end with a stripe of colour. Red. Green. Lime. Blue. Or Yellow.

Sit on them, bake on them, wrap up in them and, of course, dry with them. Being Dri-Glo they drink up every drop of water at a touch. Thick and soft and tough enough to take you through many a summer. You don't want to go Roman? Then take a look at the Spanish stripes, the Mexican colours and all the other Dri-Glo designs. If you want to conquer anything this summer you simply must have a Dri-Glo beach towel.

DRI-GLO BEACH TOWELS

Available in Australia and New Zealand.





● Against the peaceful background of Ireland's Mountains of Mourne, Margaret Haysom (left), complete with rucksack.



● Valerie Thomas (right), who wrote this article, photographed near New-castle, 30 miles from Belfast, in Northern Ireland.

HITCHHIKING OVERSEAS

TRAVELLER'S TALE

By VALERIE THOMAS

— A carefree, fascinating life if you keep commonsense rules

BEFORE I left Australia I regarded hitchhiking as an extremely dangerous way of travelling, especially for girls. I had no intention of ever thumbing a ride, and when I started out on my first expedition — a tour of Ireland — I was as surprised as my friends, who regarded me as most unlikely hitchhiking material.

I returned convinced that this was the best way to see a country, and although since then I have toured many countries using many forms of transport I have not changed my mind.

Fortunately, Margaret Haysom, my travelling companion, agrees with me.

We could not have chosen a better country than Ireland for our first hitchhiking attempt.

We set off almost bent double under our brand-new rucksacks, and feeling most self-conscious. We caught a bus out of Belfast — it is impossible to get a ride anywhere near a city — and then stood by the side of the road, held up our thumbs timidly, and waited.

Much to our surprise, after a few minutes a car stopped and we were on our way. As easy as that!

It was not to be as easy as that for long, however.

We were staying at Youth Hostels, and the Irish insist on hiding their hostels at least three miles from the main road.

We were dropped at the track leading to the hostel that evening, thanked our driver effusively, and set off singing. By the time we

reached the hostel we were no longer singing.

A three-mile walk up a hill with rucksacks on our backs effectively silenced us, and we went to bed thinking of the walk back to the road in the morning.

It wasn't quite as bad — at least it was downhill — and each day it became a little easier. A week later we were striding along like veterans, and I discovered to my disgust that I was developing muscles in my legs for the first time in my life.

Meeting people

The Irish people were friendly and entertaining, we had no trouble getting rides, the countryside was beautiful, and the weather was perfect. Our first attempt had been successful, and we were looking forward to the next.

The main advantage of hitchhiking — apart from the economy — is that it is such an excellent way of meeting the people of the country. Although the scenery may be very beautiful as you speed through in a car or train, it is only through contact with the people that any lasting impressions are made.

I travelled by car for six weeks through Germany and Scandinavia, and met very few of the people. Consequently, my memories of those countries are of fiords and castles, mountains and lakes — all very beautiful but already rather vague.

But I shall never forget three weeks spent hitchhiking round Spain.

The scenery was, in parts, very beautiful, in others arid and monotonous, but it was only a background.

Hitchhikers are rare in Spain, female hitchhikers unknown, and female hitchhikers from Australia un-

believable. Although we spoke no Spanish, and met only one Spaniard who spoke English, we conversed in a mixture of schoolgirl French and signs, which was usually quite effective.

When we finally convinced the people that we really came from Australia — "Yes, far across the sea" (swimming signs), "Si, kangaroos," "No, we have not hitchhiked all the way!" — they were amazed and delighted, and we were overwhelmed by Spanish generosity and hospitality.

Almost every driver insisted on buying drinks along the route, and often a meal. At first we offered to pay, but soon discovered that this was a deadly insult.

A delightful old gentleman took us to his home and introduced us proudly to the family, who introduced us to all their friends, who rushed out and collected their friends, and in half an hour almost the entire village had congregated in the room to stare at the curiosities from Australia.

They sang and danced for us, gave us food and drink which we did not dare try to identify, and never took their eyes from us for one instant.

Another charming old gentleman took us to his wine cave and presented us with a bottle of rare old wine, which we drank along the route for the next few days. It was remarkable how light our packs seemed after a few sips.

We met some charming young men, too.

Since then we have hitched hundreds of miles in many countries with very little expense and great enjoyment.

We have seen Holland and

Wales, and even survived a week on French roads.

In each country we were overwhelmed by the kindness of the people.

If we were passing some beauty spot the driver would invariably stop and wait for us to take photographs. Drivers would often go 20 or more miles out of their way to put us on the right road, or to leave us in a good position for the next lift.

An English woman picked us up on the edge of Dartmoor, refused to let us go on because it was getting dark, so took us to her home for the night, fed and entertained us, and would not hear of payment.

Such kindness never ceases to amaze me and I have made firm resolves to do the same for visitors to Australia when I return home.

However, hitchhiking is not all sunshine, and I must point out a few disadvantages.

First, the weather. While nothing could be more pleasant than sitting in the sunshine in some beautiful countryside waiting for a car to stop, nothing is more depressing than huddling under a tree in pouring rain with not a car in sight.

Drenching rain

We spent a week touring Devon and Cornwall, and it rained every single day. Not an English mist, either, but a steady drenching rain, so that every day our clothes were soaked and the next morning they were still wet.

I don't think I have ever spent a more miserable week.

Then, although most people were pleasant and kind, we did meet a few who were very unpleasant.

We have driven hundreds of miles with erratic, careless, and suicidal drivers, and although we have never been involved in an accident we have been very close to it.

We have been stranded on lonely roads, miles from any town, and waited for hours before being rescued.

We have walked until we couldn't walk another step, gone without food all day, had an average of one bath every two weeks, and often been frightened almost out of our wits. But it was worth it.

Of course, we learned from our mistakes as we went along, and soon evolved a set of rules that saved us a lot of trouble.

We discovered a few curious facts of life, too.

For example, the English truck drivers are truly the gentlemen of the highway. They nearly always stop for hitchhikers, and the view from the cabin of an enormous truck is unsurpassed.

However, on the Continent this is definitely not so, as we quickly discovered. After a couple of very hasty exits from trucks in Spain and France, that was rule number one.

Rule number two was also made in France — never get into a car with more than two men. We preferred just one man or a man and woman.

The perfect driver, in spite of all the propaganda against him, is the commercial traveller. He is very glad of company, an entertaining conversationalist, and while he makes his business calls the passengers are able to wander around the towns. We have seen many fascinating little places in this way.

Rule number three we

kept very strictly — never hitch at night. This is really asking for trouble — as is the girl who hitches alone.

It is also a great help to look like a genuine traveller.

The most popular and practical uniform is slacks and an anorak, with a rucksack showing the flag or emblem of your country.

We found that although the Australian flag was practically unknown, the kangaroo was recognised everywhere. We have been asked what language we speak in Australia, if we had to cross the sea to get to Europe... but everybody knows the kangaroo.

We learned not to stand on corners or narrow roads, and to avoid other potential accident spots.

Oh — and one last rule for getting a ride quickly and easily — you must be girls.

Many surprises

We have met boys who have complained of not getting a ride all day, while we have covered hundreds of miles.

We have often arrived at a popular hitching spot and taken up our position with a dozen or more boys. After two minutes a car invariably screamed to a stop in front of us, and we sped away waving happily to the boys. They never waved back.

It's a carefree, fascinating life, full of surprises.

We met an American couple who had been hitchhiking for six months — it was their honeymoon!

It is not my idea of the perfect honeymoon, and I feel that one month at a time is plenty. But if you are coming overseas, do try some hitchhiking. I hope you have a wonderful time.



METTERS exclusively

20 cu. ft. duplex refrigerator freezer

(the 33 inch miracle)



You wouldn't think you could get so much storage capacity into such a slim unit. But you can—and that's not all! In the Metters MD20, the powerful, efficient Tecumseh sealed unit is completely contained underneath the refrigerator, which means that the MD20 can be "built-in" with kitchen cupboards and benches to suit the individual layout of your kitchen. Just another reason why the Metters MD20 is so revolutionary.

exclusively

METTERS



**6-5 cu.ft.
freezer
one side**

More new, exciting and exclusive features than you'd ever dream of. Ample ice-cube storage and interior floodlighting, giant full-width crispers for fruit and vegetables, separate compartments for butter and cheese. There's nothing more you could want in a refrigerator-freezer that isn't already in the Metters MD20. Get more into less—save shopping time—solve all your family food-storage problems with the Metters MD20.

**13-5 cu.ft.
fridge on
the other**

frost-free everywhere



NEW EXCLUSIVE MEAT CHILLER: A constant stream of cold air circulates AROUND, not through, the glide-out tray—keeping meat fresh and moist for up to a week. Pre-set the temperature you want with the independent control.



NEW "SWING-UP" RETAINER RAIL SHELVES: For greater storage capacity and immediate access with fingertip ease.

SUMMER CAFTANS BY VOGUE



Special pattern offer

● Shown here are two summer caftans designed with a sense of drama and elegance. One is wide and short; the other falls to the ankle and has a handsome braid trim. Both designs are available in one pattern, which also includes an evening coat in two lengths — street and to the floor. This pattern and the three on the opposite page are available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted. They also are available in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.

6908.—The caftan, one of the stars of summer fashion, in two lengths and two different color arrangements. The street-length design with its A-line silhouette is perfect for casual summer wear; the ankle-length caftan is designed for after-six glamor. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6908, the price, 95c, includes postage.

PANT-DRESS BY BUTTERICK

● One of the newest summer fashions is the pant-dress. Shown here are three different versions on this theme. What is a pant-dress? It's a dress ending in wide pants legs rather than a skirt. It's a design with clean, practical lines and it's ideal for hot weather because it can be cut shorter than a dress and still be modest. The pant-dress is designed as a daytime dress; it is also good for resort wear.



4527.—Sleeveless semi-fit pant-dress (above) has twin patch pockets on the legs and is finished with a rick-rack braid trim. Pattern also includes the same design with a bias collar. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4527, the price, 75c, includes postage.



4474.—Sleeveless one-piece pant-dress (left) has clean tailored lines and is gathered at the neckline with a shaped, roll-over collar. Pattern also includes the design in ankle- and mini-lengths. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4474, the price, 70c, includes postage.

4496.—Belted pant-dress (above). The pattern also includes the design with long sleeves and collar and cuffs. Sizes—Sub-teens: 8S, 10S, 12S, and 14S for 28, 29, 31, and 33in. bust. Young junior: 9, 11, and 13 for 30½, 31½, and 33in. bust. Teen: 10T, 12T, 14T, and 16T for 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 4496, the price, 70c, includes postage.

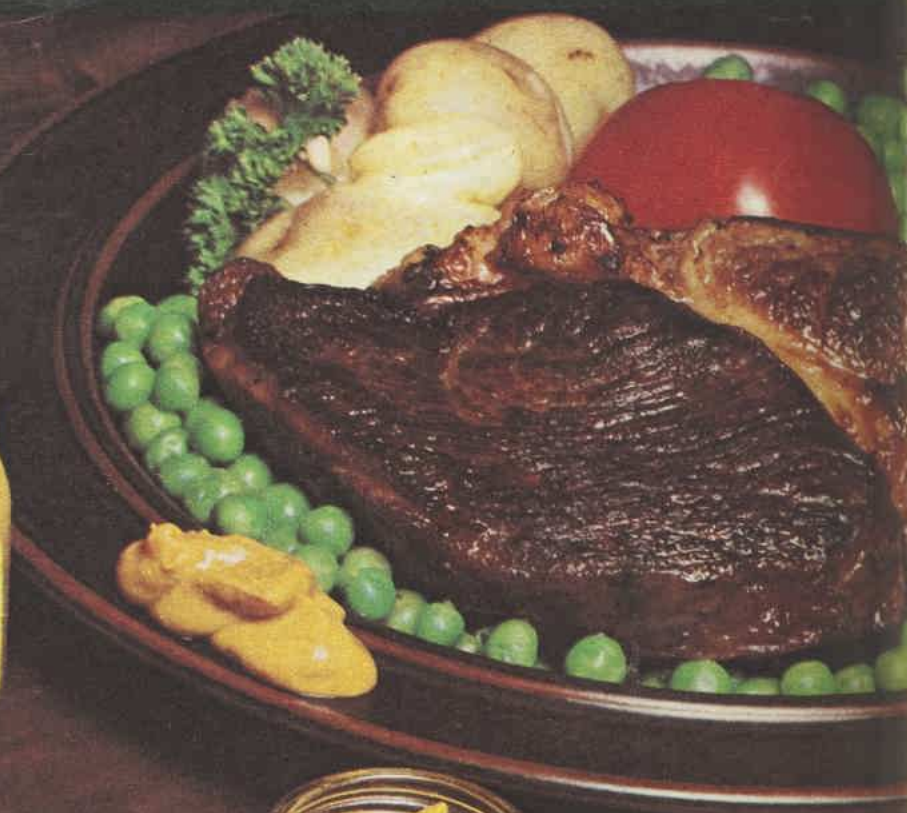
Master Foods make marvellous mustards

Some
like
it hot,

some
don't...

*So we make three much milder
mustards. American: spicy sweet.
French: piquantly seasoned.
German: full robust flavour.
Try 'em soon. They're delicious
— and that's putting it mildly.*

MP253



DRESS SENSE

by
BETTY KEEP

● The slightly fitted one-piece dress with a soft cowl neckline, right, is my design choice for a reader with a 40in. bust measurement. A paper pattern is available for the design.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"I am seeking your advice about a style for a 40in. bust. I am in my early thirties and my figure has good proportions. The design is to be suitable for a floral print, and I want the dress to have a soft cowl neckline and short sleeves. Don't you think a beltless style would be best for my figure?"

Illustrated at right is the one-piece dress you wrote me about. I think a slightly fitted, beltless silhouette would do the most for your figure. If you decide to order the pattern, underneath the illustration are full details.

"I have a grey classic suit with a straight skirt and a tailored jacket with revers and a collar. I need to add some color, as the grey makes my skin sallow. I am in my late twenties."

Wear the suit with a pink cotton shirt, or tuck a pink printed scarf in the neckline of the jacket.

"I have two frocks for evening, one in a floral print featuring green and sapphire-blue and the other is all white. I do not want to go to the expense of two sets of accessories. Is there a shade to go with both dresses?"

Silver with both — silver kid shoes and a silver kid bag.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 22, 1967

"I am getting married after Christmas and would like advice about my wedding ensemble. I am not being married as a bride, but, of course, want to look glamorous."

How about an off-white or creamy dress with a matching jacket? The dress could be A-line and sleeveless, the jacket single-fastening with revers and collar. Wear beige patent-leather shoes and carry a matching handbag. Add a small flowery hat made in mixed pastel colors and white gloves.

"I am 14lb. overweight and have a small frame. Would you advise me about fashionable designs to disguise my overweight?"

My advice is to see a doctor and set about losing weight. Clothes can only disguise minor figure faults, not bulk. During the reducing period, wear an easy-fit dress with an A-line silhouette.

"I am seeking your help about obtaining a pattern for a tent dress with a zipper front-fastening to fit a 38in. bust. Could you tell me how much fabric I will need to make the dress?"

Our pattern department has a design for a front-zippered tent dress in the size you require. The dress has a small standing collar with a stitched trim, and it can be made with full-length sleeves or can be sleeveless. The sleeveless design requires 3½ yards of 36in. material; the design with sleeves, 3¾ yards of 36in. material. To order, please quote Butterick pattern 4404, the price 70c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep,



7060. — One-piece dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, and 42 for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44in. bust. Vogue pattern 7060, the price 85c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

A double-breasted empire style would be best for a petite figure.

"Would it be possible to build up an outfit round a white suede jacket?"

Yes. I suggest a short, trim, pleated skirt in navy for the city and long, straight-leg pants in navy for the country. With the skirt add a navy sleeveless sweater, navy stockings, heavy-heeled navy shoes, a white shoulder bag, and white string gloves. With the slacks wear the same sweater and bag, plus flat-heeled navy ankle-boots.

"What style of floor-length evening coat would be suitable for a small woman?"

"Could you give me an idea for the accessories to wear with a lightweight wool-and-rayon dress in red? I want something new and smart."

Red, white, and blue is a new Paris trio. Try the combination of red stockings, navy patent shoes and matching handbag, and white wrist-length gloves.

"As my figure is not good enough to wear a bikini, I wondered would a one-piece bathing suit look old-fashioned?"

No, the one-piece is currently popular. Furthermore, numbers of this season's swimsuits are made in light textured stretch fabrics that are extremely flattering to the figure. Look for a suit in brilliant mixed colors. Seasonable colors include orange, yellow, pink, and blue. And don't forget the all-black suit, it's coming up as high fashion.

"My husband and I have been asked by friends to attend a theatre first night and we wondered if it would be necessary to wear formal clothes?"

Not unless it's a gala performance and the men in the party have been asked by the hostess to wear black ties.



Activity? You Bet! Relieved of Periodic Pain

Be an active girl. Dates. Dances. Sports. Fun. Good times. Non-stop. No slow down. Not even from periodic cramping. How? With MIDOL.

Because MIDOL contains:

- An exclusive anti-spasmodic that helps STOP CRAMPING . . .
- Medically approved ingredients that RELIEVE HEADACHE, LOW BACKACHE and JUMPY NERVES . . .
- Plus a special mood-brightener . . . gives you a real lift . . . lets you go through the day cheerfully, alertly.

Be active. Any day. With MIDOL!

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
FREE! Frank, revealing 32-page book explains womanhood's most common physical problem. Send 10c in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling to Dept. B, Box 3, Ermington, N.S.W. 2115. (Sent in plain wrapper)



A NYAL MEDICINE
FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

New Way to Hold Loose FALSE TEETH Firmly in Place

Do false teeth annoy and bother by dropping and slipping when you eat, talk or laugh? Just sprinkle on a little FASTEETH. This new, tasteless powder keeps teeth firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Makes breath pleasant. Get FASTEETH to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.



The smarter
APRONS
All city, suburban and country stores throughout Australia.

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

- I am always fascinated by the answers people give when they are asked a simple question like "What are your recreations?"

PROBABLY nobody, in the whole history of Press interviews, book jackets, hand-outs, and potted biographies for a "Who's Who," has ever answered that simple question with the simple answer, "None." But has anyone, I wonder, ever answered it entirely truthfully?

People claim such unlikely recreations. Chair-borne eggheads whom one would expect to claim

chess and contemplation of abstruse mathematical problems as their hobbies say "gardening," even when their own gardens are a living testimonial to the lie. People who appear to be complete nongs list things like topology, necromancy, and palaeography.

I wish somebody would ask me the question. I would answer it simply, logically, and truthfully: Sleep. Of all recreations, this is the most satisfying, the most sophisti-

cated (in the dictionary sense of "altered from, deprived of, primitive simplicity and naturalness"), the most difficult to pursue.

Everything interferes with it — your family, your friends, your neighbors, your animals, your own minor recreations like reading, playing bridge, climbing mountains, or inscribing the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin.

As a hobby, sleeping appeals only to those between the ages of approximately 17 and 70. Before 17, people do it unwillingly and under protest. After 70 there seems to be a voluntary cutting down of the addiction.

I am not, of course, talking about routine sleepers, those conservative and well-organised people who get their regular eight hours a night in a professional way. I am talking about the true amateur, the dedicated hobbyist or Sunday sleeper who, in preparation, goes short of sleep for six days in a row, only to be frustrated on the seventh.

In a way, sleeping as a hobby is rather like collecting yachts or diamonds. You've got to be really rich to be really successful. The rich hobbyist can provide himself with Sunday sleeping quarters at least five miles from the nearest rotary mower, in the middle of a parklike estate without access roads or telephone.

We have four hobbyists in this household. Mike doesn't qualify. He has to be lugged out of bed by main force on school mornings, but automatically wakes at dawn when others want to sleep.

The first mower starts up, alarm clocks begin to ring

LET me tell you how a typical Sunday morning goes. Six a.m., stealthy creaking of floorboards, sound of front door opening, clink of milk bottles, front door closing, refrigerator door slams three or four times. Mike is having his first breakfast of the day.

At 6.10 a.m. you are awakened for the second time when something cold touches your face. Mike has let the dog in. He has sheepdog instincts, and his first job of the day is to check whether everyone is present and correct.

No good shutting your bedroom door against this, because he feels that if you've died in the night he should be the first to know, and he'll whine outside the door until you stand up to be counted.

At 6.45 a.m. the first power mower starts up about a block away, shatteringly audible in the comparative Sabbath calm. This first mower wakes a lot of other ill-conditioned people who get up and start mowing, hedge-clipping, tuning up cars in their backyards, or hammering at extensions to their henhouses.

At 6.55 a.m. the telephone rings. Mike has already left the house. You hope that some other would-be sleeper's nerve will crack before yours. It doesn't, so you get up. "You booked a call for Gulargambone," a voice says. You deny it. Precious minutes go by while numbers are checked. (Funny the way no one ever rings a wrong number on mornings when you're up.) You stagger back to bed, obstinately determined to pursue your hobby.

Seven-thirty, an alarm rings — and rings, and rings, and rings. Diana has set it for the last possible moment that will give her time to dress for some minor hobby like a day's bushwalking. She sleeps through the alarm.

After minutes of strident ringing, it is stopped by Kay, who gets out of bed, switches it off, snarls at Diana, and staggers into the shower. The family theory is that she props herself against the wall of the shower cabinet and gets another hour's sleep under the running water.

Forty minutes later, while she's still there, her own alarm goes off. Diana sleeps through that as well, and minutes later it runs sadly down, whimpers a couple of times, and shuts up.

A few minutes later, Hugh gets up. He yells for Mike to bring him the paper. No answer. He yells for whoever is in the shower to hurry up and get out of it. No answer. Then he says in loud tones of deep disgust, "Is everyone going to sleep all day?"

I point out crossly that not only is it Sunday but it's only 8.15, and it had been my firm intention to sleep until at least 9.30. He is quite understandably staggered by this. "There's been such a racket going on I thought it must be at least eleven," he says.

I give up. I get up. I decide to give up sleeping as a hobby, and take on something less strenuous. Perhaps judo would fill the bill. Or log-chopping. Or long-distance running.



Simpson

Simpson's the name on the garments you've seen at tennis or cricket, and each bowling green. On men or on women, their gear stands out as the finest in sporting wear, without a doubt. And the cloth Simpson choose more often than not

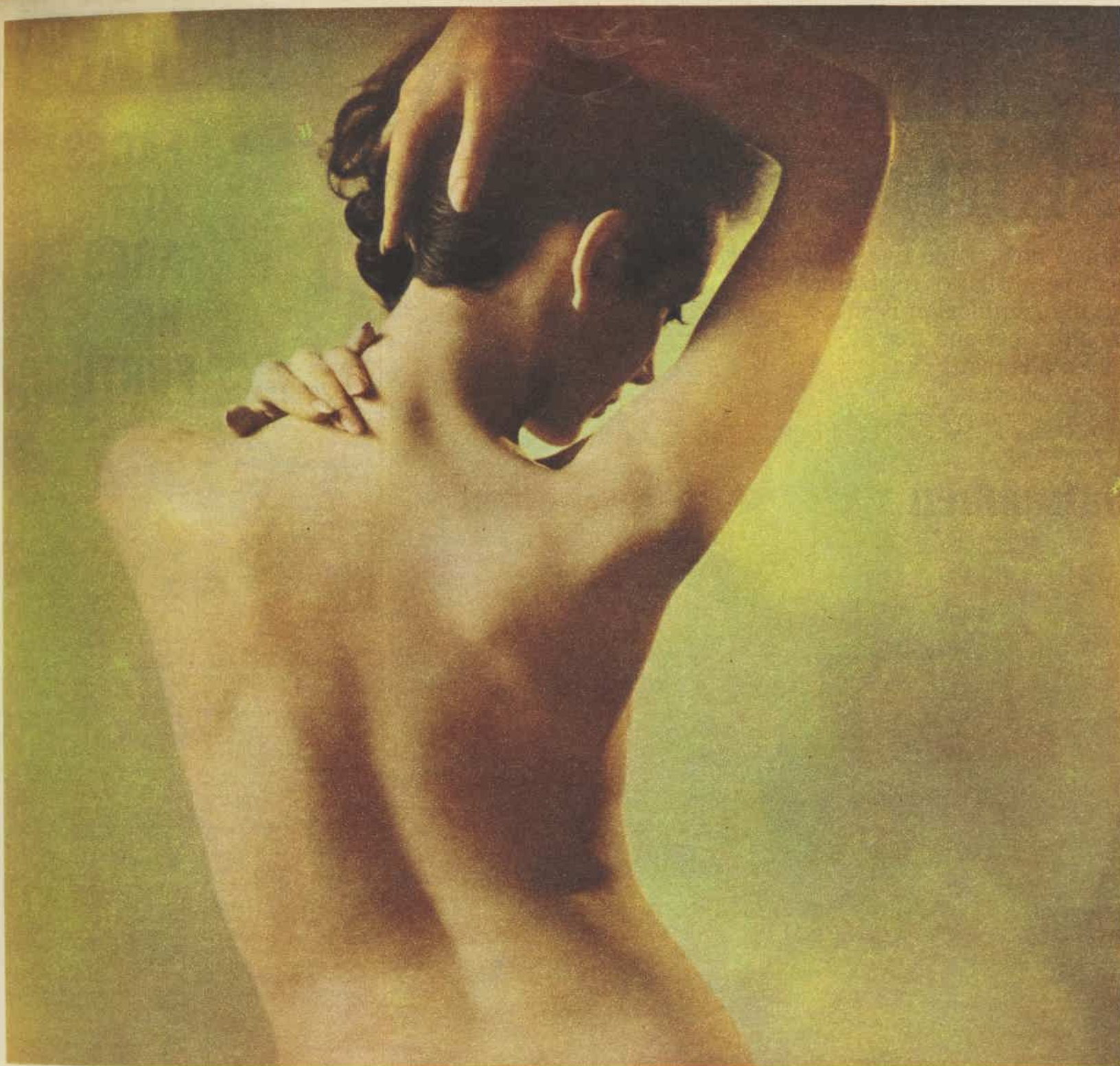
BRADMILL-BURLINGTON stretch (the best of the lot!)

But whether you're bowler (on field or on green), or you don't really play much—just go to be seen. Perhaps you're the type that feels sports are a bore and ball games especially are just the last straw. One thing is certain, common ground where you meet you'll use Bradmill fabric sometime this week.

BRADMILL

BRADFORD COTTON MILLS LIMITED, AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS

BUC 37



She's glowing places

Caressed all over with the lingering fragrance of "Desert Flower" skin luxuries, she feels pampered, serene. Every inch of her is luxuriant with a smooth-pleasure she can feel. When she's going places, so does "Desert Flower's" fragrance, saying the nicest things about her, in a way men understand.

DESERT FLOWER

SKIN LUXURIES BY SHULTON



Colognes, deodorants, lotions, talc and soaps.

"within a week my skin was clear..."

... and now, some five weeks later, there is no sign of recurrence and my complexion is so smooth, clear and free of blackheads that I can hardly believe it."

writes a teenager from Victoria who had dramatic results the first time she used

Gamophen
Soap and Cream



Keep your skin clear and lovely with Gamophen Soap and Cream.

Gamophen Soap with Hexachlorophene cleans deep down in the pores of the skin — fights the three external causes of blemishes: dirt, excess oil and surface bacteria. **Gamophen Skin Cream** regularly applied after washing with Gamophen Soap gives prolonged protection. Gamophen Skin Cream is non-greasy, rubs right into the pores, leaves a long-lasting barrier against bacteria. Obtainable from Chemists everywhere.

Johnson & Johnson

G4655

* REGD. TRADE MARK



COMPACT



● Fred Kovaleski

FACES, NOT ACES, HIS FORTUNE

LANKY, tanned Mr. Fred Kovaleski finished talking about his days as a diplomat with the U.S. State Department and playing tennis on the world amateur circuit and in an American Davis Cup squad. Then he smiled...

"In those days," he said, "I never dreamed that later I would wear women's make-up."

Awkward silence.

"You... wear women's... make-up?"

"Wore," corrected Mr. Kovaleski. "Part of the job, you know."

● World trips

Perhaps we had better start at the beginning.

Mr. Kovaleski, 42, is in Sydney as the new managing director of the Australian division of a world-wide cosmetics company based in America.

He became a keen, and very good, tennis player at the College of William and Mary, in Virginia.

When he graduated in 1949 he decided to try his hand at the international amateur tournament circuit.

It was a sweet life for a while — highlighted by an appearance at Wimbledon in 1950.

He made the quarter-finals of the singles, where he was beaten 6-4, 6-4, 6-4 by Australian star Frank Sedgman.

The next year Mr. Kovaleski won selection in the U.S. Davis Cup squad from which would be picked the team to visit Australia.

"However," he said, "I missed out on final selection and didn't make the trip."

In July, 1951, Mr. Kovaleski decided he was just not good enough for big-time tennis.

"I knew I would not be able to turn pro, and I had to think about my future."

So he joined the U.S. State Department (he was trained in political science) and worked in Washington.

In 1957 he entered the business world, joining a big U.S. soft-drink company.

He was in Sydney for this firm last year and returned recently in his new job.

While training in New York he went to the cosmetics company's "school," where for two weeks all male executives work daily at putting make-up on each other and on themselves.

"Only in this way can a man really know about cosmetics," he explained.

● Love match

"It's pretty embarrassing, I must say."

"I felt as if I was playing tennis wearing 'Gorgeous' Gussie Moran's famous pants!"

Mr. Kovaleski is married (he met his wife in Cairo, where she was a spectator at one of his tennis matches), with a son, six and a half.

He won't abandon his tennis — he plays at least every weekend, and sometimes in tournaments.

But he has left wearing women's make-up for the younger up-and-coming men in his company!

Off the bottle, but on the hops

● Attention, fans of TV's "The Avengers": Mrs. Peel and Steed are off the bottle — though it took a long time to wean Steed.

Both are now happily hopping round with other orphaned baby kangaroos at Sydney's Taronga Zoo.

Visitors can see Emma and Steed and five other joeys who still "breast the bar" — baby bottles fixed on a bar inside the enclosure.

Orphaned kangaroos often find a home at the zoo, where keeper David Thomas also provides pouches — linen or hessian bags.



● Back home, the two families trace over their holiday route down the Murray. From left: Rhonda Williams, Mr. Eric Barrow, Guy Barrow, Kerry Williams, Mrs. Hilary Barrow, Ann Barrow, Mrs. Alma Williams holding her son, David, Mr. Alan Williams, Jenny Williams, Mark Barrow.

TWO MEN (plus two wives, seven children) IN A BOAT

■ Faced with the three-times-yearly headache of what to do with their children during the school holidays, two Frankston, Victoria, families joined forces for an unusual trip — by road and water along the Murray River.

"With seven children between us we needed plenty of variety," said Mr. Eric Barrow, who, with Mr. Alan Williams, planned the trip.

Took turns

"We decided to take turns, day about, following the river by car, and in the boat."

Mr. Barrow and his wife, Hilary, have three children — Guy (12), Mark (10), and Ann (6). Alan and Alma Williams have four — Jenny (15), Rhonda (12), Kerry (8), and David (4).

The 11-day trip began at Echuca, Victoria, and ended at Wentworth, N.S.W. — a distance of 550 river miles.

"We took two cars and the boat — a 17ft. 6in.,



● The two families pictured on the road.

40-horsepower runabout type," said Mr. Barrow.

Each day, the shore-based family bought the food for lunch and prepared a barbecue at a rendezvous point beside the river. At the end of the day the two families met up again to spend the night at a motel.

"The children loved the

continual change from car to boat and were no trouble at all," said Mr. Barrow.

Experience

He and Mr. Williams are no strangers to the Murray—both spent their boyhood in and around the river, and share speed-boat racing as a hobby.



The truly feminine way to remove unwanted hair... surely...quickly!

For arms, underarms, legs—and clinically tested for facial use

FRAGRANT VEET-ODOURLESS with lanolin is the most feminine way to remove unwanted hair—simply cream it on like a beauty cream. There's never been a depilatory so quick, so easy, so gentle. In minutes, unwanted hair simply melts away. Not only to skin level, but right down to the roots, without fuss, mess, or depilatory smell. Clinically tested for facial use by a leading skin specialist, gentle Veet-O leaves arms, underarms and legs soft, smooth, and shadow-free. Once you've used Veet-O, every other hair-removing method seems old-fashioned.

CHECK THESE ADVANTAGES!

VEET-O IS ODOURLESS	✓
LEAVES NO SHADOW—AS A RAZOR CAN	✓
FAST ACTING—TAKES ONLY 3 MINUTES	✓
AS PLEASANT TO USE AS A BEAUTY CREAM	✓
KIND TO YOUR SKIN—IT CONTAINS LANOLIN	✓
SO SAFE—YOU CAN USE IT ON YOUR FACE	✓



SATIN SMOOTH UNDERARMS are a must in careful grooming. Veet 'O' creams even the the shadow away— so quickly.



LEGS NEED REGULAR ATTENTION to be fuzz-free and immaculate. Use the large tube for economy.

VEET ODOURLESS WITH LANOLIN 50c AND 75c

DHS

Easier bedmaking...

DID you know that, during her lifetime, the average housewife walks 64 miles and spends about 400 hours—making beds?

These statistics were dug up recently by an American magazine, which then set out to make the task easier.

From time-and-motion experts at a U.S. mattress company, the magazine learned of a method that claims to cut mileage by 75 percent and time in half.

Here's the method:

★ Appropriately, page 1113 of the Sydney telephone directory begins with a Shearer and ends with a Sheep!

Start from a position at the centre of one side.

Fold out one sheet and tuck it in on your side. Now lay out the upper sheet, blankets, and bedspread. Set out your pillows and pull the bedspread over them.

Move to the foot of the bed, toss back the upper sheet, blankets, etc., and

tuck in and mitre the bottom sheet.

Tuck in and mitre the upper covers together and pull the bedspread into place.

Now move to the opposite side of your bed from where you started, tuck in the lower sheet, pull the upper covers smooth, and tuck them in. Smooth the bedspread.

This technique, according to the magazine, cuts your walking from 60ft. to 15ft. (you just take one trip round the bed) and reduces bedmaking time from five minutes to two-and-a-half.

Great Party Food Line-up!

COOL COPHA KEBABS

Refreshing, juicy, delicious. Cool Copha Kebabs—simply chocolate-dipped fresh fruit on a skewer. What could be easier. Choose the juiciest, tangiest fruits of Summer and dip them in this delicious Copha chocolate recipe. Arrange them on skewers, or in paper cake cups and serve them chilled from the fridge or on a bed of crushed ice. Make Copha Kebabs for parties or just for the family. But always make them for fun.

Use whole cherries, apricots, and strawberries, halves of peaches and pieces of mango, papaw rockmelon, pineapple and orange. Make sure the fruit pieces are chilled thoroughly before dipping.

Recipe: DIPPING CHOCOLATE

3 oz. Copha 2 oz. cocoa (½ cup)
2 oz. icing sugar (½ cup) ½ teaspoon vanilla essence

Method: Melt Copha in a small saucepan over low heat. It should be barely warm, not hot. Sift icing sugar and cocoa through a fine sieve* and stir into the melted Copha, add vanilla, mix until smooth. Dip **chilled** fresh fruit pieces into the chocolate and place on a grease-proof paper, or a cake cooler, and stand in a cool place to set.

*For a smooth chocolate, use a fine sieve in preference to a flour sifter.

They're cool, they're so refreshing and they're the easiest thing in the world to make.



Try these Copha candy recipes too. They're in the special recipe leaflets at your store now.





A MAGAZINE commissioned Hargreaves (left) to do "bird" drawings in London's Carnaby Street. Three are pictured on this page.

CARTOON at left was labelled "Suborder Sump-tuosae: Glittering Birds of the Evening." Feeding grounds: "moving north from Italy to U.K."

"SOLITARY PARKLANE SANDPIPER" is title of cartoon below. "Nest: In Cliffs of Mayfair."



"KING'S ROAD AUK" reads the caption that goes with the drawing seen at left. "Genus: Double-breasted Chat."

Famous cartoonist will live in Australia

(He's already made sketches of koalas and kookaburras)

HARRY HARGREAVES, one of England's foremost cartoonists, who intends settling in Australia, is a charming, voluble man who can converse on practically everything — except himself.

During our three-hour "interview" we discussed, with intense interest, a variety of fascinating subjects, ranging from anthropology, mysticism, ancient folklore, history, politics, teenage fads, the Beatles, history, and the customs of just about every country in the world.

He even convincingly traced America's famous character Brer Rabbit back through Africa to its origin, Indian mythology.

However, at times I did manage to cast aside the spell of his softly spoken, beautifully accented English voice, cut across a most absorbing story, and learn a little about the man himself, his "very pretty" wife, Penny, and his two "adorable" children, Debbie, who is just 12, and five-year-old Penny.

It was Debbie and Penny, he explained, who made the family's exodus to Australia a "must" this year.

Last year would have been

too early, next year too late; for Debbie is just right to start high school, and Penny just right to start school.

A tall Yorkshireman of 45, with a clump of unruly greying fair hair, Harry has a passion for drawing, cricket, and clumbers — a rare breed of dog.

"Beautiful dogs. They originated in the Pyrenees and were sent to a nobleman at Clumber Park, Nottingham, in 1700 as a gift from the King of Spain.

"They could not be sold until the late 19th century.

"They are white with lemon markings. Unfortunately, we cannot bring our Teddy to Australia."

Basic humor

Hargreaves' comic strips on birds (known to the world through the English magazine "Punch") and his cartoons and drawings (which often convey their humor without words) give no message and have no political background. Theirs is a basic humor understood in any language.

Already he is studying Australian birds and animals and has sketched koalas, the platypus, kookaburras, and an Australian character who is a miner.

Although always interested in sketching, Hargreaves

studied engineering until the outbreak of war in 1939, when he joined the Royal Air Force.

Coming to Australia, he told me, had been in the back of his mind for many years. Then, during the war, he was sent to a base in Ceylon, not far from where most of the Australian 6th Division was in transit camp.

"I met a lot of those boys and the idea of coming out here really caught fire. I was so thoroughly happy in their company and so disappointed when they were sent off to New Guinea.

"In fact, I was so darned keen, I made up my mind to be repatriated to Australia when the war ended. But news that my mother was ill sent me home.

"I went back to engineering until David Hand, Walt Disney's right-hand man, came to England to start a cartoon unit under the J. Arthur Rank studios and offered me a job.

"He was a marvellous man and had a top team of men from the Disney studios who knew the art of animation inside out.

"One was a character. "He was a real hillbilly from the Tennessee hills. He had never worn shoes until he was 20, had been editor of a hillbilly newspaper, drank

whisky like mad, and adored his wife and children.

"I remember it was quite strange visiting him at his home. As he was under five feet, he had all his furniture cut down to fit his size. Most odd.

"But that job—it lasted nearly four years—was wonderful experience for me.

"Unfortunately, Rank decided to withdraw his backing from the film industry, so we were closed down in 1949.

"It was the only time I have been out of work. And then my unemployment lasted just a quarter of an hour.

"I picked up the phone and was given work straight

By GLORIA NEWTON

away doing sketches for children's books, comic strips, and magazine advertisements.

"I was married by then. Penny and I met at the cartoon unit, where she was also an artist.

"Today? Well, she confines her artistic abilities to cuisine. She is always going to cordon bleu cooking classes which are held in England's stately homes.

"They are good fun and, of course, she tries out her cooking on me. I am most happy about that.

"Well, I freelanced until one day when we were living in a cottage on top of a Welsh mountain, I looked down and saw the local postman toiling up the pathway with a telegram in his hand.

It was very hot, and I called out for him to wait and I would meet him halfway.

"No" he called back in his delightful Welsh accent, "it is too hot. I will just sit here, open it, and read it to you."

"And he did. 'You have been offered a job in Amsterdam,' he called out. 'What will be your answer?'"

The job offered was one with Marten Toonden studios, Holland, then one of the world's top animators.

Hargreaves stayed with them for nine years and, among his other interests, produced a newspaper cartoon strip which was carried by 150 dailies in Europe.

On his return to England he started drawing for "Punch," was given his own TV show (which involved doing 70 large, carefully finished drawings a week), and produced two small cricket cartoon books and five bird cartoon books—the latest being "Strictly For The Birds."

He works at home and it is not unusual for him to start sketching at 8 a.m. and work right through until 2 a.m. next day.

"That is really why I had to give up the TV show.

"I adore my children and I found I had to give up so much time to work that I just wasn't seeing them."

Hargreaves is still amazed at the flood of fan letters and presents that come to him from all over the world.

His favorite cartoonists? Well, he likes them all, with perhaps a little preference for the creator of Andy Capp.

Reg Smythe is not at all like his character Andy. He has a little black beard, and looks like an Italian count.

"He was down on his uppers when he got the offer of a 'cloth cap' strip. I met him one day after it had started and asked him what was going to happen when Andy took off his cap.

"I've solved that," he said, "that cap is never going to come off!"

Big house

Hargreaves has been investigating Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth to decide in which city he and his family will settle.

"But wherever we go, we must have a big house with lots of ground around it. We all like rural life.

"The home we are leaving, on the border of Somerset and Dorset, is set in 20 acres of hillside wooded pastures. It is a Georgian country house built about 240 years ago by the Earl of Ilchester as a shooting lodge.

"Can't remember how many bedrooms it has, but I know it has three bathrooms and five living-rooms.

"Gardening? No, I hate it. But I work jolly hard at it.

"Ever since we have been there I have had a running battle with the moles that live in the woods, and I have been defeated.

"By the way, that house is in a very interesting part of England. When the lodge was built a vast forest ran past it from Bath to Kent and it was full of bears and wolves . . ."

It was at this point that I finally gave up my job of interviewing, engrossed in another fascinating tale from England's past.

WOMAN DRIVER WINS PROGRESS PRIZE IN OUR AMOCO CONTEST

● Second progress prize of \$20 or a pair of Davis Cup tickets in our Amoco-Davis Cup Contest has been won by Mrs. Leila Friedman, of 43 Rosemont Ave., Caulfield, Vic.

THE contest, for which the main prize is a brand-new Ford Cortina, has closed.

Judges are now busy selecting the State winners and the Grand Champion winner, to be announced on December 13.

Here is Mrs. Friedman's prizewinning entry telling of a woman driver:

A funny thing happened to me on the way to middle-age — I became a Woman Driver.

As the only female member of the household, I always thought my menfolk well adjusted to the equality of the sexes, but once I had my driving licence in my

pocket I found that a Woman Driver is to all men, young and old, an object of scorn and derision.

I consider myself a fairly typical Woman Driver—perhaps over-cautious, need lots of parking space to back into, no mechanical knowledge, and no desire to learn. But at least I have driven for 12 years without an accident or even a parking ticket.

As my sons became of legal age to drive with learner plates, who had the job of sitting beside them for 12 months, exhorting, cautioning, commanding, pleading, taking them through heavy traffic without a complete nervous breakdown? Mum, of course.

When they went to the driving school for their final

lessons before getting their licence, what was the first thing the instructor taught them? Beware of Women Drivers.

I used to think men were usually very courteous, waving me over intersections when I'd much rather wait for my right-of-way. Now I realise they're not being polite, they're frightened that a Woman Driver might dent their lovely shiny cars.

Scuttle back frightened

I'm always particularly anxious about elderly pedestrians, thinking they may have failing eyesight or hearing. If there is no danger from other traffic, I usually

stop and signal on such a person.

An elderly lady will smile her thanks and totter across the road. But no matter how old a man may be, he'll peer into the car, sight a Woman Driver, and scuttle back to the kerb as if he's frightened that I'll suddenly start the car and run him down.

Recently I had my revenge. As the family pulled up behind a car waiting to make a right-hand turn, the fair-haired young driver ahead visibly hesitated.

Every male voice in the car said, "Typical Woman Driver!" As we passed the car something made me turn back for another look, and to my delight the driver turned out to be a long-haired youth!

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● These useful hints to help housewives and mothers, were sent in by readers. Each wins a prize of \$2.

TO enable toddlers to come in and out a wire screen door easily, put a small knob low down on outside of door; inside put a piece of wood or hardboard where the toddler pushes to open door. This will save the wire.—Mrs. R. K. Newland, 11 Colston St., Ryde, N.S.W. 2112.

If making a large quantity of sandwiches with really fresh bread, first slice loaf, then put into freezer of refrigerator for ½ hour. The slices will be firm, easy to spread, and 10 minutes after leaving the freezer will have thawed to their original freshness.—Mrs. N. Thompson, c/o Government School, Three Springs, W.A. 6519.

A half-gallon ice-cream can, attractively painted, makes a handy receptacle for used cotton balls, razor-blades, etc., in the bathroom.—Mrs. E. A. Archer, P.O. Box 9, Gayndah, Qld. 4625.

When the cold weather is over, give your radiators a good cleaning and put into big plastic bags. They are ready for next winter, and you will prevent that smell of burning dust and fluff when they're first switched on again.—Mrs. H. James, Box 662, Renmark, S.A. 5431.

To make refreshing and economical iceblocks for summer, cover pineapple skins with water, boil ½ hour, sweeten with sugar. Strain the syrup, add more water, then freeze.—Mrs. E. Ferguson, 4 Harrow St., West Rockhampton, Qld. 4700.

To combat the attacks of sparrows, bees, and ants on your grapevine: Cover each bunch of grapes, when just about to mature, with an old nylon stocking tied at the top, and with the foot cut off. One stocking will do two bunches.—Mrs. G. Forrest, Box 154, P.O. Moree, N.S.W. 2400.

Add a generous amount of passionfruit to the apple before placing it in your next apple pie. Top the pie with meringue for a truly tangy flavor.—Miss S. Yates, 17 Virginia St., North Wollongong, N.S.W. 2500.

To prevent refrigerator trays from sticking, sprinkle kitchen salt on the freezer floor. The water underneath will not freeze and the trays can be taken out smoothly.—Mrs. A. Every, "Coonda," Victoria St., Doncaster, Vic. 3108.

Tired of Pillow Fighting?



Invest in Rest that's Best



TONTINE

DACRON® FIBREFILL PILLOWS

Tontine pillows stay soft, smooth and resilient all night through. A Tontine pillow never goes hard or lumpy, and lulls you into sound, restful sleep with the deep down softness of pure, allergy free Dacron® fibre, encased in the finest, close-weave, white japara cloth.



Sweet dreams for only \$4.95.

*DuPont's registered trade mark.

DP-411



Amazing!
Sandals that do things
for your legs & feet

WONDERFUL THINGS

LIKE SLIMMING . . . CONDITIONING . . . REJUVENATING

She's with fashion — the lissom, leggy look. And she keeps her legs and feet fit for fashion . . . with Scholl exercise sandals. The sandals that help slim legs and ankles. The sandals that make feet fit and full of go.

INGENIOUS TOE-GRIP

That's the secret. As you walk, your toes clench the exclusive, built-in toe-grip. Lazy muscles WORK. Simply, spontaneously, your legs and feet are being exercised in a special and beneficial way. This action has a slimming effect on legs and ankles, a rejuvenating effect on feet. Foot arches and muscles are strengthened, revitalized, and the feet conditioned against tendency to corns, callouses and bunions.

That's the promise of Scholl exercise sandals. The more you wear them, the better your legs look, the fitter your feet get. Start wearing them now, indoors and out . . . for comfort . . . for fitness . . . for beauty.

Scholl exercise sandals
every step—a step to beauty

Raised Heels \$9; Flat Heels from \$8.40.

FROM CHEMISTS, STORES, AND SCHOLL BRANCHES

ANDREW WAUGH *

Australia's best known do-it-yourself expert—see his simple ideas for handymen to copy each month in the

AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL

YOU SEE MORE AND SAVE \$250 FOR 18 WEEKS AROUND THE WORLD RING Stewart Moffat Travel Perth, Adel. Melb. Syd. Bris. 1915

KIDNEY AID FOR RHEUMATISM

If your back aches like sin and rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYS-TEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Scientific Laboratory-tested and Certified CYS-TEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 45 cents

Nourishing rice made richer with vitamins and minerals called niacin, thiamin, riboflavin and iron.



Rice and shine!

build breakfast on
Kellogg's^{*} Rice Bubbles[†]
and help them live up
to their very best.

When you pour on milk and hear that Snap! Crackle! Pop!—it's good to know that you're getting more than crispness and great taste from Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.

They're whole grains of rich rice that Kellogg's make even richer with vitamins and minerals. Great nourishment!



* Registered Trade Mark. † 'Rice Bubbles' is a Registered Trade Mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice. K54BA

Page 45



Bond's Cottontails: 2 ounces of freedom.

So light and white, so soft and sleek — you're fresh and free in "Cottontails". Two tiny ounces of absorbent cotton styled to fit smooth under today's fashions. And styled for freedom with 'action' gusset and 'nylo-rib' legbands that keep their place. Bond's quality cotton boils fresh and white. SSW-OS. Breezeweight 75c. Interlock 79c. Coral Island 89c.

BOND'S

Speaking husband's language

BEING able to understand many words of her migrant husband's language, "Shy" asks how she can overcome her reluctance to try speaking it herself. Don't worry about being laughed at, but join in the laughter. It's marvellous what a laugh can do. I'm quite sure that your husband, his parents, and friends will love you all the more for your laughing attempts to join in the conversation, using their language.

\$2 to "Sandy" (name supplied), Maroochydore, Qld.

TO begin with, simply try greeting the older members of the family and their elderly friends in their language. The joy on their faces will convey their pleasure at your attempt to speak to them in their own tongue, and this will encourage you to speak more easily in that language. Older people have difficulty in learning another language, and any attempt to communicate with them is appreciated. They know how difficult it is to learn and will encourage you to join in the conversation.

\$2 to "A Learner" (name supplied), Ermington, N.S.W.

I ALSO learned my husband's language and I found, instead of the laughter I had anticipated, only encouragement. You may feel shy for a while, but when you see the appreciation on your husband's face when you can converse with his parents all shyness will go.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Petrusa, Dimbulah, Qld.

WHEN it came to conversing in French, I had the same trouble. Then it was suggested that I, in turn, try teaching the language to a friend. It worked like a charm, so perhaps it's the answer for "Shy."

\$2 to Mrs. J. L. Hinckman, Homebush, N.S.W.

ALTHOUGH I know odd words of my husband's ancestral language, I, too, had trouble in bringing myself to use them in front of his fellow countrymen. It draws attention to ourselves if we're shy, and it takes willpower to make the first effort. But then it comes naturally. Try talking to one person at a time first. This is easier than trying in front of a crowd.

\$2 to Mrs. T. J. Graffini, Cannon Valley, Qld.

ONCE they find out you are trying to learn your husband's language, I'm sure your in-laws will share your feeling of admiration. To start, try a conversation with someone of his family or friends whom you already like very much. Once they find you trying to speak the language, you'll be treated with such pride and joy that they will make you join the conversation.

\$2 to L. Horsting, Safety Bay, W.A.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 22, 1967



LETTER BOX

Talked into it

HOW one's nearest and dearest condition us to think badly of ourselves, and, worse, to accept a low standard of performance. For years I was laughed off as "hopelessly untidy," and grew up accepting this judgment of myself as necessary and true. Now, married and far from home and family opinion, I have discovered a delight in drawers of neatly aligned singlets and socks, of martially arrayed saucepans and lids. While probably longing for this orderliness all the time, I was talked into believing badly of myself in this respect, and acted accordingly. How true this might be of many other aspects of life.

\$2 to "Brolgah" (name supplied), Hooker Creek Settlement, N.T.

Preserving past

FURTHER to the letter about preserving relics of our past, these can be given or loaned to your local historical society. They sift the wheat from the chaff and often find valuable information to help them compile an accurate history of the district. In the Grenfell (N.S.W.) Society, a research officer even takes tape recordings of interviews with old identities, some of whom remember the goldrush days. So don't throw away your grandparents' old letters and photographs. Some historical society would be glad to have them.

\$2 to Mrs. N. Johnson, Grenfell, N.S.W.

Courtesy-conscious

MY eight-year-old had just become courtesy-conscious, and proudly brought in his new friend to be introduced. "Mum, this is Bill. Bill, this is my mother." Flushed with this success, he began, "Dad, this is Bill," then, to our amazement, came, "Bill, this is my mother's husband, Ron."

\$2 to Mrs. E. Sanders, Red Hill, A.C.T.

Laziest husband

IT'S beginning to occur to me that I might have the laziest husband ever born. While we were relaxing on the lounge the other night he asked me to get him the scissors. Asked why he couldn't get them, he said, "Well, you're leaning forward and I'm leaning back, so it would be easier for you." It just shows how strong our menfolk really are.

\$2 to "Weary Willie" (name supplied), French's Forest, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

UTTER CONFUSION

"I SAY, the milkman's only left two pints!"

My wife's voice was filled with alarm and despondency.

"We need four! Did you order two pints?" she said.

"No. I thought you'd left the order out."

"But I thought you'd left it out."

"He must have got the order left there from Tuesday."

Confusion of this sort is common when the System breaks down. I mean the System of everyone having their own jobs to do.

Normally my wife leaves the milk order out. But for a couple of nights I broke the routine and left it out myself.

I don't quite know why. It may have been just a craving for novelty and adventure.

This gave her the wrong idea that I was going to keep on leaving the

milk order out. We were able to buy a couple of bottles down the road. A more grave emergency resulted when my son began carrying out the garbage tin.

For years I had done this myself, in a patient, robot-like way, every Wednesday and Sunday.

Then my son did it a few times. He was motivated partly by a helpful spirit, partly by a desire to show his weight-lifting powers.

Blindly and foolishly I deluded myself that he had taken over the job altogether.

One morning the garbage truck



came down the street, clattered, and hastened away in its usual manner. When I got up I was appalled to find that nobody had taken the tin out.

I was faced with the distasteful task of cramming three more days' garbage into an already full tin.

Similar misunderstandings have led to disaster in other segments of our domestic program. The clock

has been left unwound, the paper bill unpaid, small children's teeth unbrushed.

A break in routine can cause another kind of danger. It was shown when my eldest daughter made the beds.

She did this because her mother was poorly. To make a thorough job of it, she changed all the sheets.

Then it was found that her mother had changed the sheets the day before.

Clean sheets are a good thing in moderation. But we don't run to clean sheets every day.

If your right hand doesn't know what your left hand is doing, they may both do the same thing. As in the pie mix-up.

When I am up at the junction on Saturday morning and feeling like Lorenzo the Magnificent, I sometimes buy an apple pie. It is a sort of bonus toward the weekend's high living.

But when I brought home the pie last Saturday, my wife gave a wan smile. She said: "I've just made an apple pie."

"I don't think you need worry," I said. "This one won't go to waste."

Nor did it. I have heard many complaints in my time, but never have I heard anyone complain that there was too much apple pie.

SHADED LADIES



• Discussing daylight saving (recently introduced in Tasmania), the secretary of the Australian Workers' Union, Mr. Tom Dougherty, said: "It might be a good idea economically, but it could be a bit awkward in daily life. No one wants to take his wife or girlfriend out in broad daylight."

*We look our best by softer lights,
By moon when full or crescent,
And when they take us out at nights
We shun the fluorescent.
We only ask a little tact;
Our face, when we display it,
Shows lines in sun, and that's a fact,
But — do they need to say it?*

— Dorothy Drain

How snoring sounds

RATHER puzzled one night when her father fell asleep and began to snore in front of the television set, my two-year-old daughter came out to me in the kitchen and said, "Mummy, Daddy is barking in the lounge."

\$2 to Mrs. Kennedy, Kedron, Qld.

Men are not "made"

IN my opinion it is a myth that behind every successful man there is an ambitious woman, as a reader recently suggested. In reality, a man comes to resent such a woman, not be inspired by her. Basically, a man is what he is on his own account. A woman could do nothing with a man who did not have the potential. By skilful understanding a woman can induce a sense of well-being in a man, which may make him aim higher—that is all. She can successfully maintain a man, but not successfully make him.

\$2 to Mrs. P. Wallis, Vaulcluse, N.S.W.

POSITIVELY THE END OF CORNS



Dr. Scholl's

ZINO-PADS

QUICK - CLEAN - SAFE

This is the modern way, the easy way, to get rid of corns. Unique two-fold action. Super-soft pad prevents shoe pressure, relieves pain instantly... medicated disc loosens corn for easy removal. Quick, clean, safe. Ask for Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads. Only 42c (4/3) pkt.



KEEP FEET FIT

LOOK FOR
Dr. Scholl's
FOOT COMFORT
COUNTER AT
YOUR CHEMIST
OR STORE

Remedies for
every common
foot trouble



Soften those Forehead Lines

Cherish the smooth serenity of your forehead by firmly coaxing a film of vitalizing night cream into the skin from brow to hairline, using the fingers of both hands in upward movements. Now placing the hands on the centre of the forehead with fingers interlocked, pull the fingers apart, so that the Ulan vitalizing night cream is smoothed across the forehead to ease away any vertical lines.

ECZEMA ITCH

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, hives, and stings, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clear skin while you sleep.

cool ideas for a lit-up Christmas



Yuletide Cake

Here's what you need:

8 oz. chopped Raisins, 4 oz. chopped blanched almonds, 4 oz. chopped glace cherries, 4 oz. chopped mixed peel, 8 oz. Sultanas, 8 oz. Currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy OR orange juice, 10 oz. plain flour, 2 oz. self raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 8 oz. butter, 8 oz. light brown sugar, 2 tablespoons marmalade OR dark jam, 1 dessertspoon vanilla essence, 4 eggs.

Here's what you do:

Line an 8" round cake tin with two layers of foil and two layers of greaseproof paper.

Mix all the fruits, peel and nuts together and sprinkle with the brandy OR orange juice.

Sift together the flours, salt and spices.

Cream together the butter and sugar until light and fluffy then add the jam and vanilla essence and beat again.

Add the eggs one at a time beating well after each one, then alternately add the fruit and flour mixtures.

Mix thoroughly.

Place the mixture in the prepared tin and bake in a slow oven (Electric 325°F, Gas 275°F) for approximately 3½ hours.

Topping: The day before you use the cake arrange on top of the cake pieces of your favourite nuts, e.g. walnuts, almonds, pecans—cherries, glace pineapple, ginger, Raisins and Sultanas.

Make a toffee glaze by boiling together equal quantities sugar, water and sieved apricot jam.

Drizzle this over the fruit 'n' nut topping and leave to set.



Ruffled Pears

Drain some cooked fresh pear halves. Fill the hollows with a quantity of fruit mince and finely chopped ginger. Secure halves together with a toothpick. Pipe whipped cream around the joins in the pears and decorate with a cherry and leaves cut from angelica.

Festive Oranges

Select even sized oranges and cut in halves leaving a serrated edge. Remove the pulp and add to a quantity of fruit mince with a little diced pineapple. Add a dash of orange curacao if preferred and fill the mixture back into the orange shells. Top with toasted shredded coconut.

Beignets Noël

Make or buy approximately four dozen tiny cream puff shells. Add enough to taste of your favourite dark jam to fruit mince and fill into the shells with whipped cream flavoured with crushed almonds or hazelnuts. Pile shells on top of each other in a pyramid form. Make a caramel toffee by boiling equal quantities sugar and water together until a brittle stage is reached. Using a teaspoon drizzle the toffee around and over the pyramid until a web-like effect is achieved.



Sugar Plums

Gently simmer a quantity of Prunes and Dried Apricots in a heavy sugar and water syrup until the fruit is well plumped. Allow the fruit to drain on a wire rack then toss in white sugar to completely cover. Allow to dry before storing.

Fruit 'n Nut Treat

Lightly toss together some Raisins and Sultanas with your favourite nuts, cherries and various chopped crystallised fruits.

Snap-Dragon

Plump some Raisins in brandy, rum, whisky or gin and pile high into a small silver dish for Christmas festivities. To flambe, sprinkle a good quality brandy, rum or whisky over and set alight.

**SULTANAS
RAISINS CURRANTS**
Eat them for Food Value
Buy them for Good Value



Put in the Sun Dried Fruit

The Australian
**Women's
Weekly**
Presents

● How the buildings at right were transformed into the charming home below is just one of the many interesting home improvement projects described in this booklet.



HOME IMPROVEMENTS



HOME IMPROVEMENTS — Page 1

ON OUR COVER:

Mr. and Mrs. D. Graham's house at Dural, N.S.W., before and after remodelling. For more pictures and the story of this fascinating home improvement project, turn to page 6.

★ ★ ★

All color pictures in this book are by staff photographers Keith Barlow, Ron Berg, and Les Gorrie.

● Improving your home can be a rewarding experience, whether you plan a complete remodelling project or a face-lift for a single room. For the increased value of your property, your family's comfort or the sheer delight of a more attractive home it is well worth the effort.

This 16-page book won't tell you how to use a hammer or wield a paintbrush but it will give you much useful information and a wealth of ideas to copy or adapt. And because example is the best inspiration it shows you in stories and pictures how several enterprising families have successfully improved their homes.

ENNIS HONEY

In the centre of this book:

WALLS BEAUTIFUL, an extra eight-page lift-out of interest to home improvers. Be sure to show it to the handyman in your family.



Mr. and Mrs. P. McCosker's home at Miranda, N.S.W., before remodelling.

EXPANSION FOR A SMALL HOUSE

WITH plans to increase their one-child family, a nine-square two-bedroom fibro house didn't add up to enough space for the Paul McCoskers, of Miranda, N.S.W.

Besides, Mr. McCosker, an architectural draughtsman, wanted a study where he could work at home without being distracted by the usual household noises. And Mrs. McCosker wanted a big sun-room which would double as a children's indoor play area.

By adding a second storey, and enlarging and enclosing a small back veranda, the McCoskers not only increased the size of their house from 9 squares to almost 17; they also improved its appearance.

And because Mr. McCosker did most of the work himself they were able to keep within their budget of \$2000.

The additions took 11 weeks with 10 days spent on the construction of the timber frame for the new floor.

"We began just before Christmas," said Mr. McCosker, "and we had to get the frame up as quickly as possible in case it should rain while the ground floor roof was off and some of the rooms exposed."

"We covered the open rooms with a tarpaulin but on Boxing Night while we were at a party a southerly buster came

up. We rushed home and used blocks of wood to hold it down more securely. We stayed with it for about three hours until the southerly died down, then went back to the party."

Mr. McCosker took the additional precaution of insuring against rain during the tarpaulin period.

"It didn't rain, fortunately, but it was well worth the few dollars premium to know that any possible damage would be taken care of."

Built-ins

Along one wall of the new main bedroom on the upper floor Mr. McCosker built in an ingenious black bean wardrobe with three sets of doors. The middle door opens not to clothes but to the entrance to a small en-suite shower-room.

Only three feet wide, the well-equipped shower-room utilises space which would have been taken up by built-ins if the study had been planned as a fourth bedroom. (See plan on page 4.)

Mr. McCosker constructed the staircase connecting the upper and lower floors from timber, filled it in with an easy-to-use decorative hardboard panelling, and a door which opens on to a useful storage cupboard built into the space beneath the stairs.

board built into the space beneath the stairs.

A panel of amber glass, joined to the timber by an aluminium moulding, hangs from the balustrade.

For the slim window above the landing he chose a specially treated green glass which lets in light but not heat. The same glass is used in the horizontal window in the passage on the upper floor.

The former main bedroom on the ground floor has become 2½-year-old Michael's room.

Here, gay colored photographs of aeroplanes arranged in a collage and framed with narrow, timber beading, have been used to make an attractive feature wall.

Continued on page 4



During construction of timber frame a tarpaulin protected exposed rooms.

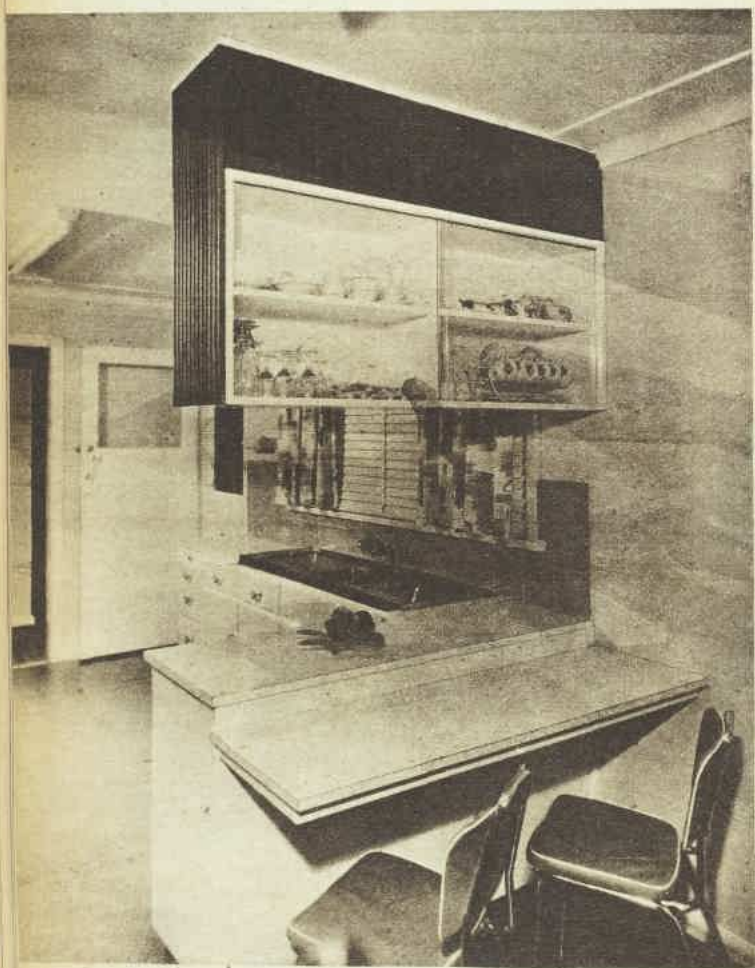
The Australian Women's Weekly November 22, 1967

● To find more space for a growing family is a problem many people face. Mr. and Mrs. Paul McCosker's solution was to build another floor on to their two-bedroom fibro home at Miranda, N.S.W. Shown on opposite page is house before alterations; below, as it is now. Note how upper-floor windows match those on ground floor. The staircase (right), covered with fluffy carpet to reduce noise, Mr. McCosker built himself from timber and filled in with decorative hardboard panelling. The specially treated glass in the window lets in light but not heat.



The Australian Women's Weekly — November 22, 1967





China cupboard, bolted to the ceiling, helps to separate the kitchen from the family room. By using rejects of Western Australian karri, Mr. McCosker was able to make it for a few dollars.

EXPANSION FOR A SMALL HOUSE . . . continued

The additions to the McCoskers' home are the latest stage in a program of improvements which really began when they first bought the fibro house on a \$6500 building society loan. To save money Mr. McCosker did a good deal of the interior finishing himself.

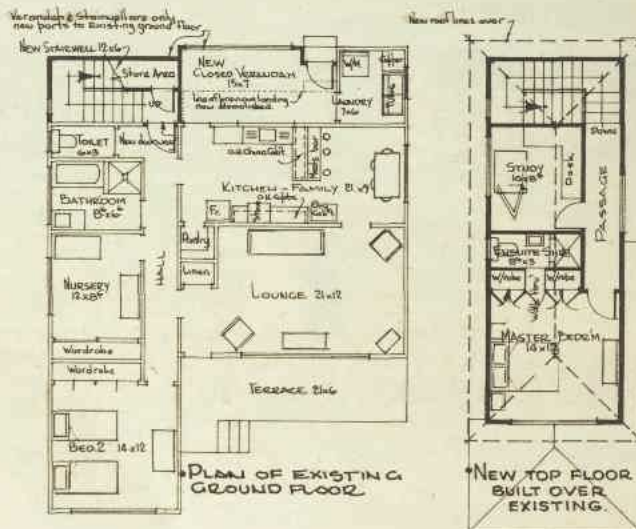
To give just one example—he saved about \$140 by building the ample storage units in the kitchen mainly from unprimed hardboard, which he finished with one coat of primer and two of enamel. Counter tops are covered with laminated plastic.

He built in a buffet counter to divide the 21ft.-long kitchen into two and make a family room at one end, later added a china cupboard, bolted to the ceiling.

By using the good sections from timber rejects, including some Western Australian karri, Mr. McCosker was able to make this attractive unit for a few dollars.

For a decorative effect he had the karri machined to ½ in. grooves. The inside of the glass-fronted cupboard is painted with a matt-finish white enamel.

New closed veranda is shown on plan at left, new upper floor at right. Note walk-through between built-in wardrobes in master bedroom to the compact 3ft.-wide ensuite shower-room.



Happy home improvements

● Never, you might say, has the enthusiastic home improver had it so good, with the fantastic variety of new and improved building and decorating materials now available, not to mention the interesting pieces you can find at demolitions and junkyards.

But before embarking on any home-improvement project it's a good idea to consider the word "improve." It means, as you know, to make better. For lasting satisfaction the results of your efforts (and the money expended) should be just that, namely, a "better" home in terms of looks and livability.

This entails careful planning. A home-improvement project, whether it's a full-scale remodel, a one-room addition, or the renovation of an existing room, should never be a haphazard affair. Take time to consider what you want.

Perhaps it's more space in the form of another bedroom, a larger entertaining area — perhaps it's a second bathroom, a more convenient kitchen. Possibly you'd like to open up a room to the view or modernise the exterior of your house.

Ideas to help you realise these plans

Addition of this 20ft. x 11ft. family room to the rear of Mr. and Mrs. W. Love's house at Carlingford, N.S.W., has provided them with extra living space at moderate cost. Two walls of windows and glass doors (not shown) face the morning sun; wall behind the bar is covered with an easily installed decorative hardboard panelling.



can come from many sources — this book, for example — someone else's improvement idea might solve or clarify your problem or set you thinking along new lines. Look around stores and home-improvement centres, ask questions, file cuttings, collect brochures. Most manufacturers and suppliers of building and decorating materials produce literature describing methods of improving the home with their products.

When in doubt seek expert advice. That wall you propose to remove

between two rooms. Is it non-load-bearing or is it a bearing one supporting the roof? In the latter case you'll need a builder to do the job. Will your additions comply with your local council's building ordinances? Is there a better, more economical way to add that extra room?

An architect, builder, or other expert will examine structural conditions, suggest suitable alterations, estimate costs. You can also obtain free advice from such sources as building-information and home-improvement centres

and your council's building inspector. Note that the council must approve plans for any additions or major alterations.

Above all, be realistic. Be satisfied to make progress slowly, especially if budget is a factor or you plan to do the work yourself. Take stock, too, of your capabilities when it comes to major improvements. It's amazing what one can learn to do, but it is usually better to leave the really difficult jobs to the experts and concentrate your efforts on the easier ones.



Entrance to Mr. and Mrs. D. Graham's home at Dural, N.S.W. Reminiscent of the gracious old mansions in New Orleans, U.S., it was originally a one-storey house.



Page 6 — HOME IMPROVEMENTS



The Australian Women's Weekly — November 22, 1967



A COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION

By Sandra Funnell

● A happy stay in New Orleans in America's Deep South inspired Mr. and Mrs. Deryk Graham, of Dural, N.S.W., to transform a simple one-storeyed house into this gracious home.

The modest, three-bedroom brick house (above and left) as it stood three years ago when the Grahams bought it and decided to use it as the nucleus of their new home. Picture in color (above left) shows house now, extended toward carport at right and joined to it by a covered walk-way. The original lovely bay window was retained in what is now the family room. The fibro extension off kitchen in original house (shown left) was replaced by a concrete patio with pergola supported by columns. (See colored picture far left.) The windows, french windows, and white iron columns in the new house all came from demolished houses in Sydney.

More color pictures
on pages 7 and 8

STANDING in front of "Richlands" — with its slim white columns, its jasmine-covered pergolas, its imposing structure, and its expansive setting of lawns and garden beds, one conjures up images of elegant "Southern" living along the banks of the Mississippi River in the United States in the period before the American Civil War.

What one wouldn't imagine is that all this is just a few miles from Sydney, and the imposing mansion was once a three-bedroom, single-storey brick house.

"Ante-bellum" mansion

This incredible transformation was planned by the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Deryk Graham, who spent seven years in New Orleans, where they grew to love the gracious old mansions of the ante-bellum (literally prewar) period.

"During our stay in New Orleans," said Mrs. Graham, "we lived in one of these houses, and from it grew an idea of our own dream home."

"We used to spend weekends looking through many similar old houses that are opened for inspection."

One Sunday the Grahams passed a new ante-bellum house under construction — an unusual sight, because many of the

original ante-bellum houses are falling into disrepair.

It was being built by a solicitor who was using all the beautiful old fittings from wrecked houses of that period — stairways, marble fireplaces, and doors.

It was this particular house that inspired the Grahams and from it grew the idea that they could build their own home in Australia in the same way, using pieces from lovely old homes being demolished.

The Grahams and the solicitor became very good friends, and he helped them when they were drawing up plans for their own home in Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham also collected dozens of color slides of the old houses they had seen on inspection tours, and from these they chose the style they wanted.

When they returned to Australia, they bought ten acres of land at Dural, about 23 miles from Sydney.

"We chose this property," said Mrs. Graham, "because of its location — we're close enough to the city for my husband's business, yet far enough away from it to enjoy the country atmosphere."

The old house on the property — a brick house with three bedrooms, a dining-room, kitchen, and laundry — sat on the crest of a hill with extensive views.

"It seemed pointless," said Mrs. Graham, "to demolish the house. We liked its position and it was basically sound in structure."

"We especially liked its lovely bay window overlooking the magnificent views of the property, and my husband drew up plans with the house as a starting point."

Original kitchen

"Besides, we had to have adequate accommodation for the family while we were building, and this house was a perfect solution. Sometimes, for example, when we had to replace the roof . . . and it started to rain — I've regretted this choice, but on the whole, we've loved it."

The Grahams kept the original kitchen, laundry, and bathroom, but turned the dining-room into a large family eating and rumpus area. One of the bedrooms is kept for guests, one is a study "strictly for men," and the other a storeroom.

Added to the ground floor was a large dining- and sitting-room (L-shaped and taking up most of the area of the ground-floor additions), and an entrance hall with a staircase to the first floor, which has four bedrooms and two bathrooms.

French windows, on two sides of the combined formal entertaining area, open to terraces for large-scale entertaining.

Continued on page 10

HOME IMPROVEMENTS — Page 7



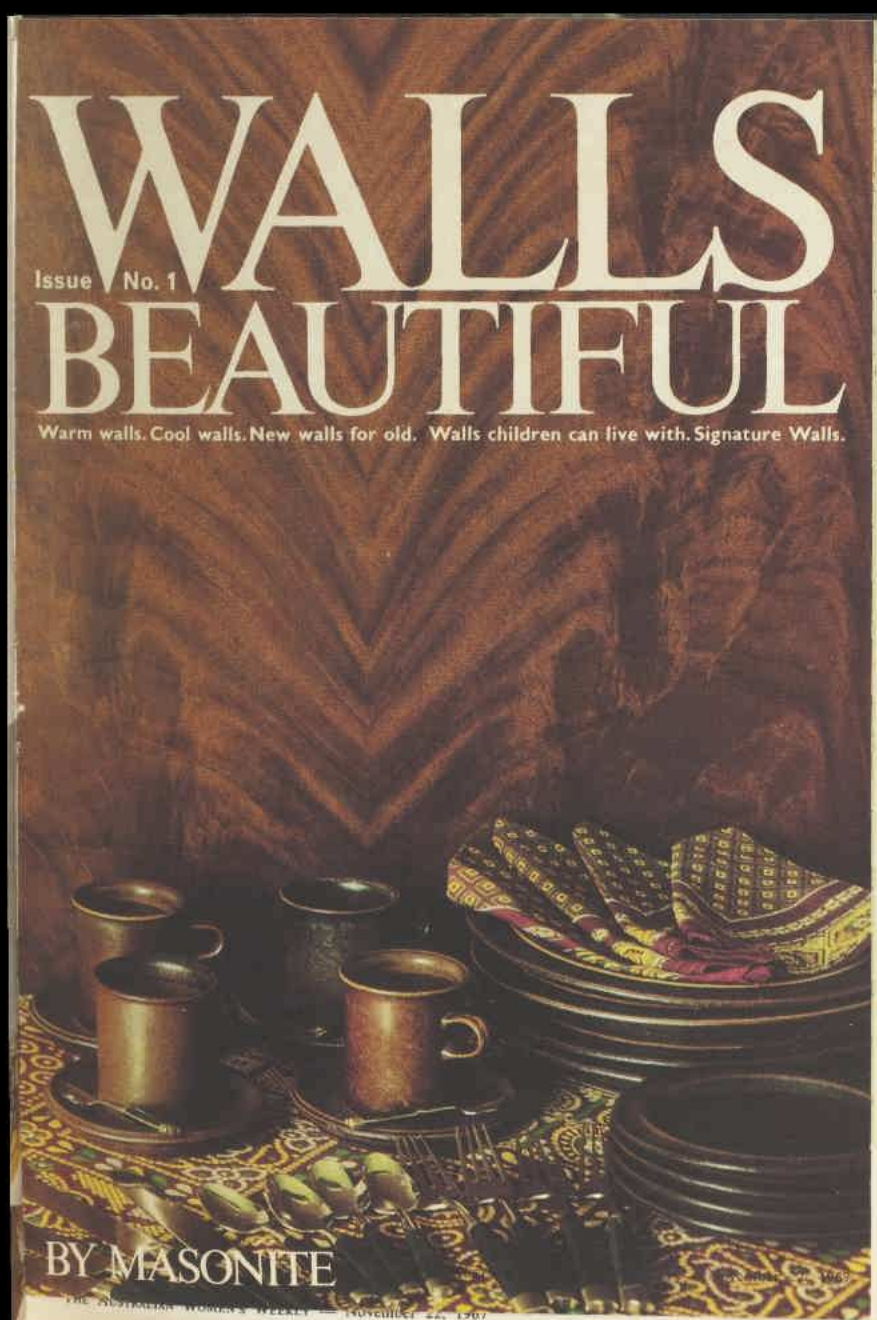
Two views of spacious L-shaped entertainment area, which forms main part of ground-floor additions. The Grahams collected many of the antique furnishings in New Orleans, including the hand-carved marble-topped sideboard in dining-room (right) and rocking-chair, cotton-grinder, and tapestry stool, one of two, near fireplace in sitting-room. Mirror is set into an old picture frame.

Continuing . . .

A COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION

- High ceilings, french windows, and lovingly chosen furnishings make the interior of the Grahams' antebellum style house as charming as the exterior.





A COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION . . . continued

THE house and adjoining barns take up about a third of the property, while the rest is paddocks and fields for the horses. The Grahams are registered Arab-horse breeders, and now have nine horses.

"The horses have taken up a great deal of our time," said Mrs. Graham. "We've had to learn to deliver foals, nurse sick horses, feed and groom them, as well as keep them from eating away all our gardens! We probably could have spent this time working on the house, but each horse is a family pet and has provided the children with many happy hours.

"Even I take special pleasure in downing household tools, donning old jeans, and grooming my white Arab mare.

"Our original plan was that part of the garage would become a pool house with a large swimming-pool in front of it. But gradually the horses took over, and we had to make this a feed shed and store for bridles and saddles!"

Antiques

The Grahams' house is filled with beautiful pieces of furniture and antiques.

"My mother, Mrs. Stewart Gow, instilled in me a love and appreciation of

fine antiques, and I had collected many pieces before my husband and I went to the United States.

"In New Orleans there is a whole street devoted to antique shops, each one selling a different type of ware — one will specialise in chandeliers, another in door-knobs, and so on.

"The street extends from the heart of the city to the river and prices vary in different sections — shops nearest the city are the most expensive, while the shops by the river sell items very cheaply.

"Of course, I spent many happy hours visiting these shops, with the result that, by the time we were ready to leave, I had collected many pieces. It was impossible to ship them all home, but equally difficult sorting out which ones to take.

"And when the furniture arrived, it had to be stored in an old barn until the house was ready."

Many of the antiques — those from New Orleans for example, are French-inspired — the handcarved sideboards with marble tops, the set of re-glass decanters and the set of fine french-lace tablemats.

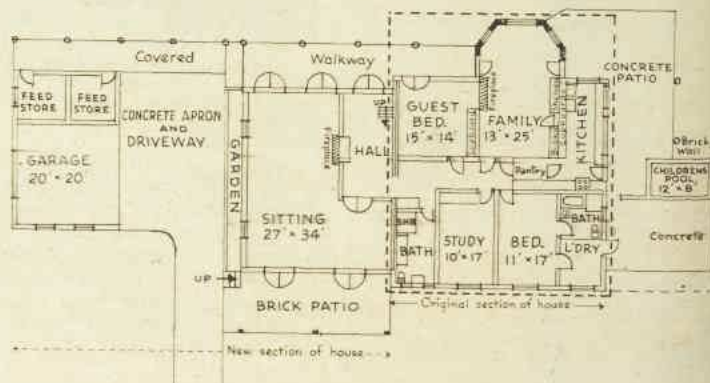
Fittings

Mr. and Mrs. Graham still spend weekends visiting antique shops and auctions, and many of the fittings in the house came from demolished houses round Sydney — the white iron columns were from North Sydney and Parramatta; the cast-iron lace and the front door from Parramatta; the staircases from Wahroonga; the french windows and other windows from an old house in Pymble.

But one of the most fascinating pieces is a cotton-grinder, used by the Negroes in the old days to grind the cotton by hand. Now it makes an attractive container for floral arrangements.



Family room with its lovely bay window and views of the Grahams' land was part of the original house. The marble fireplace came from a demolition. Plan (below) shows original house and ground-floor additions. New sitting-room is L-shaped.



NEW WALLS AND CEILINGS

● Clever wall or ceiling treatments are wonderful room revivers, and with the wide variety of materials available need not be difficult or expensive.



Mr. and Mrs. A. Consterdine, of Lindfield, N.S.W., enlarged a bedroom to make sunroom (above), used a decorative hardboard panelling simulating maple to line walls, another for ceiling. In study (left) of Mr. and Mrs. K. Aubert's house at East Bentleigh, Vic., hardboard panelling, which looks like silver birchwood, makes good contrast for rosewood drawer units. Kitchen (right), with tiled walls, painted ceiling, was complete do-it-yourself project by Mrs. K. Duffy, Cremorne, N.S.W. Full story is on next page.



NEW KITCHEN FOR OLD

● A do-it-yourself project that made one woman's dream of a lovely, modern kitchen come true.

BY doing all of the work herself, even to tiling the walls, Mrs. K. Duffy, of Cremorne, N.S.W., turned the kitchen-cum-laundry below into the bright, modern kitchen shown on the previous page.

Actually the picture on this page shows the results of Mrs. Duffy's first attempts at renovating the antiquated room. She had replaced the wooden sink with a stainless-steel one, covered the troughs with a piece of board topped with linoleum, and painted the wooden ceiling with flamingo-red full-gloss paint.

"The red paint concealed the cracks in

the ceiling," she said. "I also painted the brick walls white, replaced the stove, and tried to conceal the copper with greenery. Even so the kitchen was inconvenient and hard work to keep clean."

To have had the kitchen remodelled by tradesmen was beyond Mrs. Duffy's financial resources, and her invalid husband couldn't help her except by encouragement, so she decided to do it herself.

"I wanted shining tiled walls, plenty of storage cupboards, and a long work counter next to the sink, but I hadn't a clue how to do the work involved. I

learned mainly by trial and error and from friends who became interested and proffered advice."

With the copper and troughs relegated to a space beneath the house, Mrs. Duffy set to work. Tiling the rough walls was her hardest task. She evened them first with a scutch hammer (cost \$2.50). A tile cutter cost \$1.50.

"To avoid breaking the tiles I cut them on a block of wood topped with thickly folded newspaper. At first I broke a few, but with practice I became quite expert. To file the edges I used an emery stone.

"I fixed them to the walls with ready-mixed cement and glue, spread it on the back of each tile like butter on bread. To keep them in straight lines, which is very important, I used a spirit-level and marked where they were to go with a pencil.

"Tilers say to start in the middle of the

wall and work to each end, but that usually means having sections of tiles at both ends. So I started a little to one side of the middle, and ended up having cut sections of tiles at one end only, a saving of quite a lot of work."

Storage units

Mrs. Duffy bought unpainted wall-and-counter storage units (there are two counters, one between sink and stove, the other on the opposite side of the kitchen, near the refrigerator), painted the doors of the wall unit and drawers of the counter units flamingo-red to match the ceiling, and the rest of the woodwork with white enamel mixed with very pale grey.

"This mixture never goes yellow, as dead-white paint is inclined to do."

She made tops for the counter units from hardboard covered with vinyl.

When Mrs. Duffy took up the worn linoleum to replace it with vinyl carpeting, she found the boards rough and ridged. To have had them sanded would have been too expensive, so she planed the boards herself.

The kitchen is only one of Mrs. Duffy's renovation projects. She has also painted the walls and ceilings throughout the house, retiled the front veranda floor, and remodelled the bathroom. Her next venture is to turn space beneath the house into a modern laundry.

COST OF NEW KITCHEN

● To keep costs down Mrs. Duffy shopped around, compared prices. The white tiles, the end of a discontinued line, were a bargain buy.

	\$	c
White tiles	30.00	
Feature tiles	5.00	
Cement and glue	8.00	
Storage units	62.65	
Paint	3.00	
Vinyl carpeting	35.70	
Counter-top materials	3.00	

Total cost 147.35

In Mrs. K. Duffy's semi-detached house at Cremorne, N.S.W., the kitchen was also the laundry until she remodelled it into the cheerful modern kitchen shown on previous page.



Putting space to work

● Built-ins along a wall are a favorite solution to the space problem by freeing the floor of space-consuming furniture, but if you look around your house you'll probably find quite a lot of other space which a few simple improvements will make usable.

Take the average door, for example. Replace it with a sliding or folding one (many of the types available can be installed by the do-it-yourself home improver) and you'll gain as much as nine square feet of floor space. If the new door folds back or slides into the wall cavity there will be wall space for perhaps a storage unit, a piece of furniture, a mirror, or pictures.

Line or paint the inside of an unused fireplace and fit it with shelves and doors to make a useful, decorative cupboard. Build a bar into that unused space between two doors or fit it with a small desk, a few shelves for a tiny home office. In fact, the awkward corner, imaginatively treated, can become one of the most interesting features in a room.

Space under the stairs has many uses apart from a broom cupboard. It could be a writing corner, a sewing centre, or a useful downstairs wash-room for children or guests.



Built-in seating in Mr. and Mrs. R. Lane's living-room at Balgowlah, N.S.W., and storage wall for books, a bar and ornaments (in upper section) and stereogram and television (in lower) frees valuable floor space. Middle section can be used for a desk.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Algar, of St. Ives, N.S.W., made an odd space between hall and dining-room useful and decorative. The built-in, with laminated top, serves as a bar and storage cupboard. Wooden figure of Diana was carved by Dutch artist W. Muldun.





● Just four years ago Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Mears, of Beecroft, N.S.W., bought this timber cottage as a basic project house and with simple but imaginative improvements turned it into a charming and very individual home. Except for the carport at left of house, the Mears' did all the work themselves in their spare time, began with addition of shutters to all the windows.



In basic design, front door opened directly on to living-room (above), so the Mears' built-in the Mexican divider, which matches chests on either side of chairs. To screen kitchen from dining-area (right), they added louvred doors. Moulded wood plaque (depicting Mrs. Mears' sign of zodiac, Leo) on papered wall also faces front door, increases effect of pseudo hallway.



Variations on a basic theme

HERE is a home-improvement story which shows what can be done to a house with a basic design, similar to hundreds of other houses without major remodelling and for a very moderate outlay.

Not that there was anything wrong with the project house when Mr. and Mrs. Mears moved into it about four years ago. The white timber semi-colonial-style cottage, with the wide roof overhang supported by slim columns forming a shady front veranda, suited its bushland site at Beecroft, a Sydney suburb.

It contained a spacious living-dining-room, a modern kitchen with ample storage space, three bedrooms, and a bathroom. But it needed some changes to make it more suited to the owners' needs and to give it individuality.

"The living area was open planned," said Mrs. Mears, "with the front door opening directly on to it. It meant more living space but the drawback of lack of privacy when anyone came to the front door. Also the kitchen was exposed to the dining end of the living area. I dislike looking into the kitchen while I'm eating and especially when we have guests."

Louvred doors

To screen off the kitchen the Mears' installed three louvred doors which fold back on hinges. Besides being decorative the louvres allow a free flow of air between the kitchen and the dining area.

Next step was to make a mock entrance hall. From the many dividers available the Mears' chose a tall Mexican carved wooden screen which was stained almost black. They also bought two low chests to match, and for a softer effect pickled the three pieces. Then, to heighten the illusion of a dividing wall, two easy chairs

flanked by the chests were placed against the screen on the living-room side.

Clever treatments of the original plain walls and ceilings were an important part of the improvements. In the nursery, for example, Mr. Mears covered the ceiling with a blue-and-white checked wallpaper and decorated the white walls with nursery motifs cut from the same paper.

Scalloped wallpaper

For the main bedroom the Mears' matched wallpaper to the bedspread and curtain fabric, but because too much pattern in a rather small room could be overwhelming, they used the paper sparingly, — in narrow panels in the window corners and in scallops along the top of the walls to match the scalloped pelmet.

In keeping with the design of the house, furnishing is mainly "cottage look" and includes a large braided rug on the timber floor of the living-room, reproduction colonial furniture, a rocking-chair, and groups of early Australian prints, which Mrs. Mears framed with strips of cedar. She also designed and made the gay, light, café curtains and full-length side drapes which are used in most rooms.

Some furniture is built-in; for example, the wardrobe in the main bedroom, which was made from part of a huge cedar wardrobe from a demolished house. The Mears' pickled it and to match it made a bed-head from the carved sections of a Victorian dining suite.

Very simple alterations were needed to give the exterior of the house a more definite character. The carport added to one side gives it a longer, more graceful line, and the charcoal-grey shutters, which the Mears' put in themselves, draw attention to the charming old-world windows with their small, square panes.



Another view of the louvred doors shown in picture on the opposite page. Here they are folded back to show the kitchen. Hanging lamp in foreground is in keeping with the "cottage look" of the house.

Continued overleaf

HOME IMPROVEMENTS — Page 15



Variations on a basic theme ... continued



Bedrooms in Mr. and Mrs. Mears' house show effectiveness of imaginative wall treatments. In main bedroom (above) the Mears' matched wallpaper to fabric, continued curtain scallops into scallops of wallpaper. They made bedhead from carved sections of a Victorian dining suite. In nursery (top right) wall motif (one of several) was cut from the same wallpaper as that on ceiling and in older children's room (right) green in picture painted by an artist friend set color theme for bedspreads, curtains, and wallpaper. Louvred chest matches built-in wardrobes at the opposite end of the room.



JAN IS A REAL SWINGER!



For teenagers

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Jan Stephenson is a girl with "swing" — a swing which has helped her to become perhaps the most talented young golfer in New South Wales.

A bubbly personality, with long light brown hair, and an infectious grin, Jan emerged a winner at the recent Australian Golf Championships at Royal Adelaide in South Australia, adding two more titles to her already impressive list.

The new additions were the Australian foursomes, in which she partnered Mrs. Dianna Thomas, and the Junior Championship.

Jan already holds the Australian Sub-Junior Championship (won for the past two years) and the New South Wales Schoolgirls' Championship (won for the past four years).

Jan, playing off a handicap of six, is considered somewhat of a golf prodigy.

At the age of ten, her handicap was 36. Two years later, playing off 24, Jan won her first State Schoolgirls' Championship at Oatlands, N.S.W., and gained a place in the Ladies' Golf Union coaching squad — the youngest to attain this position.

"I began playing golf when I was nine. It was Dad who started me off. He played and I just wanted to have a go," explained Jan.

"My idol was — and still is — Mrs. Dianna Thomas."

Jan's ultimate ambition is to play against the best golfers in the world—"And I want to be one of them," she said.

A pupil in fourth form at Sydney's Fort Street Girls' High School, Jan lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stephenson, and 13-year-old brother, Gregory, at suburban Balmain.

All members of the family are keen golfers. Mr. Stephenson, who is captain of Tuggerah Lakes, N.S.W., Golf Club, has a handicap of nine. Mrs. Stephenson plays off 21, and Gregory, although not officially handicapped, hits off 27 in family foursomes.

"Gregory is very interested in golf but is not up to competition standard yet. He hopes to be ready by Christmas," said Jan.

"We play as a family quite often. Mum and I are usually against Dad and Gregory — and most times we win!" said Jan with a mischievous grin.

Jan and her father, playing competition golf together for the first time, won the Tuggerah Lakes Golf Club's mixed foursomes in June this year—"The last time we'll play together, too, I think—we fight too much," said Jan, laughing.

"Actually, Dad is marvellous. He has sacrificed a lot of his own golf for me. I practise every afternoon and Dad always picks me up after school."

Like all keen sportsmen, Jan's interest in golf is a full-time business. While other girls her age devote their spare time to clothes, hairdos, and pop singers, Jan thinks only of golf.

ABOVE: Champion golfer Jan Stephenson, 15, hits off. **INSET:** Jan with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stephenson, and 13-year-old brother, Gregory. Story is by JACQUELINE LEE LEWES; pictures, RON BERG.

"My friends at school are all very interested, but they don't know much about golf. They think it is all fun for me. They don't realise I have to work day and night and all my holidays.

"What with practising, school, and homework, I don't have much time for anything else."

Jan's day begins early in the morning with chipping into a bucket in the backyard and with exercises to strengthen her hands and others along the lines of the 10BX system.

At night the Stephensons' lounge-room is often converted into a make-shift putting green where Jan, whose best points are short-iron play and putting, can practise.

At times Jan admits she has doubts about whether or not all her hard work is worth it.

"However, when I win a championship and the crowds are cheering, I know it is," she said.

"I know I should be all modest, but when everyone screams and claps as if they had sunk the ball themselves, I find it very hard to suppress my excitement.

"I get very cranky beforehand, though. But I know if I am upset I'll play much better. I try harder, I think," said Jan.

**IS INDIGESTION
THE LAST COURSE
OF EVERY MEAL?**

It needn't be. You can
enjoy your favourite
foods again, thanks to
the balanced formula of

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER OR TABLETS.

HERE'S
YOUR



ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Romance in deep water

"I HAVE been going steady with a boy for two and a half years. I love him very much and he says I am the girl he wants to marry. But he can't get married for three years, as he has a course to finish. He is absolutely wrapped in surfing and at weekends goes to different spots along the coast with his friends. I used to go with him, but lately I am not included, as he feels it is not fair because he spends most of the day out on his board. But I love

the beach and at least I am with him, and that's all that matters. Recently he said he felt tied down and didn't want to go steady until he gets surfing out of his system. Could you please advise me on the best thing to do?"

"Worried."

• There's nothing much you can do until he becomes "unwrapped" in surfing. To insist that he takes you to the beach will make him feel only more tied down, and he may decide to call off your romance completely. It's not unusual for a boy to develop a passion for some hobby or other... you should be thankful it's not another girl!... but it doesn't mean he loves you less. In fact, if you show patience and understanding during this critical time, it could strengthen his feelings for you. The important question is, do YOU love him enough to sit back and wait?

'I am shy'

"I AM a 14-year-old girl in love with a boy of 16 who goes to my school. We see each other every day and he nearly always smiles at me. My friends say that he likes me, but I don't know whether to believe them or not. I am very shy and, if I don't speak to him, he might think I don't like him."

"Uncertain."

• When he smiles at you, do you smile back at him? If you do, he couldn't possibly think you don't like him. He's old enough to realise that he should be the one to speak first. But, of course, shyness could be

holding him back. So give him a big smile and see if he plucks up courage to speak to you. As for being in love with him — I don't agree. The deep emotion of love couldn't possibly develop until there is more than a few smiles between you.

For the best

"I HAVE been going with a boy for a little over two years and in that time I have come to love him very much. He says he loves me, too, but he doesn't seem to show it or to pay much attention to me any more when we go out together. Although he disapproves of my going out with other boys or looking at them while he's on holiday having a good time — or at any other time — he takes out girls. He doesn't care if he makes me jealous or look a fool in front of my friends. We argue a lot and have broken up many times, but we always end up back together again. Do you think I should give him up? Perhaps it would be for the best if I did. He is 19 and I am 18."

"Confused."

• Yes, I think giving him up would probably be for the best. I doubt the depth of your feelings for this boy. A girl in love could never coolly contemplate "giving up" her boyfriend, no matter how realistic she is. Nor would she go out with another boy. I wonder whether you are more worried about looking a fool in front of your friends than hurt by his "roving" heart.

MEET MONICA EEK

Swedish. Slim.
Enchantingly young,
yet a veteran of the
entertainment world.

Today Monica is an entrancing part of the Australian scene. "When I get homesick" says Monica, "I throw a Smorgasbord party, and I serve Ry-King.



those marvellous
Swedish rye
crispbreads you can
buy in Australia."
Ry-King is the world's
best-selling crispbread.



Sweden has some
beautiful ideas.

ROUND
ROBIN



Adair

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA?

I MET a friend from childhood at his home the other day and said, "G'day, Mick."

His mother looked daggers at me, and I remembered. My mate, christened Michael, always pleaded to be called Mick.

But his mother was equally adamant that he be addressed as Michael.

I believe this experience of mine points up an interesting state of affairs:

That boys (even when they're big boys) prefer abbreviations, or popularising, of names, and girls (even when they're big girls) go for the full-name bit.

Sidneys are usually Sids. But, as famous writer Gertrude Stein might have put it, a Rosemary is a Rosemary is a Rosemary.

In my own case, I know as a child I wanted people to call me Bob. And I know now that many males feel uncomfortable calling me Robin.

I believe it all starts at childhood, particularly at school.

Boys can be darned cruel on a kid with a name that is regarded as being "sissy."

I knew a Philbert and a Peregrine who went through torture when their names popped up in class.

Girls, on the other hand, seem to be more tolerant — in fact, really like unusual names.

Straightforward Sallies never seem to sneer at Samanthas, or call one Sam!

Maybe I'm reading too much into the whole thing. After all, "What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet."

Shakespeare wrote that, William, not Bill.

Annie Hathaway would kill me!

Making out a case

● Some time ago a number of students from our school sat in on the hearing of a local court case for hazardous driving. A heavy fine was imposed. This not only widened our general knowledge but also helped to make us realise that nothing can be gained by bad road behaviour. It may be a good idea, and save lives later on, if other schools were to do the same thing.

—“ROAD CONSCIOUS,” Gatton, Qld.



LETTERS

By degrees

TWO years ago I thought that the only thing for me to do was to go to university. I left 18 months later, after passing first year (I don't know how). Although not the sort of person suited to university life, the decision was a very hard one. I now have an interesting job and my life is once more happy. So, don't immediately rush to university — there are many rewarding jobs which are worthy of your academic standards, and probably more suited to you than a university degree. You're only young once, so, please, don't do as I did and waste so much of your youth in being terribly unhappy. — “Penny,” Bankstown, N.S.W.

Mock heroics

THE whole of my high-school life I spent despatching sport, yet I was forced to do it. Since leaving, I have again met some of the school sporting heroes. These are the people who spend every afternoon at the club and all weekend at sporting fixtures, where they either scream abuse or bet large sums of money. Surely these are not the desirable people of the community which schools are supposed to produce. — “Eighteen,” Swansea, N.S.W.

Hippy ever after

YOU who are off-handedly slinging-off at hippies, just stop and think. At least we have something different

much use getting a string of As on a report card, if, to the first stranger you speak to, you sound as though you couldn't manage even a pass in English. — David Wheatley, Atherton, Qld.

Branded

BEING a teenager in these times is not all easy going. If you are one, dress like one (how else would you dress?), like modern music or dancing, you are in danger of being branded as something or other, no matter how far it is from the truth. I know that with any new era there are those who disapprove. My mother tells me that in the late '20s she suffered sarcastic remarks from older people for wearing what was not “in” (for them) until some years later. However, we young ones do object to being lumped together in the same category as the irresponsibles and vandals. There are still some fairly normal ones among us. — Rosalie Lawton, Chatswood, N.S.W.

Beauty in brief:

VARY YOUR HAIRDO

NOBODY can wear every hairstyle. If the face will take it the hair may not, and vice versa. But every girl has a choice of many pleasing hairdo variations, if she will take the trouble to search them out.

Take up a comb right now and experiment a bit. Comb, part, push, and pin your hair into two or three shapes that may have caught your fancy.

Partings

Try some different hair partings, too. For instance, if you normally wear a deep, left-hand part, switch to a short parting on the right side, or a centre part, for the change.

The angled parting is another bright idea if you're heading for a new look. It can be short or deep across the head, just so long as it is sharp and clean-cut.

Fashion apart, it's good for your hair health to keep on regularly changing styles and partings.

Bangs are still big in hair fashion. You can give bangs that are long enough to curve across the forehead a new twist by combing the ends away from a hair part.

— Carolyn Earle

GO-MANGO



★ WHEN are parents going to realise the harm they are causing teenagers by forbidding them to do many of the things they want to do? Teenagers suffer socially when they can't meet new people and make new friends. They also develop an inferiority complex, because, after seeing their friends going out and enjoying themselves, they think there must be something wrong with them. So, parents, let your children do what they want. You will find a much better relationship between you and your child if you do. — “Outcast,” Griffith, N.S.W.

from juvenile cranks like rockers, mods, surfies, and sharpies. At least we have a group of people who believe that the only way in which man will save himself from self-destruction is to love his neighbor. Love of your fellow men is the only way to world peace. So give the flower children a go! — Sid de Burgh, Gingin, W.A.

Way of speaking

IT often amazes me that so many teenagers spend time and money acquiring an education, and getting the necessary qualifications for the jobs they want, yet pay no attention to one of the most essential assets — a good speaking voice. Poor speech immediately gives the impression that the speaker is badly educated. It's not



MISS C. COURTNEY (RENAULT)

“Runs more smoothly, and I don't have to change gears as often.”



“Runs cooler.”

MR. DENIS USHER (HOLDEN)



“Good. Flies up hills.”

MRS. DIANA COOMBE (MORRIS OXFORD)

It's always nice to have customers telling you they're satisfied. And from the reports we've been getting about the way Amoco with Power Alcohol is performing in their cars, they're very satisfied. The high performance engines of today's cars demand better fuels than ever before. From all over the country come reports of cars running cooler, giving better pickup and hill climbing, and needing fewer gearchanges. We knew this would happen. That's why we added Power Alcohol. But is sure is good to hear that it's appreciated. Amoco is the only petrol that gives you this terrific performance improvement. Ask your nearest Amoco dealer to fill the tank and you'll notice the difference yourself.



AUSTRALIA'S MOST POWERFUL PUMP PETROL

DRIVE IN • FILL UP • PROVE IT



SEE THE 1967 DAVIS CUP CHALLENGE ROUND

For information phone The Lawn Tennis Association Secretary in your State.

Mr. F. J. Land, Queensland Lawn Tennis Association, Box 2027X, GPO, BRISBANE QLD 4001 Tel: 36 5768 : 36 5325
 • Mr. L. Angle, The Western Australian Lawn Tennis Association (Incorporated), PO Box 138, WEST PERTH WA 6005 Tel: 21 9977 • Mrs. C. Crawford, The Lawn Tennis Association of Victoria, Club House, Glenferrie Road, KOOBYONG VIC 3144 Tel: 20 3333 : 20 3334
 • Mr. A. Fryer, N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association Limited, The Club House, New South Head Road, EDGECLIFF NSW 2027 Tel: 32 6111 • Mr. L. H. Hosking, South Australian Lawn Tennis Association Incorporated, War Memorial Drive, NORTH ADELAIDE SA 5006 Tel: 51 4371-2 • Mr. E. M. Byrne, Tasmanian Lawn Tennis Association, Box 1558, GPO HOBART TAS 7001

AMOCO AUSTRALIA LTD. ARE PROUD TO BE THE OFFICIAL SPONSORS OF THE 1967 DAVIS CUP CHALLENGE ROUND MILTON COURTS, BRISBANE, DECEMBER 26th, 27th AND 28th.



Mr. Kenneth Pirrie,
top fashion and fabric expert,
with the dresses designed
exclusively for the
Lux Gift Offer.

*"-and you can wash these dreamy dresses"
says Mr. Pirrie, "but only if you use Lux"*

Choose hand-printed pure silk delicate sheers or new synthetics, and wash them as often as you like. Mr. Kenneth Pirrie says it is okay—providing you use Lux.

Lux is pure soap flakes, so mild and gentle it takes care of your very best things. *If it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux.* So make up these super summer

dresses in the fabrics you like and keep them looking fresh and new for many a season. It's easy! Thanks to Kenneth Pirrie. Thanks to gentle Lux Flakes!

**GIFT
PATTERNS
of these three
Kenneth Pirrie
dresses!!!**



"THE A-LINE"
flares gently to the hem with pockets hidden in side seams. Simple to sew with the special Lux gift pattern.



"CAFTAN"
Float of silk falls from a little yoke. Free and fancy and easy to sew from the Lux gift pattern.



"KNICKERDRESS"
is this year's young fashion. Kenneth Pirrie designed it for you to make with the Lux pattern.



See this Lux pack for full details of how to order your free patterns. You'll see these same dresses illustrated on the pack in different fabrics.

Do you suffer from SHOPPERS' SCHIZOPHRENIA?

Sydney reader MRS. B. E. JONES, looking at the question from the assistant's side of the counter, wonders about the split personality that seems to possess otherwise perfectly normal people when they "front up" to a shop counter.

FROM time to time fed-up citizens write to the Press complaining of rudery and/or indifference from uncivil servants behind the counters of our vast emporiums.

They say:

"Not what they used to be!"

"Don't care whether they serve you or not!"

The time is long past when abused shop assistants should have rallied to the defence of their brothers and sisters in the marketplaces.

Consider the habits of the buying public, for instance. There's a strange metamorphosis that comes over ordinarily intelligent people when they front up to a shop counter. Their wits fly out the window.

Do any of you work in a department store? Take the dress-pattern section — or better still, steer clear of it if you can. There you'll stand in front of a big notice printed PATTERN DEPARTMENT amid fixtures crammed with what are obviously dress patterns, and one woman after another will come to you and, placing her handbag squarely on the Patterns Counter, will ask anxiously: "Am I right for the Pattern Department? Where do I get patterns?"

You reassure her that she is indeed in the right place. So she looks through the pattern book until she comes to one stamped, "Out of Stock. Mail Orders Only," and she says firmly: "I'll have that one in a 40in. bust, please."

So you reach for the mailing book, and warn her that there's a waiting period of about two weeks before it will land in her letterbox, and she says: "Oh! Can't I have it now?" So you point out the Mail Orders Only stamped all over her particular selection. She is annoyed, but decides to order the pattern, anyway.

After you have written down her name and address, she will say one of two things, or perhaps both.

"When do I call for it?" or "Do I pay for it now?"

So you remind her that (a) it is being posted to her (that's actually why you asked for her address) or (b) if she doesn't pay for it now it is her last chance. She can't pay the postman.

No matter where you work you'll find that shoppers all do the same weird things. Seeing three assistants standing ready to serve them, they will then walk straight past until they come to some part of the counter that's deserted. There they stand, staring patiently at the opposite wall until someone has to walk the entire length of the department to ask them what it is they want. It turns out that what they want is located where all the assistants were standing, right up the other end.

Or if there's a bell on the counter with a notice, "Please ring for service," do they ring it? Not on your nelly. They'll stand and stand until their day's shopping

schedule is wrecked and they've missed the bus they meant to go home on — and nobody knows they are there. Ring that bell? No!

It can safely be assumed that every adult in our modern society is literate. I mean, in varying degrees, all of us can read the simple printed word. Well, then — why is it that this basic skill suddenly deserts the average shopper?

They walk into a photographer's studio, gaze intently at an outside notice board with two price lists on it and sample copies of all sizes available. Then, after they've selected the photo they want, ask earnestly: "How much will this cost? What sizes have you?"

Ever considered working in a newsagency? Don't. This job is guaranteed to send you up the wall, round the bend, and over the cliff, mainly because the average shopper has only the vaguest idea of how time flies.

They'll ask you for a magazine that had an article in it on How to Make Paper Flowers or a special recipe for steamed puddings or a feature on Old Colonial Homes. And they'll tell you it was about two weeks ago or, at the most, last month.

Never, never believe them, no matter how prepared they are to fight you to the death about that date. It always turns out that it was more than six months or even two or three years back.

Actually, it was 1965, not 1966 . . .

"I remember, because it was just after Balmain Rugby League beat St. George at the Cricket Ground." Or: "It was when Princess Alexandra had just left Brisbane and I had just come out of hospital."

In actual fact, it turns out that the football match was 1965 instead of 1966, and it was Alexandra's second trip to Australia, not the earlier one, and she was leaving Sydney and not Brisbane, and there was no connection with the (much later) appendix operation. None at all.

I recently discussed this whole matter with one of my more intelligent customers who had just made this same kind of unthinking boo-boo (and was properly ashamed of himself) and he came up with an explanation.

He is convinced that the general public suffers from a kind of shopping schizophrenia. He says there is no other way to explain the abysmal fall from grace, from normal intelligence to almost complete idiocy, that overcomes so many people when they find themselves standing at a shop counter.

Meet these people socially and they're perfectly normal. Try to sell them something they want to buy and you're battling to get any sense out of them.

Can anyone explain why a customer will say when he gives you his name and address, "Mr. E. James" and spell it for you, then tell you he lives in Murnabagoolau Avenue — and leave you to work THAT one out all on your own? Shoppers' schizophrenia! It must be!



No. 11
Chrome \$18.50

Gift*
time
SWISS WATCH TIME is



ORIS

"The Best in its Class" TIME

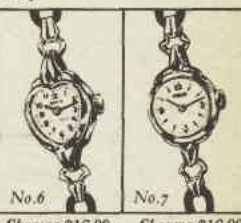
The priced right watches for right time keepers of all ages.



No. 3 Chrome \$20.50 No. 2 Chrome \$16.50

Gold-filled \$22.50 Gold-filled \$19.50

Ladies' model (Chrome) \$17.50



No. 6 Chrome \$16.00

No. 7 Chrome \$16.00



No. 4 Chrome \$14.00 No. 5 Chrome \$15.50

Chrome with Sweep Gold-filled \$16.50

Second Hand \$14.50



No. 1 Chrome with Small Second Hand \$14.50

Chrome with Sweep Second Hand \$15.00



No. 8 Chrome \$14.50

WO 8.10.2

ORIS Watches feature the famous KIF Shock Absorber with unbreakable Main Spring, in a solid well-made case with stainless steel back. Precision built in Switzerland for reliability and durability.

World Renowned as "The Best in its Class"

Recommended by Jewellers everywhere. Prices include presentation box and watch band.

(Advertisement)

New Discovery Now Makes It Possible to Shrink and Heal Haemorrhoids Without Surgery

Stops Itch—Relieves Pain in Minutes

New York, N.Y. (Special):

A world-famous institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink haemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief, in minutes, from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it quickly reduces painful swelling.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—now offered in both ointment

or suppository form called Preparation H.

In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes bowel movements less painful. It helps to prevent infection (a principal cause of haemorrhoids).

Only Preparation H contains this magic new substance which quickly helps heal injured cells back to normal and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Available at all chemists.

N673

If King Arthur had known about

TILT-A-DOR



he'd have installed one over every drawbridge.

For your garage, insist on TILT-A-DOR overhead garage door fittings — they last longer, look better, tilt and lower as light as a feather. See your door specialist!



"And now, concerning those silly little — thank you — rumors about this house being haunted."

SCHWEPPES STILL USE REAL FRUIT.



When the label on a bottle of Schweppes cordial says Orange (or Lemon, or Lime, or Duet), it isn't just talking about the colour. It means that the cordial inside is made from real fruit. (The kind that grows on trees.)
Real fruit costs more, but Schweppes

think that the goodness and difference that real fruit makes in a cordial is worth the extra.
Don't you think it's worth the extra to give your children Schweppes cordials? (If you drink Schweppes Tonic, Soda or Dry you know what we're talking about.)



SCHWEPPES: EQUAL RIGHTS FOR CHILDREN.

Think what you'd save if you gave up smoking!

(Such as \$200 a year) . . .

says a Melbourne reader who doesn't yet feel confident enough of her non-smoking status to reveal her name.

ONE of the most deadly sins of a newly graduated ex-smoker is to skite about one's self-control, and in the same breath try to persuade other smokers to give up the habit.

That's the mood I'm in right now.

I'm not quite ready to announce to my friends that I have given up smoking—it's only five days since I quit—but I've got to tell someone.

I thought my typewriter was the best bet, and although I don't want my friends to know the story is about ME, I do want to encourage those trying to give it up.

I was hypnotised once into giving up smoking, but the effect only lasted three hours because I wasn't quite ready.

This is point No. 1:

You've got to WANT to give up smoking. You might take several days (or weeks) getting acclimatised to the thought.

Then suddenly you get a sore throat, or burn a hole in the best chair, and something goes click. You say to yourself, "I'm going to stop smoking from TODAY." You are halfway to success. All you need is the strength to carry you through the first few difficult days.

When people asked me why I smoked, I used to reply, "Because I enjoy it." I didn't smoke because I felt it gave me sophistication, or covered up an inferiority complex. I suppose I believed it soothed my nerves and helped me concentrate, but after being a non-smoker for five days, I find my concentration has never been better, and my nerves don't need soothing.

This is point No. 2:

You feel better in health. I think it is nonsense to imagine if one suddenly stops smoking that it is necessary to become bad-tempered, irritable, and impossible. My temper is more subdued since I stopped smoking. (Perhaps the invisible halo I am wearing makes me feel good.) I cannot tell my friends how I feel, not yet. They all smoke. Anyway, it's no concern of mine if they want to burn away their precious money.

Which brings me to point No. 3:

You are better off financially if you don't smoke. No statistician can dispute this fact. An average office worker, who has an ash-tray on the desk, travels in the smoking compartment of the train, meets friends for lunch at places liberally supplied with ash-trays, has no difficulty in getting through 20 cigarettes a day.

Now, Saturdays. What about the times you've gone off to a party with a full packet and bought another on the way, just because you don't want to run out. You seldom get home with that packet. If you don't run out, someone else does.

That's seven packets, Monday to Saturday, with Sunday still to go. Perhaps after smoking a lot on Saturday your tongue is a little fuzzed on Sunday; you smoke only half a packet.

That makes seven and a half packets for the week, at 40 cents a packet, \$3.00 a week, \$156 a year. Smokers always underestimate the number they smoke, so an average (not heavy) smoker is likely to burn up \$200 a year at least. (More if you smoke a dearer brand.)

Now if you add the cost of invisibly mending holes burnt in clothing, sheets, tablecloths, and the damage to carpets and polished tables when cigarettes fall off the ashtrays, the figure is higher again.

And what about matches, lighters, lighter fluid, holders, and ashtrays? This \$200 a year is a conservative figure, but will do for the sake of the exercise.

Just think how you could give yourself a bonus every year of \$200 if you didn't smoke. In five years that's an extra \$1000, enough for an overseas trip.

I've been smoking for 20 years—heavily—so I have sent up in smoke at least \$8000. I have burnt away a great slice of my dream cottage by the sea, to say nothing of the high seasonal rents I've lost because I didn't have the cottage, or the great pleasure I've missed by not being able to offer my little hide-out to friends in need of a quiet holiday.

Now to point No. 4:

Smoking wastes time. How often last week (and all the weeks and years before) did I say to myself: "I'll just have a cigarette, and then I'll serve dinner," thus "burning up" ten precious minutes.

Sometimes friends have stayed much longer than a cup-of-coffee-and-a-cigarette should last because we have all kept lighting yet another. Think of all the time you waste emptying and washing ashtrays.

If I sell this story, I will have a down payment for a piano, which I really want. If I don't smoke any more, I will have \$12 a month with which to pay it off.

And if I continue not smoking, think of all the time I can save to play my favorite tunes . . . on my "cigarette piano!"

Recipe for meat rolls wins \$10 prize

BRAGGIOLI WITH SPAGHETTI

- 2lb. round or topside steak
- 1 hard-boiled egg
- 2 onions
- salt, pepper
- 2 teaspoons chopped parsley
- 3 tablespoons tomato paste
- 2 cups water
- 2oz. grated parmesan cheese
- 6 slices mortadella sausage
- 1 bayleaf
- 4 tablespoons oil

Cut steak into 6 equal-sized pieces. Flatten pieces by beating. Combine parmesan cheese, parsley, and chopped egg, season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle each piece of meat with salt and pepper,

place slice of mortadella on top, spread 1 tablespoon of cheese-and-egg mixture on each, roll up, tie with cotton or secure with wooden picks to hold firm. Melt oil in pan, add meat rolls, brown on all sides, drain, set aside. Add finely chopped onion to pan, cook until light brown, then add tomato paste dissolved in water; bring to boil, return meat rolls to pan, add bayleaf; simmer gently until meat is tender and sauce reduced and thickened. Remove cotton from steaks before serving. Serve on bed of hot cooked spaghetti.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. R. Nourian, 2 Penzance St., Pascoe Vale Nth., Vic. 3044.



SHE NEEDS YOUR LOVE...

Kim Yung Sook already knows many things about life . . . gnawing pangs of hunger . . . bitter Korean winters . . . the wretchedness of being unwanted . . . the torture of fear.

But she has never known love. Her father died before she was born. Her mother re-married, but being a girl child, little Yung Sook was in the way. And so she found herself abandoned, and spent a miserable time unwanted, unloved, insecure . . . until a village policeman brought her to a World Vision supported Home.

You could love Yung Sook for beneath her dirty rags beats a child's warm heart, innocent and pure, waiting to love . . . and be loved. And there are many thousands just like her . . . waiting.

You can sponsor one of the needy Yung Sooks of 19 countries through World Vision. You can be part of a growing family of sponsors who are showing this old world that we do have compassion and we will invest in a needy youngster half a world away.

And the cost? A mere \$10 a month. Your practical love will help us feed and clothe and educate and provide Christian training for over 23,230 children . . . and our family grows daily!

This is how the World Vision Child Care programme works. You receive a personal history and photograph of the child you alone will sponsor. You can write letters and send gifts. Your child

will write you cute little letters in return. Letters are translated overseas.

When Christmas, or a birthday, or Easter rolls around, you can send a special gift—maybe a cuddly teddy bear, or a fuzzy wuzzy bunny, or shoes or a warm woolly jumper. (In Korea, for instance, we can completely outfit a child for \$10.50.) You send your cheque to our office and we remit the total amount overseas along with your instructions. This way you do not worry about parcel post rates, customs duty, pilferage, or wrong sizes for clothes. Dollars stretch further overseas, too.

Please will you help? We have over 1,993 children who need help right now. Some have a parent living, some do not. A needy child with a parent often has greater need because it is part of a large family and will never have any chance in life . . . a polio victim needing a legbrace . . . a blind child in need of braille lessons . . . these are typical needs.

The World Vision Child Care programme has been well known in Canada and the United States since 1950. It recently opened an office in this country. Hundreds here are already finding the joy of sharing in this heartline to the world.

Little Yung Sook and many children like her, need your love—please help today.

Today, sponsors are urgently needed in Vietnam, Hong Kong, Korea, Indonesia and Taiwan.



World Vision's Christian Medical Services



Renowned Korean Orphan Choir

write to: BERNARD BARRON

WORLD VISION CHILD CARE PROGRAMME

Box 399-C, Melbourne, Vic. 3001

- ☐ I want to sponsor a needy child at \$10 a month for a least one year. Enclosed is \$_____ for _____ months. I would like a boy, _____ girl, _____ between the ages of _____ years to _____ years. Please send photo and full information.
- ☐ I want to help care for needy children by contributing to the general children's fund. Enclosed is my gift of \$_____
- ☐ I'm interested—send me more information.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City or town _____ State _____ Postcode _____

World Vision 380 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, Vic. 3000



HEY CURLY!

Great news! You can be a smoothie...like me!

Get CURL FREE . . . the new curl relaxing discovery! A cool, creamy lotion that lets you comb out natural curl. Your hair stays smooth for months! Natural body remains. You're free to swing with any style you want. What if your curls resist like crazy? Hang on! Even the tightest curls give in to CURL FREE. Keep using it! You'll be a smoothie like me!

NEW! *CurlFree* NATURAL CURL RELAXER



She thought her mind
was at rest, but now
doubts assailed her

DO UNTO OTHERS

By JENNIFER BIRCH



THE sun was hot and the heat was a drowsy heat, but, despite this, Lorraine Strange managed to raise herself upon one elbow and smile happily at her new husband as he came striding briskly along the stretch of sand between the sea and the long white bungalow. He flopped his muscular brown body, clad only in the briefest of blue swimming-trunks, upon the beach-towel beside her and grinned.

"You're getting beautifully brown," he stated. "I told you it wouldn't take long."

Lorraine smiled back at him.

"Yes," she remarked. "Trouble is, my back's browner than my front. I suppose that's because I prefer lying on my stomach — it seems more comfortable somehow, and I don't get so much sand in my hair."

"You should move around more," said her husband. "Swim, play ball games, build sand castles, even run along the water's edge. Anything! You'd feel better for it, too."

Lorraine rolled over. "Just what did you mean by that crack?" she demanded.

"Peace, peace!" he begged. "Anyway," he added glibly, "I'd much rather have you lying here with me than prancing along the beach like some idiotic teenager. You know I would."

Lorraine laughed and lay back staring at the sky. Yes, it was nice to have Richard beside her. Anything was better than Brian. She thought about Brian — thought about him deeply — more deeply than she had for months.

Brian — short, stout, twenty years older than she — and rich. Yes, he was rich. And he had ulcers. But that was of little importance. The fact was, quite frankly, he was loaded. And Lorraine liked that in a man. To her it was the most important part of his entire being. Except for the man beside her — Richard. Also loaded, but she actually loved him. Yes, she really and truly did. But she hadn't loved Brian.

Brian — top executive, Executives' parties. Oh, how she detested those parties!

"For goodness' sake, darling, dress conservatively. You may offend the wives"; or "Don't be dowdy. You may offend the husbands." "Don't act too intelligent — the wives wouldn't like it. Talk about babies, dressmaking, furniture — oh, you know the kind of things women talk about! Those things. But don't overdo it! No — don't overdo it. You don't want people to think you're a kook, do you? Try to act happy — but not too happy! Seriousness counts — sometimes. Just be yourself, and don't make a fool of me."

Exact. Perfectionist. She supposed that was how Brian had got where he was. The wives. Cheerful, matronly women. Women who somehow — she didn't quite know how — made her feel like a call-girl or something.

"I just adore that dress, darling. How I wish I had the courage to shed my old classic black and slide into something more — daring, shall we say? But the new low neckline is the thing, isn't it? And what a lovely all-over tan you have. You never seem to get those nasty strap marks like we other women."

How she loathed the wives!

The funeral. No flowers or condolences, by request. The wives again. Kindly as ever. And not even trying

to make her feel like a call-girl. She decided she hated them even more for that. Hypocrites! The tension up to the moment when Brian was buried! Trying hard to cry when all the time she felt like screaming for joy. Money. Heaps of it. All hers. The Reverend Lane's eyes. Brown eyes. A man of God. Reproachful eyes. Or were they? Wasn't there a spark of something else? Was it a warning? "I advise you to go away for a long holiday, Mrs. Morrison. A long, long holiday. Get away from everything. Forget." Wasn't there a hint of warning in those eyes and in that voice?

Get away from everything. Yes, she would do that. And she had done that. But how could she forget when it had been so childishly easy? There was nothing to it. It wasn't hard to . . . Go on! Say it! It wasn't hard to — murder anyone, was it? No, no! She wouldn't think about it. She would settle down in the big white bungalow beside the sea with Richard.

Richard. She thought about Richard. Tall, handsome, suave, young — rich. Like a story-book romance, really. Meeting him across the proverbial crowded room. He had given her his little-boy, old-man smile, and from that moment on she had been doomed. If he had been poor it would have made no difference. Because she loved him.

She rolled over and looked at him as he lay on the towel beside her with his eyes closed. Innocent blue eyes fringed with long dark lashes which many a young girl might have envied. Unfathomable eyes. She couldn't read them — but she loved them. Straight nose, smooth brown complexion, excellent bone structure. Then — his mouth. She paused at his mouth and frowned slightly. His mouth was too small — and rather thin-lipped. Pale lips. A spoilt mouth. The mouth of a person who liked getting his own way and got it.

She wondered for an instant whether Richard had been spoilt as a child. Probably had been. But it was part of his own particular brand of charm. Her gaze moved on to his chin. She liked his chin more than anything else about him. A determined, masterful, strong chin with a cleft in it. It betrayed his character. That was Richard. Determined. He got what he wanted.

He'd wanted her, hadn't he? And he'd got her — not that he'd had to try very hard. He was what she had always wanted — he was like her. And if he had money thrown in, then that was just a lucky bonus as far as she was concerned.

Yes, she was happy. Her three months of marriage to Richard had been the happiest days of her life. Or had they? Hadn't there been something gnawing at the back of her mind? Brian. If only she could stop thinking about Brian. It was a year now. And nobody knew. Except perhaps the Reverend Lane. Would there be much left of Brian now? How long did it take? If only she had been able to have him cremated. But he hadn't wanted to be cremated. He had a dread of it.

It would have looked peculiar if she had had that done to him. Suspicion. How she wanted to avoid it. Yes, she thought. It wasn't the actual act itself that was difficult. It was afterwards. Afterwards counted when one had to have the skill of a great actress to keep up the pretence. If that were so, then she had successfully rivalled Mrs. Siddons in her performance.

To page 59

Pencils are for writing

Cotton Buds are for ears.



These flexible Johnson's Cotton Buds clean ears. They do it conveniently, and they do it safely—because the stem is flexible and the cotton cannot come off. (And at 26 cents for 50 and 47 cents for 100, they also do it economically.)

Johnson & Johnson

21100B

stay
fresh
all
day
long
with
GARD
DEODORANTS



Prepared by the toiletries division of the House of Faulding Australia

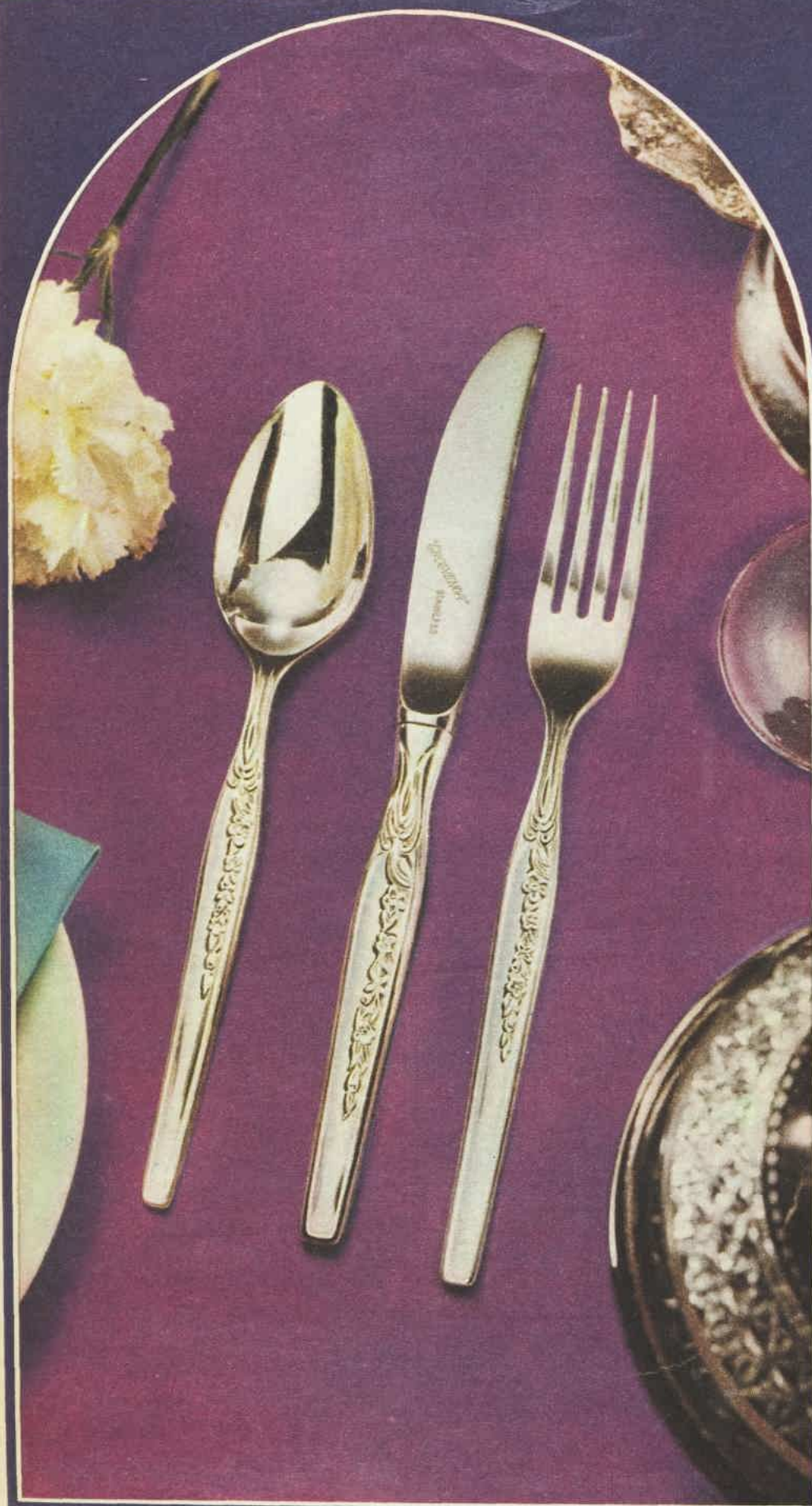
G708

Page 57

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 22, 1967

TREND SETTING BRIDES CHOOSE SILVER

and when Grosvenor
silver costs so little,
why settle for stainless?



There's something very special about silver that appeals to a bride . . . something more than its reasonable price. She knows silver can do wonderful things for her table — has a soft, lustrous finish that cold, hard steel can't match — comes in patterns that satisfy the most exacting taste. And only silver sparkles romantically. Gaye; illustrated, is an elegant, slim design featuring a dainty floral garland on the handle. Complete 44-piece deluxe setting priced at \$52.50 Silver Handled Knives; \$40.30 Pearlex Handled Knives.

Grosvenor

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE TO MYTTON'S LIMITED, BOX No. 1, P.O., SOUTH MELBOURNE, VIC., 3205

Page 58

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 22, 1967

She shivered slightly and sat up. "I think I'll go on in now," she stated, "or I'll be burnt to a cinder."

Richard yawned and sat up. "I'll come with you," he said. "I have to go to town, anyway."

He started gathering up their towels and cigarettes and other odds and ends and Lorraine bent over to help him.

"Do you mind if I join you?" she asked, putting on a white towelling beachcoat. "I've run out of sun-cream and I want to buy another pair of sandals. Italian. I just adore Italian sandals."

He laughed. "You've got four pairs already! Come on!"

They ran up to the white bungalow hand in hand.

Fifteen minutes later they were on their way to the town in Richard's little white sports car. Lorraine had a large red scarf tied around her hair and looked very chic and very "with it." She wondered for the fiftieth time why Brian had never bothered with luxuries such as white sports cars and long white bungalows beside the sea. She supposed he was really too old and—let's face it—far too mean.

It was ironical, Brian — scrimping, saving — when he didn't have to and now he was dead, and she — Lorraine — was married to another wealthy man who didn't scrimp and she also had Brian's money, which she in-

DO UNTO OTHERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

tended to spend as it should be spent. Poor Brian! She laughed silently to herself. Brian—reduced to dust. No, you couldn't take money with you.

A thought creased her brow for a moment. The Wills. She wished Richard hadn't been so definite about the Wills. Leaving all his money to her. Wasn't that tempting fate a bit too much? Supposing she did it again — to Richard this time? No, no! That was impossible. She loved Richard with — what were those words? — with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength. Yes, that was how she loved Richard.

Of course, the words applied to God, really, but Lorraine was always ready to stretch a point. In any case, she didn't believe in God. God was for children—something you told them about when they were sick, or tired or unhappy. Like a fairy-tale, actually. Funny — Brian had believed in God. Do Unto Others. That was his motto, and he had lived by it and had been well liked in consequence.

But he hadn't done unto her. No, definitely not. She had done unto him! At this thought, Lorraine giggled silently to herself. Well she had certainly done unto him! Done unto him with a vengeance—or—face up to it! —with arsenic. It was all so

ridiculously easy! And here she was, actually thinking about it for the first time in months. It made her feel better—even elated.

Yes, she had been very, very clever. What a pity she couldn't tell anyone about it. But, of course, that was impossible. And nobody suspected. Only one person. The Reverend Lane. Those sad brown eyes.

"I advise you to go away for a long holiday," Mrs. Morrison . . . Oh! What rubbish! Of course, he didn't suspect her. He was merely advising her. Probably felt sorry for her. After all, she was young and attractive and probably looked pretty pathetic on the day of the funeral. In any case, she had certainly tried to! Rouge. She had forgotten about the rouge. Rouge rubbed under the eyes. It was a good substitute for crying. Yes, the rouge had been handy.

SHE came to herself with a start and realised that Richard was saying something to her. She leaned forward in order to hear him above the sound of the car engine.

"Sorry, I didn't hear you," she said. "What did you say?"

"I said why don't we skip the Harris' party tonight and just stay at home? I don't feel up to it somehow. I believe I'm coming down with something."

She squeezed his hand sympathetically.

"Of course we'll stay at home. I'd much rather that. And besides, the Harris' are dead bores—those color slides! Ugh!"

He grinned at her and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek.

"You're a darling. You always think of others first, don't you?"

Do Unto Others, she thought.

She said: "I hope you're not coming down with flu. I believe there's been a bout

of it going around the neighborhood lately. I'll get something for you at the chemist. One can't be too careful, you know."

"It's all right. Don't worry. I'll drop in and get some sleeping pills. You're keeping me awake at nights," he teased.

She laughed and settled back in her seat. There was a lovely warm feeling around her heart. She felt—safe.

They pulled into the kerb outside the chemist shop, and Richard leapt out of the car.

"What was it you wanted?" he asked. "Suntan oil?"

"Cream," she stated. "Suntan cream. You know. In a tube. And don't forget the sleeping pills!" she called after him.

He nodded and was gone.

It took them about an hour to do their shopping. Lorraine bought her Italian sandals—a very modern pair in shocking-pink — and also a shocking-pink summer slacksuit to go with them, and while she browsed Richard went and had his hair cut.

It was when she was coming out of the dress shop that she saw the girl. She was standing across the street talking to Richard, and was obviously finding something terribly amusing. Richard was looking extremely uneasy and appeared to be making efforts to get rid of her. Finally Lorraine saw her give a big wave of her hand and an equally big smile, and disappear into the newsagent's.

She hurried across the street, a spark of annoyance flaring in her breast.

"Really, Richard . . ." she began, but Richard checked her with a gesture of his hand. He said in an embarrassed voice:

"Darling . . . you mustn't think . . . that she and I . . ." he paused awkwardly. "She's someone I used to know once," he went on desperately. "She means nothing to me any more! Nothing! Please, darling . . . believe me!"

He looked so extremely

To page 60



so near...
so dear...
so helpless...

so dependent on YOU for special Bubette care

Every mother looks for something special, something better to protect that precious little body, soothe that sensitive skin.

New, vitamin-enriched Bubette Baby Cream gives that special antiseptic protection . . . with health-giving vitamins A and D that actively nourish and lubricate as Bubette soothes and heals the skin.

Fragrant, comforting Bubette works in many valuable ways on nappy rash and other chafed, sore spots.

Bubette immediately soothes the painful stinging, quickly reduces inflammation, gently heals the roughened skin.



Bubette, for baby's comfort . . . and yours!

Now — from your chemist only.
A product of S.E.R.A.

353BUB



Treat yourself to the comfort of wearing an expanding Rowi watch bracelet

In one single movement it may be put on or taken off the wrist — so convenient.

It is durable, elegant, water resistant and will suit any watch. Rowi offers you a large selection of such expanding watch bracelets in carat gold, rolled gold and Stainless Steel. Also styles available for men's watches.

Fixo-Flex
WATCH BRACELETS



The Australian Women's Weekly — November 22, 1967

Fashion FROCKS

- Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"CELIA." — Smart frock is available in black / red / white, brown / turquoise / white, or navy/paris-pink/white screen-printed twill cotton. Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$11.25; 36 and 38in. bust, \$11.45; 40 and 42in. bust, \$11.65; 44in. bust, \$11.85.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$7.55; 36 and 38in. bust, \$7.75; 40 and 42in. bust, \$7.95; 44in. bust, \$8.15. Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 60. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



NO MESSY FINGERS WITH BLUO

BE MODERN—JUST SQUEEZE THE AMOUNT YOU NEED!



It's concentrated!

Bluo is all pure blue—ready to measure out drop by drop. No messy bag with Bluo. Just squeeze Bluo's modern plastic pack for the exact amount you need. Add blue into your rinse the modern way. See your washing come out whiter

BLUO
CONCENTRATED
TO LAST LONGER
WHITEN WHITER

N740

Page 59



THE WEIGHT OF THE WORD

BY CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG

THERE is a strip of carpet, red as blood, that runs from the foyer of the Pearl City Club, across the middle of the square, dim cocktail lounge, to the dining-room. Tiny spotlights embedded in the low ceiling shed light upon this crimson path. All around the walls, in near-darkness, people sit on padded benches, sipping, watching who comes and who goes.

But the cocktail lounge of the Pearl City Club is not just another bar. Everyone who is anyone in town proves it by being a member, so that the eyes that watch here are connected with power, the ears that listen are wise in local lore, the voices that murmur are never boisterous. Nothing that could be called rowdy had ever happened in this room.

At a little after eight on a Saturday evening in May the lounge was filled, dim shapes bent heads all around. Up the two steps from the brighter dining-room came a party of three. These were Mr. and Mrs. John Martinelli and their only daughter, Teresa. The little spotlights had a pink tinge; the carpet threw up rosy reflections, flattering to faces.

John Martinelli was not very tall but he carried himself like a giant. His hair was white, rising to a crest. His face was fine-featured with a small beaked nose. His father and his grandfather before him had been somebodies in Pearl City; he had done better than they. He walked proudly. Alicia, his wife, was an inch taller than he, a fair woman, with elegant bones. She had been someone all her life, too. She walked with grace; the light was kind to the patient sweetness of her face.

But the watchers did not watch these two; they watched the girl, slim, dark, beautiful, and mysterious. Teresa was wearing a dinner gown of a deep and brilliant blue. Moving above the red carpet, the hem was empurpled.

Now, on the other end of the carpet, two men came in from the foyer. And the fairest flower of Pearl City, watching, caught her breath. The Hustons, at this moment! Mark and his brother, Charles, who did not count. But Mark Huston!

Her breath caught because two months ago Teresa Huston had gone from the hospital to her father's house and was still living there. So the murmuring sounds suffered a failure in volume. It was not that the good people stopped talking, rudely, in order to look and listen. But voices lost emphasis; ears that had been listening lost interest.

Obviously, the two parties of people must meet in the very centre of the room. There might be some clue given, some emotion hinted, some attitude betrayed. Something might be revealed when the beautiful young woman in blue must pass the tall young man in the dark suit . . . two who had been joined together (at great expense, with champagne flowing) and who were now asunder.

The brothers broke step, just momentarily, but quickly recovered the rhythm of their pace. The Martinellis had not visibly faltered. As the groups drew together, John Martinelli nodded. Charles Huston said, "Good evening, ma'am. Evening, sir."

To page 62

None but these two young people knew how shattering was the significance of this apparently simple phrase



THE WEIGHT OF THE WORD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

It seemed that nothing was going to be revealed, and Pearl City, although with the tiniest ruffle of nervous disappointment, approved. But then the taller and the thinner of the two young men stopped walking. "How have you been, Teresa?" he said to her gently.

The girl in blue lifted her face. She was smiling. She said, "Splendid."

The thin young man grew suddenly taller. He lifted his right hand and slapped her across her pretty face. The sharp crack of flesh on flesh was like a gunshot.

The father turned his head, the neck corded. The mother whimpered. A soft roar of shock and protest began to run around the four walls. The brother, Charles Huston, took Mark's arm in a rough hand and turned him, forced him, shoved him back along the

way they had come, out into the foyer, out of the building.

Joseph Jasper popped like a jack-in-the-box from the manager's office, for he had extra senses to tell him when or if anything went wrong in the Pearl City Club. He took the mother's arm. The father took the daughter's. She was smiling. They were whisked away into the private offices, leaving the audience gasping at an empty stage.

The good people of Pearl City had been to the motion pictures, had read books. They knew that for a man to slap a woman was not unheard of in this century. But to have done such a thing here, out of the blue, for no cause, in

public, and in this public...! Well! Young Mark Huston had just committed social and economic suicide.

And some sighed for the pity of it, and some for the excitement, and all with the certain knowledge that young Mark Huston had done it now. Oh, he was through. There would be a divorce, surely. And he would go elsewhere. Oh, he was finished. John Martinelli would see to that.

In half an hour, Joseph Jasper came out of his offices and left the door open as if to say, See, nothing in the box. He had smuggled them out another way. The audience sighed. "No Second Act," said the Judge's wife. The Judge, sit-

ting in the corner, thought to himself, That was the Second Act curtain. The Third Act will be in Reno. I won't hear it.

Six weeks later the Judge made his good mornings to the six people in his chambers. He was about to hear it, after all. Pearl City was a small city. The Judge knew almost everyone in it, at least by reputation. But this never had and would not now prevent him from discharging his duty as he should. He said, "Mr. Fairlee, you are counsel for Mrs. Huston?"

"I am, Your Honor," said Fairlee, the lawyer.

"Mr. Mark Huston, you are your own counsel?"

"If Your Honor pleases."

The young husband was in cold control of his voice, his eyes, his body. The young wife sat between her father and her mother and did not look up. The Judge thought,

as he so often did, that there had been a divorce between these two long, long ago. They had gathered now only for him to decide upon what basis the law was going to confirm the existing fact. He tilted his great leather chair slightly. "In this preliminary hearing we must examine the grounds of Mrs. Huston's suit. Mr. Fairlee?"

"Extreme cruelty," John Martinelli said, "With your indulgence. I would like to describe a certain incident to which I was a witness, as was my wife and also Mr. Charles Huston."

The Judge nodded indulgence. He had learned, long ago, how to listen with one ear. Besides, he had been there himself. He watched this man's face, the fierce pride in it, he recognised the arrogant manner that John Martinelli had worn even in his schooldays.

LET'S see, mused the Judge, John was two years behind me. He must be at least three years younger than Alicia... It's been a good match. Teresa... let's see... twenty-five. Her wedding was in June, four years ago. Not a good match, perhaps. He mused upon the Hustons. Charles, in his thirties, was "new" by Pearly City reckoning, but he had done very well in the bank. Was tactful, well-mannered, and accepted. His younger brother had been half-accepted for his sake when the lad had first come here, fresh from law school. Then, of course, having married Teresa Martinelli, Mark had been some-

one. But the Judge knew that Mark Huston had not proved to be the kind of young man who had married well and then climbed smoothly along an ascending path. His struggle to "get started" in the law had been punctuated by certain outbursts and commotions. He was a tense young man. It was said that he had a temper. He was either old-fashioned or very new-fashioned. A genius or a fool, and so difficult to tell which at his age. An interesting young man. But now, of course, finished.

It might be that he had kept Teresa too long in that first cheap little apartment after what she had been used to in her father's house. There was, too, the tragic loss of their baby last April. An incident not well understood. Whatever it was, the Judge had very little hope for this marriage.

"... spoke to Teresa. He asked her how she had been," John Martinelli had come to the climax of his story. "She gave him a civil answer. She said 'Just fine' or something of the sort. And then" — John Martinelli's voice began to shake — "then he slapped her face. And no man slaps my daughter."

"What happened after that?" the Judge asked.

The two young men stared at the bookcase. The young wife kept her head down. The father bridled. The mother cocked her head. Fairlee cleared his throat. John Martinelli said, "Mr. Jasper very kindly allowed my wife to rest in his office. Then we went out to our car. Mark Huston was out there and he apologised in one sentence. Nothing more was said. He left. We left. My daughter was given great pain and humiliation."

But had not gone to Reno, thought the Judge. He glanced at Teresa. She sat despondently between her father and her mother. The Judge did not permit himself an audible sigh.

He turned his chair slightly. "Mr. Huston?"

Mark Huston said, "I have no defence, I should not have slapped her, I apologised. I have nothing more to say."

The Judge thought, Oh, yes, they bring these matters to court when they have already been settled, and not before. It was finished. Nevertheless, he had his duty. He said, "Mr. Charles Huston? Have you anything to add?"

Charles Huston said, "I am here to be with my brother, I am very sorry for it all. Nothing to add."

To page 64



Aqua and silver ash, with black feature strip.

Brave new floors

designed by a bold new you



Get some action, extra attraction into those floors of yours. You can do it yourself with Daytile Vinyl Tiles and versatile Feature Strips. A little imagination, a little clever colour sense with Daytile's 31 exclusive colours and you can design brave new floors that have your brand of individuality. It's the great new way to give your kitchen, your bathroom, your rumpus room, your any room a rich, new character all of its own.

Send for Daytile's colourful Brave New Floors booklet. Write to Daytile, Private Bag, P.O., Carlton, 3053. Vic.

A product of the Floor Coverings Division of Felt & Textiles of Australia Limited

DAYTILE

VINYL FLOORING

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I AM enclosing photographs of a china mug (one published right) which has come into my possession as part of the estate of a deceased member of my family. It bears our family name (Cartwright) and the date 1826, but I know little else of its history. Could you give me an indication of its origin? It has no identifying mark or maker's name. The colors are very clear and bright, and the mug has quite a clear ring when struck with metal. — Mrs. Margot Innes, Townsville, North Qld.

This unique and most attractive mug was made in Staffordshire. It is rare to find a mug dated 1826. Unfortunately, unless I personally inspected it, I could not attribute it to a particular potter. Few dated mugs produced during the reign of George IV have survived. The naive treatment of the floral motif is particularly appealing.

● Staffordshire mug



ATTACHED is a picture (below) of a clock we recently acquired. The clock case is made of some sort of reddish-gold metal. This color can only be seen on the inside, as the outside has unfortunately been given a coat of gold paint. The case is inlaid with a slab of marble just under the rider and again on either side of the clock face where there appear to be two identical crests. They seem to be made up of a ribbon bow, a fetlock gun, a forked stick, and a cooking pot.

The whole clock is beautifully detailed down to the rider's moustache, whiskers, and eyeballs. The horse's reins and dragon legs have been poured in moulds separately, as they are attached by screws. I think the metal is bronze.



● French clock

I understand the clock is quite old — perhaps 100 years.

It is an eight-day chiming clock, but no longer works.

Could you give me some or any information regarding its age, maker, and who the knight is.

The only marking I can find is "Brunfaut" on the clock case. — G. Bowles, Torquay, Qld.

The gilt metal clock is of French origin and was made about 1865 to 1875. The equestrian knight in armor does not represent anyone in particular.

★ ★ ★
COULD you tell me the origin and anything of interest relating to vases which have been in the family for 60 years? They are 9in. high and are marked with an indented number, 1310. The brand shows "MZ" over the Austrian eagle surmounted by a crown, and under the eagle the word "Austria" is printed. — Mrs. R. G. Mitchell, via Augathella, Qld.

I see by the picture you enclosed that your vases were made at the Carlsbad porcelain works in Austria about 1900 to 1905.



Teal...a luxury talc you can afford to use every day...

Monique is French. She likes luxuries you can afford regularly. Like Teal*, the luxury talc perfumed by Robertet of Paris, priced so you can afford it every day. That's the difference between Teal and the other luxury talcs. "Vive la difference!"

Johnson & Johnson

Trade Mark
51172 R

Page 63

THE WEIGHT OF THE WORD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

Oh, tactful young man, thought the Judge, here for the sake of his blood, but very carefully so. The Judge felt an impulse to push at this delicately balanced position. "You were a witness to this incident?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"You agree that Mr. Martinelli has stated exactly what happened?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know why your brother did what he did?"

"No, sir," said Charles stolidly. And do not care, his manner said, because he was a fool and he is finished.

The Judge gnawed on his lower lip. Oh, why prolong this dreary formality? Committed to justice based on truth, the Judge knew, and none better, how elusive was the truth. But for a young man to

commit social and economic suicide in the middle of the cocktail lounge of the Pearl City Club was a very strange action for an ambitious and intelligent young man to take.

The Judge knew how many doors had closed in Mark Huston's face since that evening. He knew that wherever the lad might go, now, this blot would haunt his record. He knew the lad must have been suffering. But he asked, sternly, as was his duty, "Why did you do it, Mr. Huston?"

"For no valid reason," said the young husband. "There is no excuse."

"I see that you've got a retrial

of the Haskell Case," said the Judge suddenly.

"Yes, Your Honor. As soon as that is concluded, I'll be leaving Pearl City."

"I see," Quixotic, thought the Judge. Stubborn. Fighting. But not fighting this. Still, she could have gone to Reno. He could have left town. Why didn't they? Not that he saw any hope. These two had been asunder long before the incident at the Club, which was nothing but a symptom. However, dutifully, the Judge turned and said, "Mrs. Huston?"

The girl said, "There is nothing I can say."

To himself the Judge humphed. Teresa Martinelli, who had had

"everything" all her life, money, beauty, brains, and personality, sat much too limp in that chair.

Then the mother said, "Your Honor, I would like to correct one thing in my husband's statement."

"Yes, Mrs. Martinelli?"

"The word my daughter used."

"The word?" Ah, she was a charming lady, Alicia. The Judge smiled at her.

"She did not say 'Just fine.' She said only one word. She said the word 'Splendid.'"

"I see, Mark Huston asked her how she had been. She answered with one word, 'Splendid.'" The Judge scribbled. But he was lying low.

"And I would like to point out to Your Honor," she went on "that there was a weight on the word."

Teresa said, full of life and fire,

"It's no use, Mother. None of them will listen. They are men."

John Martinelli said, "Alicia, I don't know what you are trying to —"

"Just a minute," said the Judge, with quick authority. "Mrs. Martinelli, will you please —"

"Speak with precision?" Alicia cut in. The Judge felt his heart stop and resume with a thud. "Yes, Your Honor, I will," she said. "Teresa intended to wound and anger Mark as much as she could and she did it with great precision."

The Judge knew that his eyelids were fluttering. He calmed them and said to the girl, "Mrs. Huston, we are examining the grounds for your divorce. Is this pertinent?"

"If I thought you would understand," the girl said, "I would tell you how pertinent it is."

Only Neutrogena holds nature's secret to a beautiful complexion



You owe it to yourself to preserve the wonderful neutral cloak provided by nature to maintain the delicate balance of vital skin oils so necessary for a beautiful complexion

This amazing invisible cloak can be so easily damaged or worn away by ordinary soaps and cleansers.

Only Neutrogena works with nature, gently cleansing your skin of all impurities but leaving the neutral cloak intact.

Try Neutrogena for yourself. Massage your face with the creamy lather . . . rinse . . . lather again . . . then rinse, and you will delight in the new, clean, soft feeling. Do this each morning and night, and in just one month you will be amazed with the youthful, fresh appearance of your skin. One month's supply of 3 cakes of Neutrogena is only \$1.35. Pure, gentle Neutrogena, the only facial soap you will ever need.

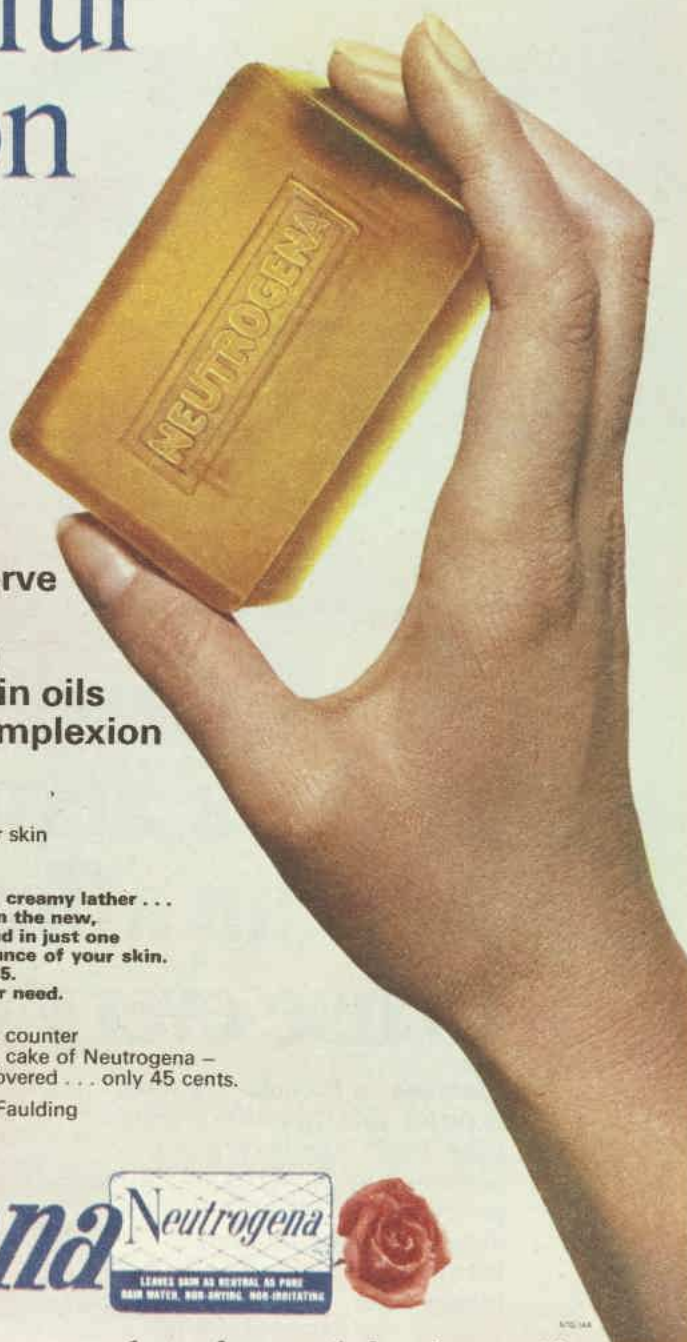
Don't hesitate. Call at your family chemist or the cosmetic counter of any leading departmental store today for your precious cake of Neutrogena — the most scientifically advanced complexion care yet discovered . . . only 45 cents.

Manufactured and distributed in Australia by the House of Faulding

Neutrogena



Neutrogena is the secret to lasting skin loveliness



THE Judge leaned forward. "I think you had better tell me."

Mark Huston said loudly, "I hit her. That's that, isn't it?"

Teresa said, "You see, when Mark and I were married we were very much in love and we had a word —"

Mark said, "This isn't necessary and it can do no good. I hit her. I admit it. I announce it. Isn't that enough?"

The Judge said to him, with sweet authority, "I agree with you, Mr. Huston, that privacy would be desirable. So . . . Mr. and Mrs. Martinelli, Mr. Fairlee, and Mr. Charles Huston, will you all please step out into my anteroom?"

"Will you hear me?" said Teresa breathlessly. She had been boneless. Now she was taut with life.

"It is my duty to hear you, Mrs. Huston," purred the Judge. "The rest of you, if you please . . ."

Alicia rose and said with surprising authority, "Come, John." John rose. Fairlee was already up. The Hustons both rose.

"Mr. Mark Huston, sit down," said the Judge severely.

The others went through the door and Fairlee closed it.

The Judge settled into the comfortable leather. "Now then, Mrs. Huston. I will hear you."

The young man sat down and stared at the bookcase.

Teresa said, "We were in love. There was a certain song. There was a certain sunset and . . . what happened afterwards." Her voice was low. But the Judge's ears were pricked up. Mark Huston sat like stone. "And the word we had," she said, "was 'splendid.'"

The Judge said gently, "So that it was a key word for both of you? A private word, sanctified?"

"Yes, sir." She reached up and pushed the veil out of her beautiful eyes. "Sir, you know that Mark was what you would call struggling?"

"I know," said the Judge, kindly.

"We had a very small apartment and not very much . . . But you see, sir, my father has a good deal of money and he always spoiled me. He likes to do it. But . . . Mark was embarrassed. He asked me not to take so many things from my father. I couldn't see why I shouldn't. I wouldn't even listen to him. We . . . about six months after we were married, I think it was . . . we had a dreadful quarrel about it and that is when I spoiled the word. I said, 'Oh, you think it's splendid to live like this.' I said . . . other mean and selfish things."

"All right, Teresa," snapped the young man. "Don't wallow."

"You will hear me?" Teresa said to the Judge.

"So that the sacred word was spoiled," the Judge said calmly.

"Yes, that happens."

"And doesn't matter . . ." the young man said.

"If you will be quiet . . ." the Judge said. "Go on."

"It mattered then," Teresa said, "but not too much. We . . . got over that somehow. Then he took the Haskell case. Well, you know that he lost it."

The Judge nodded. "Nothing would do," said Teresa, "but that he had to

To page 65

get a new trial for that miserable boy. We fought about that. I wanted him to drop the whole hopeless business. It wasn't doing him a bit of good, I said. No profit and he was only heading for another failure. He said he was concerned. I said he ought to be concerned about a child, at that time."

"Yes," the Judge said gently. "I am listening."

"Mark said that he was concerned for his child because his child must have an honorable father. He said he had failed an innocent boy and he was going to redeem his failure. I said he was being ridiculous. We had a terrible fight. Well, your Honor, sir . . . I have always been a brat. And Mark is not a placid soul, either."

"He was going to a meeting one night," the girl said, speaking very fast. "It had to do with the case. He was going to make a kind of speech. It might help that boy's prospects. My parents were out of town. I didn't want to be alone. I begged . . . No . . . I ordered him not to leave me. But he said that he would leave a phone number I could call. And he went."

"Well, of course, I was so furious. I had always had, you see, just about everything I wanted. I don't know whether anger like that can bring on labor. But I went into labor. But I would not phone him. I was too angry to do that. I called my doctor, who told me to come to the hospital. I called a taxi. The driver was . . . well, he was very worried about my state. So . . . there was a traffic accident. And . . . I lost the baby."

Now her head went down. "Which was my fault?"

Her husband said, "I had left her when she asked me

not to go. So you see that there are grounds."

"Is that enough, Teresa?" the Judge said.

Teresa straightened. "No," she said. "Not for me. When Mark got to me in the hospital, I was in pain, everything was so awful, there wasn't any baby . . . He felt bad enough. But I said to him, 'Of course, you did make a splendid speech, darling.'"

The Judge saw old pain on the young man's face. He saw pain, old and new, on the girl's face and in her eyes. He saw no hope for this marriage. Too much pain had been given and received. But he said, "Then, afterwards?"

"Oh, my father," she said, "came rushing back and made a fuss, of course. Special nurses, everything under the sun. Nothing would do but that I come home and be petted. It sounded sensible. That wasn't why I went. My father bought everything . . . everything in the world you would think I'd need. My mother and I pretended that it was only temporary and only sensible, until I was strong again."

"The truth was, Mark didn't want me back. He said nothing at all. So there I stayed. How could I go back? I didn't know how I could," said Teresa. "I had never been taught . . . don't you see?"

If the Judge saw, he said nothing. "So that night at the Club, do you see how I, without cause, hit him with a word? A weapon so heavy . . . a word with such a terrible weight on it . . . that he had to slap me? He could no more help slapping me than he could help blinking his eye." Teresa's beautiful eyes were filled with tears.

Mark said, "But I ought to have helped it. Since I, at least, knew better. She never

THE WEIGHT OF THE WORD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

has understood these things, Your Honor. She never had learned, that's true."

"Oh, yes, you ought to have helped it," the Judge said. "I agree."

Mark said, "Thank you." Teresa said, "But that Mark should lose his place, here, and hurt his career and have the whole town talking . . . when it was I who hit him. What can I do?"

"Nothing," Mark said, quietly. "Nothing. Let it go."

The Judge said, "I take it that you would agree, Teresa, to this. If a divorce were to be granted in this case on the

"When I couldn't make my father listen to what I'd done," Teresa said. "When he simply wouldn't hear. When I see how he insists that I can do no wrong because I am his daughter. It isn't true. Don't you think I know what I said to you? If I hadn't known that I knew . . . then nothing . . ." Her throat closed.

In a moment the young man said quietly. "What does this mood mean against your whole life? Don't you think I know how your mind works?"

The girl neither moved nor

indefinitely. No hurry, is there? Will you not," he said to all the faces, "agree that such destruction should not be lightly or ignorantly undertaken?"

Alicia Martinelli gave him one lightning look and dropped her eyelids. John Martinelli said, "How can she? How can they? I don't know . . ."

"It is not for you to know," said the Judge kindly, "or me. Or Pearl City. It is for them to know. Let them alone."

Charles Huston made flustered farewells. Fairlee, the lawyer, turned to go and John Martinelli must confer with him for a moment.

"I suppose I should thank you."

"Yes, I . . . rather think you should," said the Judge as if he were thinking of something else. "Good day."

Alone in his anteroom, the Judge mused. He could see the terrace of the Pearl City Club, before it had been remodelled. He could see the young girl with the moon on her face and hear her crying. "Don't you care if you break my heart?"

And he could hear himself, young man in a passion of ambition, saying, "Alicia, I have so much to do, so many years . . . The only honest thing I can say to you is please don't wait." And that ignorant young man in his callow prime had added, "As for a broken heart, that's a silly sentimental phrase of no precision whatsoever."

And the young girl had raised her head and said to the moon, "Precision?" Putting a weight on a word that later . . . three years later . . . had fallen heavy between them forever. So they had married well, each of them, but not each other.

The Judge sighed. He was wiser now. He remembered the suffering of the young. It was a part of his wisdom to remember. A word with a weight on it, that only two could know. Which goes to show, he told himself wryly, that when you hear a word you mustn't be too sure you know its meaning . . . precisely.

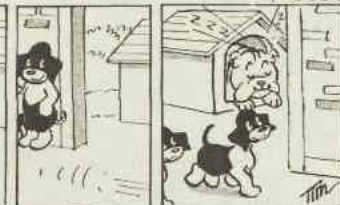
He sneaked over to his chamber door and put his ear upon the wood. He had a little hope, not much, yet some. Life was full of maybes . . . one maybe after another. So it took daring and would they dare?

Listening, he could hear, within, no words at all.

Copyright (c) Charlotte Armstrong.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



grounds of extreme cruelty, the cruelty was yours?"

"Yes, I would agree to that," she said fervently. "I would think that very fair."

Mark looked at the books and said on the burst of a sigh, "Well, is that all?"

The Judge said mildly, "How should I know whether that is all or what else there may be between you?"

Mark turned his head sharply. "What changed you? That's what I'd like to know."

spoke. The Judge said, "Have you thought of this, Mark? What if her heart is broken?"

"Oh, Teresa," Mark cried, "we can never . . ."

"I know," she said, quietly. "It's too late. Why do you think my heart is broken?"

The Judge got out of his big chair. "I think this hearing stands recessed. Sine die."

Neither of them paid him any attention as he left them. In the anteroom he said, "This hearing is postponed,

So the Judge looked down at Alicia.

"Is it too late for them, David?" she asked.

"I do not know. I cannot tell. Young hearts do break."

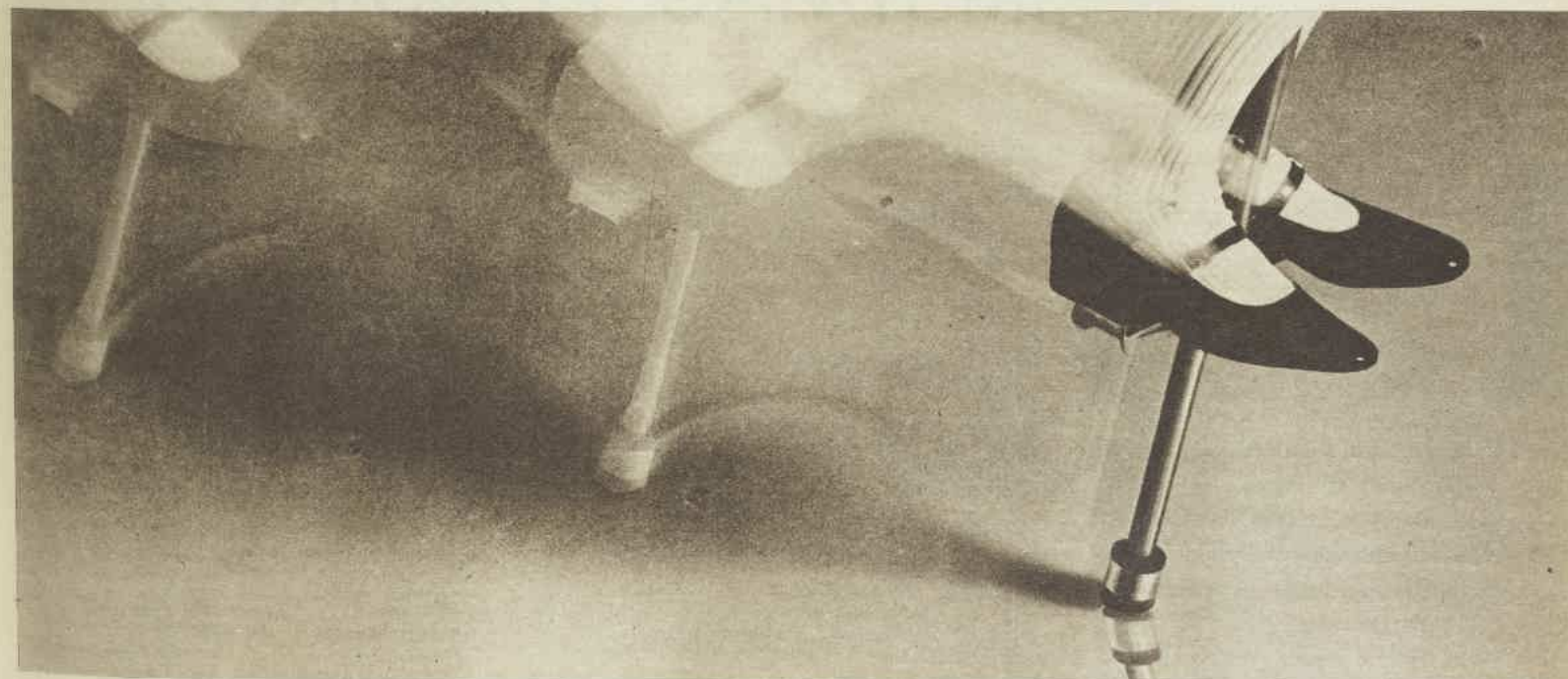
Alicia smiled. "Young hearts do mend, sometimes."

"I am glad if that is so," the Judge said.

"That is so."

John Martinelli returned to them. "Come along, darling." He looked at the Judge, cocky little man, a bit bewildered.

Only one kind of floor can take this in its stride.



The one that gets its Stride.

Stride is easy to apply. Dries hard and tough. On vinyl, lino, rubber or asphalt tile. Won't scuff even under pogo stick treatment. Isn't this the floor protection you've been looking for?



Johnson WAX



CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS . . .

Soon the house will be busy with preparations for Christmas, and it's time now to choose the recipes for your Christmas cake and pudding. In this four-page section are wonderful recipes from which to make a choice. We've also given hints on preparation and storage to make sure the important pudding and cake will turn out perfectly.

Puddings can be boiled or steamed.

Steamed Pudding: Fill mixture into greased pudding basin or steaming basin fitted with lid (don't forget to grease inside of lid). Basin should be not more than three-quarters full, and not less than half. Cover pudding basin with greased paper and pudding cloth, secure firmly with string; make firm loop so basin can be easily lifted from saucepan.

Lower basin into saucepan with boiling water coming halfway up basin. Choose saucepan with tightly fitting lid. Keep water boiling gently but steadily to maintain steady flow of steam. Boiling water evaporates during prolonged cooking; replenish when necessary.

Boiled Pudding: Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, wring out tightly, rub flour into the cloth. Place mixture in centre of cloth, gather cloth up round mixture, tie tightly with string; leave room for pudding to expand during cooking. Knot opposite corners of cloth over top for easy handling.

Plunge pudding into large quantity of boiling water; make sure lid is tight-fitting. Boil gently but steadily for required time, replenish with boiling water when necessary.

To Store Steamed Pudding: Re-cover pudding, when cold, with fresh greased paper or aluminium foil and clean dry cloth. Store in cool, airy place or in refrigerator; cook further 1 to 2 hours (or more, depending on size of pudding) on day of serving.

To Store Boiled Pudding: Re-wrap, when cold, in clean dry cloth, hang in cool, dry, airy place or store in refrigerator; cook further on day of serving.

Mould on Puddings: Puddings can develop mould due to action of bacteria present in air. (Puddings cooked in basin are less likely to develop mould.) Growth of mould is encouraged by: fruit not thoroughly dry; mixture too moist; insufficient cooking; insufficient spirits in mixture; incorrect storage.

However, if pudding does go mouldy, it is still edible. Simply cut off mould, reheat pudding.

RICH CHRISTMAS PUDDING

12oz. sultanas	grated rind 1 lemon
12oz. currants	1Coz. finely grated suet
10oz. mixed peel	6oz. (about 3 cups) soft
4oz. raisins	white breadcrumbs
2oz. dried apricots	1 tablespoon mixed spice
2oz. glace cherries	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
2oz. blanched, chopped	4 eggs
almonds	2 tablespoons brandy
6oz. brown sugar	2 tablespoons sherry
1 cup plain flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint stout
1 teaspoon baking powder	1-3rd cup rum

Prepare all fruit and nuts; add spices and lemon rind. Pour brandy, sherry, rum over; cover, stand overnight.

Sift flour and baking powder, add suet and remaining dry ingredients. Stir in fruit and nuts. Beat eggs, add stout; add to mixture and stir well. Fill into greased 4-pint pudding basin, cover securely; steam 6 hours. Reboil 2 to 3 hours on day of serving. Serves 10 to 12.

JELLIED PLUM PUDDING

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prunes	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
2 cups water	juice 3 oranges
small stick cinnamon	juice 2 lemons
3 tablespoons gelatine	3 tablespoons sweet sherry
extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water	2oz. chopped glace cherries
4oz. chopped dried figs	2oz. chopped blanched
3oz. raisins	almonds

Place prunes, cinnamon stick, and water in saucepan, bring to boil, simmer until tender. Remove stones, chop prunes. Reserve $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot prune juice. Soften gelatine in extra cold water, dissolve by pouring on reserved hot prune juice. Combine prunes and gelatine with all remaining ingredients, mix well, pour into 3-pint pudding mould. Chill until set, overnight if possible.

Gives approx. 8 servings.

AN old, traditional recipe, moist, full of fruit, fragrant with spices—this is the Rich Christmas Pudding at left. The recipe is on opposite page.

A delightful novelty, this Santa Claus Cake was made by Mrs. M. Brew, Macquarie Fields, N.S.W. The base is a 9in. cake. Directions are below.



... AND CAKES

SANTA CLAUS CAKE

Bake your favorite fruit-cake mixture in 9in.-square cake tin or use the recipe for Traditional Christmas Cake in this feature.

Stand the cooked, cooled cake on its side on large, covered board. Cut out piece $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. high by $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide from cake to form the alcove.

Attach piece of wood 9in. by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. to back edge of cake to form the extended brickwork by hammering a nail into each end of wood and pressing into cake.

Cover cake and piece of wood completely with almond paste and covering fondant. (Do this in sections for easier handling. The joins can be covered when marking the brick shapes.)

While fondant is still wet, mark with the back of a knife to form bricks. Allow to dry completely. When dry, paint bricks with diluted brown food coloring.

For mantelpiece, cover piece of thin cardboard with fondant. When dry, paint with diluted brown food coloring.

For hearth, roll piece of fondant out thinly, cut into shape. Finish by piping a snail's trail round outside edge.

With modelling fondant, mould clock, candle and holder, candy stick, holly sprig, stockings, parcels, fire and hearth irons. When dry, paint with diluted food coloring. Finish stockings with fine piped design, parcels with piped ribbons; paint in clock face.

Mould Santa Claus; when dry, paint hat and coat with red food coloring, boots and belt with black food coloring. Finish edge of coat and hat with fine piped design. Pipe beard and moustache.

Christmas Tree: Make a cone of thin cardboard; using leaf tube and green royal icing, pipe over cardboard with short upward strokes. Sprinkle with silver tinsel, attach colored cachou balls while icing is still wet.

When all moulding is completely dry, attach mantelpiece and hearth in position, using royal icing. Attach Santa Claus and Christmas tree in position; arrange all other moulded pieces, securing with royal icing.

ALMOND PASTE

1lb. pure icing sugar	squeeze lemon or orange juice
4oz. almond meal	almond essence
2 egg-yolks	extra icing sugar
2 tablespoons sherry	

Sift icing sugar, add almond meal, and mix well. Beat egg-yolks with sherry, almond essence to taste, and lemon or orange juice. Mix into dry ingredients. Turn out on board lightly dusted with extra icing sugar; knead well.

COVERING FONDANT

1lb. pure icing sugar	flavoring, coloring
1 egg-white	extra icing sugar
3 tablespoons liquid glucose	

Sift icing sugar into bowl. Make well in centre and add the egg-white, glucose, flavoring, and coloring. Mix well until the mixture is a stiff paste, adding more icing sugar if necessary. Turn out on to board dusted with extra icing sugar; knead until smooth.

MODELLING FONDANT

2 teaspoons gelatine	approx. 5oz. pure icing sugar, sifted
$1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. water	extra icing sugar
2 teaspoons liquid glucose	

Combine gelatine and water. Stir over very low heat until gelatine dissolves. Add glucose; allow to cool. Mix in icing sugar. Place in airtight container, leave several hours. Just before using, knead in extra icing sugar until mixture is of required consistency.

ROYAL ICING

1 egg-white	few drops lemon juice or acetic acid
6 to 8oz. pure icing sugar	

Lightly beat egg-white in small basin. Mix in sifted icing sugar 1 tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. When mixture is white and of correct consistency, beat in lemon juice or acid.

Continued overleaf

Recipes
From
Our
Leila
Howard
Test
Kitchen

Christmas Puddings and Cakes . . . continued



FAMILY PLUM PUDDING

8oz. butter or substitute
8oz. brown sugar
4 eggs
1lb. raisins
1lb. sultanas
1lb. currants
2oz. glace cherries
4oz. dates
4oz. dried figs
4oz. blanched almonds
1 grated apple
1 grated carrot
grated rind and juice
1 lemon
2 tablespoons brandy

2 tablespoons sherry
4oz. soft white bread-
crumbs
1 cup plum jam
1 cup plain flour
1 teaspoon mixed spice
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon bicarb. soda

Chop fruit and nuts; combine with apple, carrot, rind and juice of lemon. Pour over brandy and sherry. Cover, stand overnight.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs one at

a time, beating well after each addition. Add breadcrumbs and plum jam. Fold in prepared fruit mixture alternately with sifted dry ingredients; mix well. Fill into greased 5-pint pudding basin, cover, and steam 6 hours. Reheat 3 hours before serving. Gives approx. 15 servings.

ECONOMICAL PLUM PUDDING

1 1/2 cups plain flour
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon salt
1lb. suet

3 cups soft white breadcrumbs
1 1/2 cups firmly packed brown sugar
1 cup sultanas
1 cup raisins
1 cup currants
1/2 cup dates
1/2 cup mixed peel
grated rind 1 lemon
1 carrot
1 1/2 cups milk
2 teaspoons bicarb. soda
1/2 teaspoon parisienne essence
1 tablespoon brandy

Sift flour, cinnamon, and salt together. Skin and finely grate suet; add to sifted dry ingredients with breadcrumbs and brown sugar. Add chopped fruits, lemon rind, and grated carrot. Combine milk, bicarbonate of soda, parisienne essence, and brandy. Pour into dry ingredients, mix well. Fill into greased 4-pint heat-proof basin; cover securely. Steam in rapidly boiling water 3 hours. On day of serving reheat 1 1/2 hours.

Gives approx. 10 to 12 servings.

SMALL SAGO PLUM PUDDING

3 tablespoons sago
1 cup milk
3oz. butter or substitute
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, firmly packed
little extra milk
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda
1 dessertspoon rum
1/2 teaspoon mixed spice
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup mixed fruit

Scald milk, add sago, butter, sugar, vanilla, rum, and spice; let stand 10 minutes. Stir in breadcrumbs and bicarbonate of soda (which has been dissolved in the extra milk), then beaten egg and fruit. Fill into greased 2-pint pudding basin; cover and steam 2 hours. Serve hot with custard.

Gives approx. 6 servings.

OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS PUDDING

1lb. brown sugar
1lb. currants
1lb. sultanas
1lb. raisins
1/2lb. mixed peel
1lb. shredded suet
1lb. plain flour
1lb. soft white breadcrumbs
7 eggs
1 pint stout
grated rind and juice 2 lemons
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
2 teaspoons mixed spice
1 1/2 teaspoons nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon salt

Mix all fruit and dry ingredients together. Beat eggs, add lemon juice and stout. Mix into dry ingredients; allow to stand, covered, overnight. Fill into large, greased 6-pint pudding or heat-proof basin; cover, steam 6 to 6 1/2 hours. On day of serving reheat 2 1/2 to 3 hours.

Gives approx. 20 servings.

SAUCES FOR PUDDINGS

Either of the following sauces are delicious accompaniments to Christmas pudding, and can be served instead of custard.

Brandy Butter (hard sauce): Cream 4oz. butter, gradually blend in 2 cups sifted icing sugar and 1 tablespoon brandy. Refrigerate until firm.

Cumberland Rum Butter: Cream 4oz. butter, gradually beat in 1 1/2 cups brown sugar. Add 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch nutmeg; gradually beat in 2 to 3 tablespoons rum.



Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela.



Benidorm, Alicante.



The Alhambra, Granada.



Patio, Cordoba.



SEE Spain

Europe's most beautiful travel bargain!

From the rugged Pyrenees to the "Sierra Nevada" . . . from Madrid and Barcelona to the "Pillars of Hercules" . . . **SPAIN** . . . the wondrous land where centuries of history come vividly to life! No country offers more exciting variety at so moderate a cost. See Valencia of The Cid . . . Granada's Alhambra, "a palace befitting paradise." See Segovia, and its Alcazar, one of the world's most beautiful castles . . . Toledo, with its Visigoth Gateway, Moorish mosques and the villa of El Greco. Stroll along the leafy Ramblas of Barcelona . . . the Gran Via, finest of the splendid avenues of Madrid, Europe's highest capital and itself the very synthesis of all Spain. These are but a typical few of the fascinations of Spain, whose friendly, hospitable people will delight and charm you. **YOUR TRAVEL AGENT WILL PLAN A COMPLETE ITINERARY.**

POST THIS for literature, then SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

TOURIST INFORMATION FOR SPAIN, G.P.O. Box 1323, Sydney 2001

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

☐ Mark X here if for school project.

S671

Please note: Level spoon measurements and the 8-liquid-ounce cup measures are used in our recipes.

TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS CAKE

3 1/2 lb. mixed fruit
6 tablespoons rum or brandy
6oz. glace cherries
6oz. shredded mixed peel
1/2 lb. butter
1/2 lb. brown sugar
grated rind 1 lemon and 1 orange
1/2 teaspoon almond essence
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
3 dessertspoons marmalade
6 eggs
2oz. dark chocolate
3oz. chopped almonds
3oz. chopped walnuts
1 lb. plain flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon spice

Place mixed fruit, cherries, and peel in large basin. Add spirits, mix well; stand, covered, overnight. Cream butter and sugar, fruit rinds, and essences; add marmalade. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Break chocolate into small pieces, place in small basin over hot water until melted; stir into cake. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with prepared fruit, almonds, and walnuts; mix well. Fill into 9in. cake tin lined with 2 layers of brown paper and 1 layer of white paper. Bake in slow oven 4 1/2 to 5 hours or until cooked.

BOILED FRUIT CAKE

5oz. butter or substitute
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon mixed spice
1 lb. mixed fruit
1/2 lb. chopped dates
2 eggs
1/2 teaspoon bicarb. soda
2oz. chopped cherries
2oz. chopped walnuts
1 1/2 cups plain flour
1 cup self-raising flour

Combine in saucepan the butter, water, sugar, spice, mixed fruit, and chopped dates. Bring to boil, simmer 3 minutes. Allow to cool completely. Beat eggs, add bicarbonate of soda; mix into fruit mixture. Add cherries, walnuts, and sifted flours; mix all together well. Fill into prepared 8in. tin, bake in moderate oven 1/2 hour. Reduce heat to moderately low, continue cooking another 1 1/2 hours or until cake is firm to touch and thin skewer comes out clean when pressed into cake.

SPECIAL FRUIT CAKE

2 eggs
1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon rum
3oz. soft butter or substitute
1 cup plain flour
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
12oz. glace cherries
8oz. candied pineapple
8oz. brazil nuts
10oz. dates
1/2 cup brandy

Beat eggs until light and fluffy, add sugar, vanilla, rum, and butter; continue beating until well blended. Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Add to creamed mixture with fruits and nuts; mix well. Pour into greased and lined 9 x 5in. loaf tin. Bake in slow oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours or until cooked. Remove from oven and, while still hot, pour brandy over. Cool in tin on wire rack.

HINTS ON MAKING CHRISTMAS CAKES

1. Fruit must be clean and dry. Wash 2 or 3 days beforehand, spread on flat tray, dry thoroughly in slow oven. (Damp fruit will make cake heavy.) Packaged fruits are pre-cleaned, but, if coated with sugar, further washing is necessary. Chop large fruit and peel.

2. Line tin with 2 thicknesses of brown paper and 1 of white.

Round Tin: Cut 1 brown layer larger than the others and slit to

base line of tin at 1in. intervals. Fit into tin first, then place other rounds in position. Cut papers for sides 2in. taller than tin. Place in position.

Square Tin: Cut oblong strips of brown and white paper same width as tin. Place crosswise in tin; have ends on all sides 2in. above edge.

3. Cream butter and sugar with electric mixer, wooden spoon, or, for large quantities, use hand. Essences and fruit rinds give more flavor if creamed with the butter

and sugar. Sift dry ingredients 2 or 3 times to ensure even mixing.

4. Spoon mixture into tin, pressing from centre to sides and corners; tin should not be less than half and not more than three-quarters full. Do not hollow centre, but level cake by hanging the filled tin a few times on table.

5. After baking, cool cake in tin, remove when quite cold; leave paper on, fold down over top. Wrap in clean paper or aluminium foil, then in clean towel until ready to ice or to cut.



Crackling crisp lettuce bathed in delicious KRAFT French Dressing: Lady, that's a salad!

What a wonderful way to speak fluent French! At Kraft, good food ideas are an affair of the heart. As with French Liquid Dressing. Oil, tarragon and wine vinegars combined with a hint of lemon juice and a slight whisper of garlic. Rare seasonings in perfectly proportioned amounts are added and lovingly blended until the flavour is precise. Typically Kraft, tastefully yours.



The best-tasting salad dressings always come from



*Reg'd Trade Mark - Kraft



Photograph your winking cat . . . photograph your blinking cat . . . photograph a dancing kitten . . . or tangled up inside your knittin' . . . caterwauling, mewing, spitting . . . chasing butterflies or sitting . . . doing this, or that, or what . . . but grab your camera, GET THAT SHOT.

CONTEST CLOSES NOVEMBER 24

Cats' WHISKAS contest

(simple to enter, easy to win!)

Jellymeat WHISKAS for cats offer hundreds of valuable prizes including \$850 cash for the National Winner.

Jellymeat WHISKAS gives every cat 10 lives because it's fortified with the health-giving vitamin, Thiamin. Everybody's cat needs Thiamin, and WHISKAS' chewy chunks of select meats and rich liver pieces.

Here are the prizes

You have more than one chance to win more than one prize

CONTEST CLOSES NOVEMBER 24

State Finalists and All-Out Winner. The best entry received from each State will win a cash prize of \$100, and the All-Out Winner, chosen from the State Finalists, will be awarded an additional \$750 (total \$850). **Agfa Gevaert Film:** Also, State Finalists can choose \$30 worth of the world-renowned Agfa film. And the National Winner, an additional \$70 . . . \$100 in all. There are also 300 consolation prizes of a month's supply of Jellymeat Whiskas (1 case containing 36 tins). **Judges:** Famous Australian photographer, Laurence Le Guay, and the Art Directors of "The Australian Women's Weekly" and of George Patterson Pty. Ltd., Advertising Agents for the makers of Whiskas. Judges' decisions are final; no correspondence can be entered into. This Contest is not open to employees of The Australian Consolidated Press, Uncle Ben's Inc. and their advertising agencies.

STATE FINALISTS AND THE NATIONAL WINNER will be announced in "THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY" December 27, 1967

Entries will be returned after the Contest only if accompanied by correct return postage and a clearly written address.

How to Enter:

Easiest competition you ever went in for, and the most fun! Just send your cat's photo to "The Australian Women's Weekly." Photographs may be black-and-white, colour prints or colour transparencies.

Address your Entry, clearly marked "Cats' Whiskas Competition," to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.



MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Christmas gifts from your garden

By ALLAN SEALE

● A potted plant struck from the garden, or an attractively grouped selection of plants in a pretty bowl, could be the solution to some of your Christmas present problems.



● Charming fuchsia in a pot is *Marin Glow*, from Green Fingers Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

IF your gift plant is one you have grown yourself it usually means more, but you could buy a plant and repot it in a more attractive container — or do a bit of both.

For example, you could combine small clumps of fern in an earthenware bowl with an attractive coleus you have bought, or pot a few succulents at the base of a dwarf conifer or similar plant.

You may have fuchsias, geraniums, or hibiscus already growing from cutting. If they are potted, they may only need sprucing up a little — transferring to a new or larger pot, having damaged foliage removed, and feeding to make them look their best.

Don't overdo the size of the pot, as this can dwarf the plant.

If you are digging the plants from the ground, water well the day before

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 194

so that the soil clings to the roots and they are disturbed as little as possible. Then spade down cleanly all round them so they lift with the soil intact.

Cleanly trim any roots too large for the new pot. If you do this, pinch back new sappy growth to prevent wilting. Soak the newly potted plant thoroughly and keep it in a shaded area protected from wind for about a week to recover, then gradually move it into more light.

Fuchsias and most other plants with leggy growth can safely be pinched back now and should then be showing healthy new shoots by Christmas. Always do this, except where it means sacrificing flower buds.

Give plants a more robust appearance and better color by feeding with packeted liquid manures, using the strength recommended as long as the plants are kept moist.

Apply now, again in a fortnight, then a few days before presenting the plant so that it has plenty of nutrient to carry it through for a while.

Don't feed ferns. They are sensitive to fertilisers of any kind.

Attaching the name of the plant on a small, neat plant marker will add value. Even if you don't know the variety name, use a description such as "Geranium, double dark red."

GENERAL POTTING, AND SOIL

For repotting these and most other shrubs or plants, use either a proprietary potting mixture or make one up.

If your soil is light and sandy, mix about three parts with one of previously moistened peatmoss. If it is heavier than sandy loam, add one part sand, or even equal parts if it is inclined to be clayey and solid.

Unless the peatmoss is moistened before use, it is hard to wet later and inclined to float out of the mixture. The quickest way to wet the peat is to put it in a plastic bag, add a pint or two of hot water. Seal the bag for a while.

Well-rotted leafmould or compost can be substituted for peatmoss, but it does not hold water as efficiently.

Place about a handful of crushed coke, charcoal, or gravel in the base of the pot to help drainage. If it has a large central hole only, cover carefully with a few coarse pieces of material.

When transferring a plant from one pot to another, remove it by inverting and tapping the rim on the edge of a bench or table, with the fingers of one hand spread across the soil ball and around the stem to hold it as it leaves the pot.

If the new pot is a larger one, place a little drainage material in the base as suggested and enough soil to bring the plant to within half an inch of the top. Use such as a pencil to pack the new soil well down between the new pot and original soil ball.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 195

MIXED BOWLS OR BASKETS

Decorative and interesting mixtures can be created by combining a few ferns with a focal piece such as coleus or almost any other plant with attractive foliage.

Small Norfolk Island pines (*Araucaria excelsa*) are attractive in their young stages and will last well indoors or in a similar environment to ferns.

The silky oak (*Grevillea robusta*) is also suitable for this treatment. Both these trees are used extensively overseas for this kind of decoration, but in Australia we tend to think of them only as giant trees. Our native podocarpus is the same.

Other attractive plants for mixed arrangements include aucuba or gold dust shrub, nandina, fatsia, aralia, and ficus.

Terracotta bulb and succulent bowls, deep pot saucers, and large azalea pots are ideal for mixed plantings.

All except the azalea pots may be too shallow to accommodate comfortably the feature plant if it has been grown in the conventional pot, but this can be overcome by removing the drainage material from its base, then gently spreading its lower roots until it sits at a comfortable height in the bowl. Or it could be placed toward the centre and the soil mounded slightly up to it.

Arrange the bowl by first placing the usually taller focal plant, preferably just off centre, then positioning the ferns around it.

There is no need to pack the bowl. Bare spots can be furnished by placing an attractive stone, gravel, or moss.

As an alternative or in combination with the ferns use variegated or plain chlorophytum, ivy, Saxifraga sarmentosa (mother of millions), plectranthus, and smaller peperomias, pileas, etc., normally used as house plants.

Ferns with small bedding begonias or rex begonias can look most attractive, especially if arranged with a few mossy stones.

Continued on page 76

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Pretty presents in pots

● This little conifer, with its tinsel, glass balls, and festive bird on top, is *Chamaecyparis pisifera squarosa* and a charming centrepiece for anyone's Christmas table.



From page 70

MIXED FERN BASKETS

Fern baskets can be planted up the same as the bowls — designed to be table pieces only, or hung later when growth progresses. If they are to hang, choose more spreading ferns such as the fish-bones, and asparagus sprengeri.

Handling the Ferns. Ferns need to be handled carefully so they don't lose their foliage after dividing. Separate clumps now, spacing the new sections out in a moist, shaded area, preferably in a mixture of equal parts sand and peatmoss.

Cut off any large, cumbersome foliage to give new growth a chance to develop. Water frequently to re-establish them

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 196

quickly. Then the most suitable ones can be lifted and transferred to the bowls about a week before they are to be presented.

COLEUS

Coleus grow quickly from cuttings, and pieces taken now would be sufficiently rooted to fend for themselves by Christmastime — not as feature plants but large enough to combine attractively with ferns, etc.

Take three or four inches of top growth, or use side branches. They make roots easily in moist sand, or even in water. Once they are rooted, plenty of light is needed to restore their rich color. This is another case where it would be better to first establish the plants separately from the ferns.

SUCCULENTS

Bowls of mixed succulents can be appealing and are easy to handle. Plant pieces should take root within a few weeks.

Use a soil mixture similar to the one suggested for fuchsias and geraniums, preferably with an extra part of sand and about a teaspoon of garden lime added to each 5in. pot of soil.

More interesting effects can be obtained by mounding the soil toward the centre of the bowl or adding one or two comparatively large stones. River stones and gravel combine well with cacti and other succulents.

It helps both growth and appearance to cover the soil with some form of scree such as gravel, crushed rock, or crushed brick.

Keep the bowls in a shaded position for a few weeks until established. Succulents need plenty of light, but not necessarily direct sunlight.

OTHER USEFUL IDEAS

● Transfer a dwarf conifer to a broad azalea pot, setting it off with a few stones and perhaps a small succulent.

● Transfer a pendulous growing fuchsia or ivy geranium to a hanging basket, or plant an ornamental pot with ivy. Keep well shaded until they recover, then accustom them to more light.

● Combine a collection of herbs in a bowl with drainage, or in an azalea pot. Well-established seedlings of thyme, sage, marjoram, and chives are usually available. Soil mixture as for succulents.

● Make a ready-potted collection of geranium, fuchsia, or carnation cuttings; up to a dozen, in groups of two or three of each variety, around a 5in. pot, with name of each group on a marker. Any "misses" can be removed. Add a marker indicating "transplant or repot after January" — that is, about eight weeks after potting up.

● Line small baskets with foil, and plant with ferns, coleus, etc.

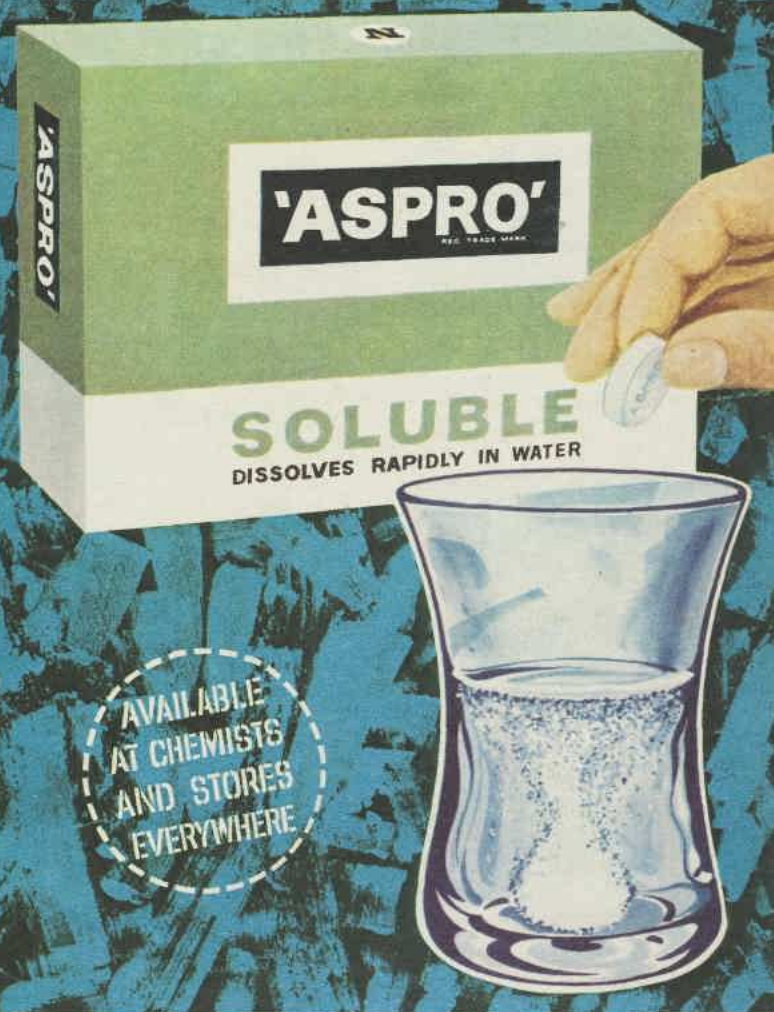


● Like pretty Victorian posies, one bloom of these *General Patten* hydrangeas each makes a decorative pot. Poplar Nursery, Five Dock, N.S.W.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 197

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

When you are recommended a soluble pain reliever, remember—



SOLUBLE 'ASPRO' DISSOLVES INSTANTLY IN WATER, IS EVER SO SMOOTH AND HAS A PLEASANT, NEUTRAL FLAVOUR.

World famous 'ASPRO' both soluble and regular tablet form are now Microfined which means that 'ASPRO' works 2½ times faster than before to relieve headache and pain.

stop headache and pain

'ASPRO'

MICROFINED

NOW WORKS 2½ TIMES FASTER





Biscuits are so much a part of family life.
 Biscuits are a food...a treat...a surprise...or even a reward.
 There's a biscuit to suit every mood, every occasion.

Wherever you find a full cupboard and a happy home...you'll find...

 **Arnott's** famous **Biscuits**



There is no Substitute for Quality

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS TREES TO MAKE



Mrs. J. Q. White, wife of one of the American Consuls in Victoria, made this delightful 5ft.-high tree. Materials: 1½yds. chicken wire, 6 sheets each red and green cellulose paper, 34yds. each red and green ribbon to match, 5ft. of 2in. dowel, 1 ice-cream can or other suitable can, plaster or cement mix. Tree is decorated with 225 popcorn balls which were made in 15 batches. Recipe for each batch is as follows: 8oz. packet of dry corn ready for popping, 2 cups sugar, 1½ cups water, ½ cup glucose, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Melt oil or shortening in bottom of covered pan, sprinkle in one cup of corn. Swish it round, cover, and let pop. Keep warm in oven and make syrup as follows: Butter heavy saucepan and put in all ingredients except vanilla. Cook until mixture can be balled (test by dropping small piece into cold water). Remove from stove and when slightly cooled stir in vanilla. Pour hot syrup over corn and keep mixing until corn is thoroughly coated. With buttered hands, mould corn and syrup into balls (8oz. pack of dry corn pops into 15 quarts, and this should make 15 balls). Allow to cool, wrap each in small squares of cellulose paper. Seal with elastic band. To make tree, form chicken wire into cone, close top. Attach balls to wire with colored ribbons. Fill can with plaster, set dowel in it. When set, fit tree over top. Weight of balls holds tree firm.

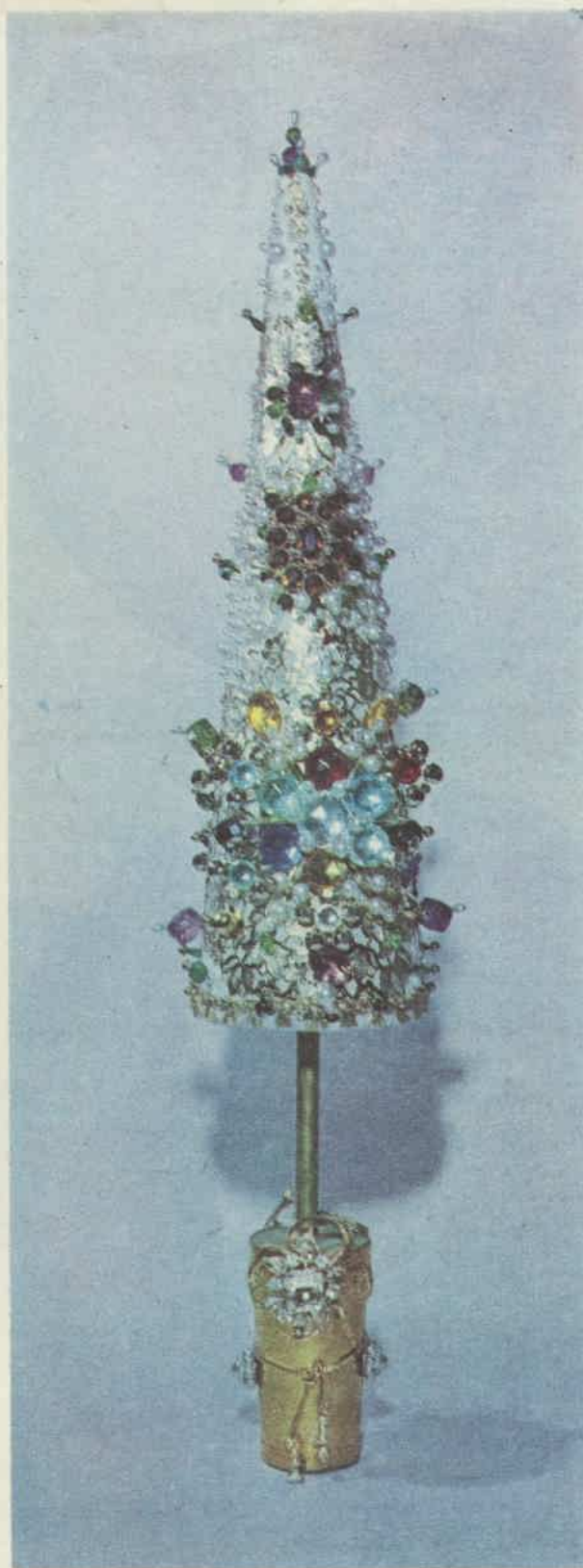


This inexpensive but most effective and easy-to-make Christmas tree is decorated with a number of artificial fruits and flowers. And the pineapple at the top is a symbol of goodwill. The tree was created for an exhibition of Christmas trees held by the Australian American Association in Victoria, and was designed by Mrs. S. G. Foster, of Toorak, Vic. To make a tree like this you will need: 1yd. chicken wire, brightly colored cellulose paper, fine wire, plastic flowers, artificial fruits, gumnuts, miniature pine cones, and a round wooden savory tray (to be used as a base). Method: Fold the chicken wire into a cone shape, secure with fine wire, and turn the rough edges underneath, to form the frame. Stuff this with the colored cellulose paper. To decorate the tree: Wire on to the frame the artificial fruits (grapes, mandarins, peaches, lemons), gumnuts (wash, leaving stalks on, then paint gold or white), and small pine cones lightly touched with paint. Mix artificial leaves and flowers in between the fruits, nuts, and cones, and top with an artificial pineapple. Stand the tree on a round wooden savory tray which you have first painted gold, silver, or any other suitable Christmasy color.

● Bejewelled or bedecked with goodies, the unusual Christmas trees shown here and on the following page were photographed at an exhibition held by the Australian American Association in Victoria. Five of the trees would make excellent table centrepieces, the sixth is a wallhanging. Directions here and overleaf.



Mrs. G. H. Rowden, of Mt. Eliza, Vic., made this pretty tree, using as the shape a foam styrene cone bought abroad — these are unavailable here, so make a cardboard cone instead. Materials: Quarter-circle of firm white cardboard, 12in. radius; quarter-circle of $\frac{1}{4}$ in.-thick foam rubber, also 12in. radius; 14in.-radius quarter-circle of cheap red velveteen; disc of cardboard and one of velvet for base of cone (allow for turnings); 3 large gold paper doilies; at least 100 large florist's pins; some pearly topped pins; 200 to 300 colored pearl and glass beads and some sequins; 3yds. red nylon ribbon for frills; gold braid or holly-leaf trails; dowel ($\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter); plastic drinking cup; 1lb. plaster of paris; glitter; gold spray. Method: Glue or staple cardboard quadrant into cone, then stitch foam-rubber quadrant into cone to fit over cardboard. Cover rubber with red velvet, stitching edge. Stand on cardboard disc, cut base to fit, cut red velvet disc to cover (with turning). Cut, stitch hole in centre for dowel, stitch disc to cone. Place large central motifs from doilies at equal distances round cone. Place large central motifs from doilies at equal distances round cone. Pin through bead, sequin on each point of motif. Add circle of pins, each holding three beads, to stand up like spokes. Apply smaller motifs in spaces and trim, too. Put 3 strips braid or holly on cone between main motifs. Gather, pin 24yds. nylon to bottom of cone. Add matching ruffle, 3 pins, at top. Base: Fill cup with plaster of paris. Insert dowel, hold until firm. Spray base, dowel gold; decorate base, add glitter. Place cone on dowel.



This slim, exquisitely bejewelled tree, made by Mrs. G. H. Rowden, would make an elegant centrepiece for a Christmas dinner table. Mrs. Rowden bought the large jewelled Christmas stars on her tree in America, also the foam styrene cone which forms the shape, but you could make a similar tree using a quarter-circle of cardboard shaped into a cone, and as much costume jewellery as you can muster. Materials: Quarter-circle of firm white cardboard to form tree shape; dowelling, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick; 1lb. plaster of paris; drinking glass for base; 1 large gold paper doily; pearls, pearly topped pins; colored glass beads and any suitable jewellery, including old brooches, that can be wired or pinned; 1yd. flat gold braid; gold tying cord; tin of dressmaker's pins; box of florist's pins (buy at florists' suppliers); gold spray and glitter. Method: Fill glass with moistened plaster of paris; put dowelling in place, holding about 2 minutes until plaster dries. Apply gold or silver spray over glass and dowelling, and while still wet sprinkle with glitter. Later decorate with gold braid, tying cord, and jewellery. Glue or staple cardboard quadrant into cone shape. Decoration: Cut gold doily into attractive shapes, pin to cardboard cone to form background for beads, pearls, etc. Attach gold braid round lower rim of cone and down from peak. Decorate cone with beads and pearls in a variety of star patterns to choice. Attach the cone to the dowelling.



be sweet



or be swish

Change your mind, change your mood—and Lady Pelaco will match you in the twinkling of a mink eyelash. Suddenly—you're just what you want to be! Sweet and dainty or swish and swanky.

Isn't it nice to have someone who understands you?

Above: Permanently pleated polyester crepe, \$7.99 • Below: Polyester crepe, \$7.99

Lady Pelaco
LOVELIEST BY DESIGN

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS TREES TO MAKE . . . continued



Mrs. C. Pollock, of Brighton, Vic., designed this felt Christmas tree to hang on the wall or be pinned to window drapes. Materials: 1yd. felt, 1yd. buckram, 1 sheet shiny colored cardboard, wood-working glue (obtainable at hardware stores), your own selection of beads and sequins, 4yds. tinsel trimming. Tree above measures 32in. across, and from small rectangle which represents trunk to point at top it measures 29in. in height. There are 5 branches and their width is graduated without symmetry, because this makes the tree look more realistic. Lowest branch measures 32in. across; the next 23in., the next 19in., the second last 13in., and top one 9in. Cut out shape of tree in felt, buckram, and cardboard. Then plan the design you want to bead on the felt. This is entirely up to you and there is no limit to the geometric patterns or Christmas bells, holly, Father Christmases, or candy sticks you can embroider in sequins or beads. Having encrusted the felt shape, machine-sew a felt loop and stitch it to top of tree. Now machine-stitch felt and buckram shapes together, sewing as close to edge of material as you can. Take cardboard shape, smear the dull side with wood-working glue, which will not seep through cardboard or cloth, and stick it on to the buckram side of the tree. When glue is dry, carefully hand-sew tinsel round outer edge of tree so that it completely frames it.

Miss Dorothy Moffit, of Balwyn, Vic., made this tree from a palm-tree bough, a teatree branch, liquidambar pods, flat fern fronds, acorns, dried hydrangea. Also 1 can old-gold spray, Christmas baubles, wood 10in. square, 2 1/2in. thick, 2 large stones, flower pin holder, 1yd. 36in. red velvet, 1 long nail, thick candle. Chainstore decorations are attached by colored wire to candy sticks. Trim palm bough, cut to half-moon shape. Bore hole in wood, push nail from bottom up through palm base. Place stones at palm base, flower holder on wood where palm finishes, curve teatree branch toward palm. At base place fern fronds, liquidambar pods, dried hydrangea. Gold-spray arrangement, wood, stones, and acorns. Place arrangement on velvet, colored balls on wood round curve at base of palm, drape with acorns. Candy sticks with snowmen balance on palm in niches left by peeling bark, or snowmen are wired to palm. Place candle and gold-sprayed dried flowers.





Here comes the Bride **THERE GOES MOTHER**

"Oh—our very first wedding gifts!" Polly cried as Crosby and her mother watched.

EVER since PAULINE—POLLY—PAULSON had announced her engagement to CROSBY LEE ADAMS, her mother, Mrs. HELENE PAULSON, had been frantically trying to get things running smoothly in preparation for the actual wedding day.

One dreadful day had been spent on trying to find a dress for Polly, who is an unwieldy six-foot-one, and dresses for the bridesmaids, who have conflicting ideas on styles and colors. But finally Helene had settled the disagreements and paid the deposits on all the dresses.

Then there was the day the invitations had to be ordered and nothing less than genuinely engraved cards were allowed by the haughty salesman. The cost of these were fantastic, but as Helene was sure she could keep the numbers down she ordered one hundred.

Still hoping to keep the guest list to this number, Helene had another distracted inter-

view with M. LAMARTINE, a French caterer, with disastrous effects on her budget. This is limited, because the cost of the wedding is entirely hers, as she has been divorced.

Even at home, nothing goes smoothly for Helene, as Polly and Crosby have given her a Siamese cat for company later, but so far PUDDY has done nothing but cause trouble with her new neighbor, CAPTAIN JAMES ARCHIBALD, an airlines pilot.

Bedecked by thoughts of arriving at the wedding dressed the same as the bridegroom's mother, Helene finally decides on a dress for herself, but knows she must reduce by at least five pounds before it will fit.

When it seems impossible to cut the guest list down from 137, Helene is threatened with a nervous breakdown. She and Polly go for a short holiday, but arrive home sunburned, and it seems they both will be peeling on the wedding day. NOW READ ON:

THREE big packages had arrived, one of them plastered with exotic-looking foreign stamps. "Our very first wedding presents!" Polly cried excitedly. "Hurry up, Crosby—open them."

"This one is from Tasmania," Crosby said, studying the stamps. "Who did we invite from Tasmania?" He tore open the paper and fished around inside. "There's nothing in here but a lot of shavings," he reported.

"There must be something," Polly said. "Nobody would send us a box of shavings from Tasmania. Let me look. Here, I've found it." She reached in and lifted a small carved figure out of the box.

"There's no card," Crosby said, pawing around again in the shavings. "No return address on the wrapping, either. It's just stamped Unsolicited Gift."

"It certainly is," Polly said. "It looks something like a fish," Crosby said. He cocked his head to one side. "On the other hand, from this angle it looks something like a shoe. Or a dog."

"It looks very ugly," Polly said with finality. "Come on, let's open the other presents. What do you suppose this squarish one is?" She handed it to Crosby, who opened it.

"A cheese board!" Polly cried happily. "Look, Mother—a beautiful wooden cheese board! With a cunning little paring knife fastened to it."

"It's from the Williamsons," Crosby said.

Polly announced that she was going to sit right down and compose her very first thank-you note. "Open the other package, honey," she told Crosby.

Crosby opened it. There was a brief silence.

"A cheese board," Polly said at last. "A beautiful wooden cheese board."

"With a cunning little paring knife attached to it," I said. I looked at the gift card. "It's from Aunt Olivia."

Polly sat down at the desk, and finally said unhappily, "I don't know what to say. I just hate to write thank-you notes."

"There's a bunch of sample notes in the etiquette book," Crosby said. "Here—how does this one sound? 'Dear Uncle Joe—First it was a teddy-bear, then a bicycle, and now this magnificent silver tea service. It is truly beautiful and George and I will treasure it through the years in our new home.'"

"I can't very well write 'Dear Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, first it was a teddy-bear, then a bicycle, and now this magnificent cheese board,'" Polly said impatiently.

"Well, how about this one?" Crosby said. "'Dear Aunt Lydia—The beautiful bound set of Kipling came today. George and I can't think of any gift we would rather have.'"

She picked up her pen again. "Never mind reading any more from the book," she said. "I'll make up my own." She wrote busily for a minute or two. "How does this sound?" she asked. "'Dear Mrs. Williamson: Thank you so much for the darling cheese board. It was so thoughtful...'"

To page 78

Concluding instalment of our lighthearted two-part serial
By IRENE KAMPEN

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 22, 1967

(ADVERTISEMENT)



How to overcome dry skin

ALTHOUGH it is fragile, a dry skin pampered with proper care can in fact be brought to a state of velvety perfection and the development of wrinkle-dryness halted. There is no need to have a skin that feels drawn after washing and shows evidence of little dry lines that add unnecessary years to your appearance.

To begin with, soap-and-water cleansing that makes the skin feel taut and dry should be abolished from the beauty routine and a lemon complexion milk with a gentle, dissolving action used instead. Smooth the lemon dissolving milk gently over your skin and generously around the nose,

eyes, mouth and chin, and leave it for a moment to nourish and refine as it lightly lifts stale make-up and other impurities from the pores, then wipe off with tissues in upward and outward directions. Delph cleansing milk ensures that your complexion keeps its pretty smoothness and fine texture because it never removes natural oils or dries the skin.

This method of correct cleansing and a film of tropical moist oil of Ulan smoothed over the skin every day will soon give the complexion with tendencies to dryness a younger, dew-fresh loveliness.

Two great Overland Adventures by PENN



Australia-India-England by sea and land

Great and famous cities roll past your window on this incredible journey—Bombay, Delhi, Teheran, Istanbul, Venice! And many other places you've wanted to see... places you really see. Book now for 1968!



Great African Safari by sea and land

Through the vast unchanged regions of Africa—the game reserves—the jungles—the veldt. Then to Cairo, Tunis, gracious Madrid and London. Spectacular scenery, colorful people, exciting contrasts. Ask for details by return mail.

Air-conditioned Coaches



A massive area of the world's surface which otherwise you would never see is yours from the comfort of a Penn's fully air-conditioned coach. You span three continents each packed with adventure, history, excitement. Contact King's-Partitours today for rush details!

Name

Address

KINGS-PARTITOURS

Adelaide: 30 Currie Street, Ph. 51-2146. Melbourne: 1st Floor, The Block Arcade, 98 Elizabeth Street, Ph. 63-3060. Sydney: 146 King Street, Ph. 28-6434.

The Ideal Gift!
A SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	1 YEAR	1 YEAR
Australia	\$4.75	\$9.50
N. Guinea	\$5.65	\$11.30
N. Zealand	\$6.50	\$13.00
and Fiji		
Brit. Dom	\$6.55	\$13.10
Foreign	\$7.85	\$15.70

Page 77

"Darling cheese board?" I said. "That doesn't sound right." "Cute?" Polly hazarded. "Sweet?" The sweet cheese board? I shook my head negatively. "Precious?" Polly said.

"My gosh, there's a lot of stuff to remember connected with weddings," Crosby marvelled, deep in the pages of the "Bridal Etiquette Book." "Now here's a whole chapter on who pays what expenses. I'm supposed to pay the minister, but it doesn't say how much."

"I should think at least ten dollars," Polly told him. "At least."

"It says here, 'Payment depends to a great extent on the financial status of the groom,'" Crosby said. Crosby, who was someday going to be a famous trial lawyer, at the moment had no financial status whatever. "Ten dollars doesn't sound like very much, though," he

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

said. "I should think it would be more like twenty dollars."

"Alice says—" Polly began, but I told her, fiercely, "Nobody wants to hear what Alice says!" Polly shrugged and said, "Oh, all right." There was a brief silence.

"What does Alice say?" I asked.

"Alice says the organist should get at least twenty-five dollars," Polly said, "and it seems to me that Reverend Mitchell ought to get more because Reverend Mitchell prays and everything."

"It says here that I pay for the bride's bouquet and the corsages for the mothers and grandmothers," Crosby said. "How

much do you figure your bouquet is going to cost, Polly? Just roughly, that is?" Polly told him, just roughly.

"Gosh," Crosby said.

"It's going to be a cascade of beautiful white stephanotis and lily of the valley," Polly said. "Of course, if you want me to carry a little grungy ugly cheap bouquet to save a few dollars, I'll be more than happy to do it."

"No, no, of course not," Crosby said. "I just — nothing." He took a piece of paper that was stuck between the pages of "The Bridal Etiquette Book" and did some figuring on it.

"Don't forget to add in the orchid corsages for the mothers and grandmothers," Polly reminded him.

Crosby repeated, feebly, "Orchid corsages?"

"Yes, orchid corsages," Polly said. "What's wrong with orchid corsages?"

"Nothing at all," Crosby said, in haste. "I just sort of pictured the mothers and grandmothers wearing — oh, I don't know —"

"Yes?" Polly prompted. "Wearing what?"

"Well, a couple of roses or something," Crosby said vaguely. "Or maybe one of those red flowers."

Polly asked what kind of red flowers he was referring to, and Crosby said the kind of pretty red flowers like his mother grew for the Garden Club Sale last sum-

mer. "They were nice," Crosby said. "Sort of ruffly and red."

"Those were geraniums," Polly said coldly.

"Well, gosh, I don't know anything about flowers," Crosby said. "I just thought they might be kind of pretty. How am I supposed to know what kind of corsages people wear?"

POLLY said, "Very funny, but after all, it's your wedding, too, you know."

"Don't be so touchy, honey."

"I'm not touchy," Polly said.

"You're probably getting a little nervous," Crosby said. "My mother told me that its perfectly natural for a girl to get nervous the closer the wedding day comes."

"I'm not nervous," Polly told him. "I'm perfectly calm."

"OK, OK, you're not nervous," Crosby said, "you are perfectly calm."

"Why should I be nervous?" Polly said. "What on earth is there to be nervous about?"

"Nothing," Crosby said. "Nothing at all. You're not nervous. I take it back."

"Millions of people are getting married all over the world every day," Polly said. "In China and every place. The only reason I'm nervous if I'm nervous, is because you keep telling me I'm nervous," Polly said.

"Well, you don't have to make such a big production about it," Crosby said. "You're not nervous. Period. Finished. Let's drop the whole discussion."

"I'm not making a big production out of anything," Polly told him. "I'm simply trying to arrange things so that we have a nice wedding."

"Don't you think I want a nice wedding, too?" Crosby demanded. "You act like everything that goes wrong with this wedding is my fault."

"What have I acted about like it was your fault?" Polly inquired. "Kindly name just one thing."

"The ushers, for one thing," Crosby said. "You act like it was my fault that Henry and Barry went to Rome."

"Well, darling, they were your ushers," Polly pointed out in disdainful tones. "You picked them, sweetie-pie."

"Can I help it if Barry won a Fulbright?" Crosby said hotly. "If you have to blame somebody, blame Senator Fulbright. Don't blame me."

"Nobody — is — blaming — you" Polly said through gritted teeth.

"Harriet Altschuler joined the Peace Corps and I didn't blame you," Crosby said. Polly closed her eyes in desperation. "Sally Bedford went to Europe and I didn't blame you."

"If you don't stop talking about who is blaming who I am going to go out of my mind!" Polly said. "Nobody is blaming anybody! All I'm saying is that someone has to take a little responsibility for this wedding."

"When didn't I take responsibility?" Crosby demanded. "Name one time I didn't take responsibility."

To page 79



* \$68 makes you a seagoing millionaire

Does the thought of 1200 lazy miles of luxury at sea in first-class cruising comfort appeal to you? That's how it will be for five glamorous days when you sail away from Sydney on a return trip to Tasmania aboard the "Empress of Australia". Could you enjoy cordon bleu meals served in the superb dining room of the Empress? Would you be in the mood for the gay, nightclub atmosphere of the cocktail bar and dance floor? How would you and your family react to a card room, a

kiddies' playroom, a milk bar and shop, to name just a few of the facilities aboard the Empress?

Would you be delighted to discover that the cabin comfort aboard the Empress is equalled only by the newest and biggest overseas liners?

Would you be tickled pink to know that you can take your car with you? (Just drive aboard and forty hours later you're driving off the Empress and into Tasmania, returning to Sydney on a later voyage.)

If these things sound good to you, if you don't mind living like a seagoing millionaire for five days, then the "Empress of Australia" is for you.

* \$68 is the peak season price—off-season the "Empress of Australia" round-trip costs you even less.

PLAN NOW FOR A
MILLIONAIRE HOLIDAY BY

SEAROAD

TO TASMANIA

("Empress of Australia")

Book at any office of the Principal Passenger Agents

UNION STEAM SHIP CO.

OF N.Z. LTD.,

the Tasmanian Government Tourist Bureau or any recognised travel agent.

OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL LINE

"Picking out the silverware," Polly said. "Picking out the china pattern. Picking out the glassware. That's three times. OK?"

"I spent about a thousand hours with you in Moosop and O'Gorski's china and silver department and now you say I didn't take any responsibility," Crosby said, indignantly. "Boy!"

"You didn't open your mouth," Polly told him. "Every time I asked you if you liked something you just shrugged and said, 'If you like it, it's fine by me.' This is taking responsibility?"

CROSBY said, "What do I know about silver? A fork is a fork. A spoon is a spoon. A knife is a knife. A spoon is a spoon."

"Kindly stop that," Polly said, in ominous tones. "Just kindly stop that this minute, if you don't mind."

"I don't see why people can't plan a wedding without people yelling at other people," Crosby yelled.

"Nobody is yelling!" Polly yelled.

"I thought people in weddings were supposed to be happy," Crosby said. "Happy Laughing. Ha-ha. Ho-ho."

"I'm happy," Polly said. "I've never been so happy in my whole life." Two big tears rolled down her cheeks. "I'm terribly, terribly happy," she said, with a sob.

"Aw, Polly," Crosby said. "Please don't cry."

"Who's crying?" Polly said, mopping her eyes. "Why should I be crying? I'm insanely happy."

"That's good," Crosby said. Polly sniffed, and blew her nose. "If you're so happy, then how come you're crying?" Crosby asked her.

"I don't know," Polly said, and she blew her nose. "It's just that you keep talking about geraniums and money and — and —"

"And what?" Crosby asked. "It makes me nervous," Polly said, with a final hiccup.

"Handsome!" I cried, suddenly. "That's it!" Polly and Crosby looked at me inquiringly. "Handsome cheese board!" I said.

Sally returned to the United States exactly two weeks before the wedding and rushed over to the apartment to show us her new hair that she had purchased duty-free at Shannon Airport.

"I'm going to wear it on top of my real hair for the wedding," Sally reported enthusiastically. "With just a tiny velvet bow at the side."

"I'm sorry, Sally," I said, "but the bridesmaids are all going to twine wreaths of fresh daisies in their hair. No tiny velvet bows." Sally's face darkened. "Beautiful, yellow, live daisies!" I hurried on in gushing tones. "Lovely, lovely daisies!"

Sally said that she was allergic to daisies. "I sneeze," Sally informed me, "and my eyes water and my nose swells up. Sometimes I break out in hives."

"Polly, why don't you tell Sally about your wedding presents?" I said in the hope of getting Sally's mind off her allergies. Polly clasped her hands together in ecstasy.

"Oh, Sally, they're beautiful," she said. "We got a sterling silver tea tray and a mahogany salad bowl and a set of Orrefors crystal and a set of Wedgwood dessert plates. And five cheese boards. And an ugly Tasmanian something with no card. Wait until you see it. You'll die!"

"Oh?" Sally said. "Really?" "Endsville!" Polly assured her. "I'm terribly sorry you don't like it," Sally said icily. "I sent it, and it happens to be an extremely rare and valuable Tasmanian artifact."

"Oh?" Polly said. "It is?" She swallowed, and added faintly, "I didn't realise that Tasmania was on your itinerary, Sally." But just then Alice burst breathlessly into the apartment and I felt I couldn't bear any more.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

"I am going out," I said, putting on my jacket grimly.

I wandered down the block toward the Community Centre. As I passed Moosop and O'Gorski's, Mr. Glescowitz pounced out at me and said, "Podden I should esk, but hommany ushers you planning to have by this wedding?"

I had now reached the point where certain words, or certain combinations of words, set off predictable automatic reactions in my nervous system, much as the sound of a bell triggered a predictable reaction in Pavlov's dog. "Ushers" happened to be one of these words

(along with "Alice says," "Camelot," "pew ribbons," and "imported French champagne"), so when Mr. Glescowitz asked me how many ushers, I cried out, "What now? What's wrong? Tell me!"

"No, no, nothing is wrong," Mr. Glescowitz said soothingly. "Is just that every day comes by me in the mail from another usher his measurements."

"There are only four ushers in the wedding party," Mr. Glescowitz gave a brief laugh.

"By you maybe is four," he said.

To page 80

THE BOYFRIEND



"The only part he enjoyed was the interval!"



K3055 Mosaic Pendant \$13.90



K231 Solo Bedlamp \$13.90

S.E.C. Approval No. V1-SC; K231



Cadenzia Merant. Available in 10", 12" and 16" diameters. From \$8.00



K411 Solray \$6.90



K3051 Honeygold Pendant \$13.90



K6765 Gaudin. Black, weatherproof \$7.95



K5108 Wood-grain surface-mounting \$12.50



Strathesk. Available in 10", 12" and 16" diameters. From \$6.35

So many bright gift ideas,
Kempthorne could write a book about them.

In fact, we have!



Our Kempthorne "Book of Lighting" shows you 300 exciting fittings photographed in colour! May we send you a copy, FREE? We're sure you'll find several very special gifts for very special friends. Gifts that will be appreciated long past Christmas, 1967.

Your "Book of Lighting" will arrive in a day or two — but if you're Christmas shopping today why not take a look at the range of Kempthorne fittings at your lighting store? You may find just what you want!

Please send me without obligation the "Kempthorne Book of Lighting"

Name

Address

State

KEMPTHORNE

Post 101 Kempthorne, P.O. Box 133, Clayton, Victoria 3168

"but by me is already a minimum height." He pulled out his notebook. "Is listed here measurements from Altschuler, from Godwin, from Henry, from Perry, from Hushmiller, from Jones, from Endicott, and from Lawrence. By you dot's four?"

"Well, first of all, Godwin and Hushmiller went to Europe," I told him. "Perry and Henry are one person — Perry Henry. And Lawrence isn't an usher at all — he's the best man."

"Aha!" Mr. Glescowitz cried. "By him I am getting in the mail postcards from Indians, postcards from waterfalls, postcards from canoes, every day comes a postcard with the name from a new usher and the measurement from a new neck. I am dealing here with a crazy person, yes or no?"

"Mr. Lawrence is spending the

summer taking a canoe trip to Mexico," I said. Mr. Glescowitz sighed, turning on his heel and vanishing back into Moosop and O'Gorski's.

I continued thoughtfully on to the Community Centre, which was deserted except for Mr. Johanssen, the painter, who was apathetically stirring a bucket of white paint in the middle of the ballroom. I sat down on the window seat and watched him for a while.

"Well, I see we're ready to start painting the ballroom at last, Mr. Johanssen," I said after a while. Mr. Johanssen said, "Yup," and kept on stirring. "Only two weeks to the wedding!" I added. "It's hard to believe it's SO CLOSE!"

At that instant the double doors of the ballroom burst open and

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

Mrs. Fullmer, the Community Centre Day Camp drama coach, sailed in followed by the Day Camp drama class, twenty-two strong, including Morton.

"So sorry, Mr. Johanssen," Mrs. Fullmer said, "but the elementary-school stage is in use and the director kindly gave us permission to rehearse the Snowflake Pageant in here." She began to shepherd the drama class into the room.

"Places, everyone!" she called, clapping her hands together. "Fairy Queen in the centre. No, Morton, dear, you are not the Fairy Queen. That will do, Morton — you have a lovely, lovely

part, dear. Frog Prince, over here, please. If you don't mind, Mrs. Paulson — you are sitting on the Frog Prince's lily pads." I sprang up hastily from the window seat. "So kind," Mrs. Fullmer murmured.

"I got orders to paint this ballroom," Mr. Johanssen said. "I don't know nothing about no Snowflake Pageants."

"Perhaps you could paint one of the other rooms instead," Mrs. Fullmer suggested sweetly. "Morton, that is a very ugly noise you made at Cynthia and I don't want to hear it again."

"It's madly inconvenient," I

said to Mrs. Fullmer. "Mr. Johanssen is all set up in here and the Centre simply must be finished in two weeks and this room is by far the most difficult to do."

"Don't matter to me one way or t'other," Mr. Johanssen said, gathering up his buckets and brushes. "I don't care whether I do the ballroom or the bathroom, it's all the same to me."

"Oh, well," I said, resignedly. "I suppose there's no help for it."

"Isn't Mrs. Paulson a good kind person to let us use this room?" Mrs. Fullmer said to her class. "Shall we all say 'Thank you, dear kind good Mrs. Paulson'?"

"No need!" I said hastily, backing toward the door.

"Thank you, dear good kind Mrs. Paulson," the drama class chorused after me. Morton kicked the Fairy Queen and made an ugly noise at Cynthia again.

"What makes good sense to a family who wants to save good money?" (Asks Mrs. Helen McDermott)



Freezers

G.E. freezers save you money and time.

You can buy foods and freeze them at the height of the harvest when prices are lower.

Buy meat in bulk at big savings.

Pre-cooked meals can be frozen.

Cocktail snacks or complete meals can be prepared weeks in advance.

Holds a thumping 290 lbs. of frozen food.

G.E. freezers are economical to use and in operation.

For each G.E. freezer there is a style matched G.E. refrigerator for side-by-side use.



Model illustrated—CA13DC—13 cu. ft.
Also available—CA9DC—9 cu. ft.
And CA11DC—11 cu. ft.

G.E. Hi-Fi radio-stereogram:

*6 speakers — 60 watts output
*Exclusive "Flight-Deck" control panel.
*Truly outstanding frequency range.



G.E. 3-in-1 TV-radio-stereogram:

*Big 25" sealed beam picture tube.
*Super-selective AM radio tuner.
*Professional Garrard 3000 record changer.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

*Trademark of General Electric Co., U.S.A.

P

PUDDY was waiting for me in front of the door when I came home.

"Puddy!" I said, picking him up and kissing him on the ear. "Whosa poosa woosa doosa?" I inquired. He began to purr. "Fallel wuffel puffel pool!" I said, kissing him again. "Foo pool! — Oh, hello there, Captain Archibald."

"Hello," Captain Archibald said, and sidled past me to his door, his arms full of groceries. I put Puddy down and went into my own apartment. Polly looked up expressionlessly when I came in.

"The silver is monogrammed all wrong," she informed me with deadly calm. "It will all have to be returned or done over or erased or something." I asked who had told her the silver was monogrammed all wrong. "Alice," she said.

"Ah," I said. "Alice."

"It should have been monogrammed with my first initial and Crosby's first initial and the initial of our married name in the middle," Polly said. Instead we ordered it with my first initial and my maiden initial and the initial of our married name in the middle."

"Which happens to be the correct manner for the bride-to-be's monogram to be engraved," I said.

"It's all wrong, Mother," Polly said again, "and that's all there is to it — wrong, wrong, WRONG!"

"Don't get that tone in your voice," I said to her, warningly. "I can't stand it when you get that tone in your voice because it makes me want to SCREAM!"

"I have no tone in my voice," Polly said. "I am simply attempting to convey to you the fact that four sterling silver place settings, one gravy spoon, one pierced vegetable spoon, one cold-meat fork, and one cake knife are monogrammed — all — WRONG!"

We glared at each other, breathing hard.

"I shall call Cartier," I said, at last. "Will you be willing to place the question of which is the correct monogram in the hands of Cartier?" As opposed to the hands of your friend Alice Emily Post Amy Vanderbilt President - of - the - World Brownell?" Polly said she supposed so. I picked up the telephone. "Exactly how does the monogram read as it is now engraved?"

"There's a small 'p' on the left," Polly said. "For Paula. And a small 'p' on the right for Paulson. And a big 'A' in the middle."

"For Alice," I said under my breath, and dialled Cartier long-distance. I got through to Mr. Evisham after being shunted by the switchboard operator from Sterling Flatware to Cabochard Emeralds to Stationery and Engraving.

Mr. Evisham listened politely to the problem and when I had finished gave it as his considered opinion that some persons might use the groom's initial in the monogram, but that Cartier considered it just a bit — well, not pushy. Mr. Evisham said, but a bit much, if I knew what he meant.

"Are you satisfied?" I asked Polly after I had hung up and

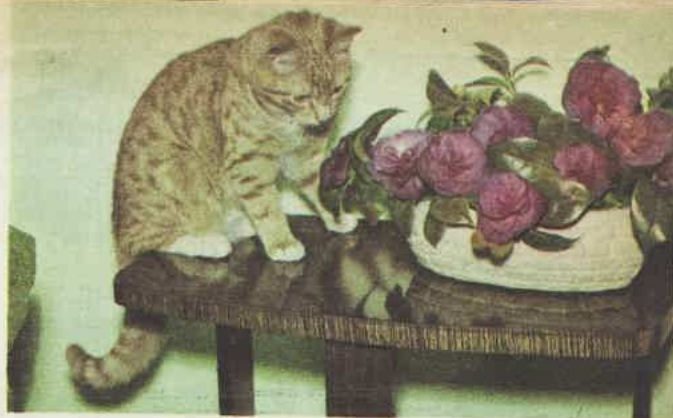
To page 82

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Send in entries for Cats' Whiskas Picture Contest

● The cat, right, investigating the bowl of flowers is named Elizabeth, and this picture has won the second progress prize of \$20 in our Cats' Whiskas Picture Contest for Mr. Hayden J. Bingham, of 80 Sandringham Road, Sandringham, Vic.

● Cat named Elizabeth, right, with bowl of flowers wins the second and last \$20 progress prize in our Cats' Whiskas Picture Contest.



Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'

(Easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over)*

MAGLIA SWIMSUIT STYLE 915



Scarlet and banded in blue. A swim slimmer with fine little shoulder straps by Maglia. The style is perfect. The fit, great. Now check the label. It says 'Bri-Nylon'? Go ahead — you're assured of the quality. 'Bri-Nylon' means easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over. 'Bri-Nylon' means value for the price you pay. 'Bri-Nylon' puts the fun back into shopping for clothes. Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'!



This label* looks after the quality

FIBREMAKERS LTD

95 Collins Street, Melbourne;
55 Hunter Street, Sydney.

Bri-Nylon is a registered trade mark.

Page 81

WE have already received hundreds of entries for the contest, but there is still time for you to send in a cat picture — the contest closes on November 24.

It is a contest for cat-lovers — and it doesn't matter what kind of cat is your favorite.

Blue-ribboned aristocrats have no special advantages over alley-style ruffians. Prizes are for the best cat pictures, not necessarily the best cat.

Photographs may be black-and-white, color prints, or color transparencies. All stand an equal chance.

The best entry received from each State will win a cash prize of \$100. The national winner, chosen from the State finalists, will be awarded an additional \$750, making a total of \$850.

State finalists can also choose \$30 worth of film and the national winner an additional \$70 worth of film.

There are also 300 consolation prizes of a month's supply of Jellymeat Whiskas — a case containing 36 tins.

Amusing, too

Pose your cat, or creep up on it unawares, according to what sort of picture you are after: A cat candid or a more serious study. There are certain to be amusing cat pictures as well as beautiful ones.

Send the picture to "Cats' Whiskas Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.

Judges are noted Australian photographer Laurence Le Guay and the Art Directors of The Australian Women's Weekly and of George Patterson Pty. Ltd.

The judges' decisions will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into.

The contest closes on November 24, and results will be announced in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly dated December 27.

Entries will be returned after the contest only if accompanied by a fully stamped, self-addressed envelope.

This contest is not open to employees of Australian Consolidated Press, Uncle Ben's Inc., and their advertising agencies, or to the families of employees.

For further details, see page 70.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 22, 1967

worried about grey hairs?



then lather them away quickly, easily...with

LOREAL OF PARIS Color-Match*

SEMI-PERMANENT HAIR COLOURING

'COLOR-MATCH' is not a tint or dye. It is a wonderful semi-permanent colouring which cleverly blends in any grey hairs without changing your own natural colour. 'COLOR-MATCH' is safe and simple to use. No mixing. Contains no peroxide. Just lather it in and the colour lasts for weeks. Look younger, prettier with 'COLOR-MATCH'. Your choice of 6 natural shades.

Available at chemists everywhere and selected department stores.

95°



LOREAL OF PARIS PRODUCTS ARE MADE IN AUSTRALIA FOR NICHOLAS MARGERY PTY. LTD.



If your child won't eat...

give him some 'get up and grow' with **INCREMIN***

If your child is finicky about food—don't worry. Just a daily serving of cherry flavoured Incremin will renew natural, healthy hunger. Your chemist will tell you that Incremin contains essential vitamins, iron and L-lysine (the appetite stimulant). When children are poor eaters, listless or recovering from an illness, Incremin will restore health and energy through hearty eating. Incremin makes kiddies 'get up and grow'.

INCREMIN* the tonic appetite stimulant with a delicious cherry flavour
Lederte LEDERLE LABORATORIES

ORDER

The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

EVERY WEEK

had relayed the message to her. "I hope there are no more social bulletins from Alice at the moment, because I have a splitting headache."

Polly said that as a matter of fact Alice had thought of a wonderful idea for the wedding.

"Well, I don't want to hear it," I said. "This wedding started out to be a simple affair and it is rapidly turning into something resembling a three-day national festival in the Polish Ukraine."

"Alice's idea is to have an awning," Polly said. "It's a striped awning that stretches from the kerb to the entrance to the church. It protects the bride on her way in."

"Protects the bride from what?" I inquired caustically. "A rain of frogs?"

"This awning only costs twenty-five dollars to rent," Polly said. I turned on her furiously.

"What do you mean, 'only twenty-five dollars?' I demanded. 'I am getting good and sick of this 'only' note that has crept into the conversation lately. The five-tier cake is 'only' fifteen dollars more than the four-tier cake. The peau-de-soie wedding shoes are 'only' ten dollars more than the satin wedding shoes."

WITH an effort I stopped and counted, slowly, under my breath to ten.

"This entire thing has got completely out of hand," I went on in a grim voice, "but it is now about to come under my direct control once more. You and I are going to sit down and get a few things straight." Polly said she had an appointment with Crosby to go downtown and look at wedding rings. "Wedding rings can wait," I said. "Call him up and postpone this appointment." Polly went to the telephone. "Only" indeed! I said.

"I can't look at rings this afternoon," Polly said to Crosby on the phone. "My mother wants to get things organised. She's very nervous."

"I am—not—nervous!" I said. She hung up hastily. "Get the list," I commanded. Polly wanted to know which list.

"The guest list or the RSVP list or the gift list or the list of who's going to sit in the family pews?" she asked.

"All of them," I said. She got them out of the desk drawer. "Sit down on that side of the table," I said, "and I will sit down on this side of the table and we'll proceed in a sensible manner."

We sat down. I placed a pencil and a pad of yellow paper on the table in front of me.

"I now want you to tell me," I said, "once and for all, the names of the ushers. Not the ushers who have left for Rome and London and Athens but the names of the ushers who are scheduled to usher the guests to their seats at your wedding."

"Well, there's Eberhardt Altschuler," Polly said, counting the names off on her fingers. "Then there's Perry."

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

Henry and probably Gary Endicott."

"Probably?" I said. "Why 'probably'?"

"He had mononucleosis last month," Polly said. "They're taking a white blood count Saturday."

I picked up the pencil and printed "FOLLOW UP!" on the yellow pad, and underneath I wrote "Mono—white Blood Count?" "Very well," I said. "Now, I assume that all of these ushers will be present at the wedding rehearsal, which is scheduled for 6 p.m. on Friday."

"Oh, the rehearsal is changed," Polly said. "Didn't I remember to tell you? It's going to be Saturday morning at ten o'clock—Reverend Mitchell says he doesn't believe in wedding rehearsals the night before the wedding."

"Oh, he doesn't, doesn't he?" I said. "And when, pray, did the Reverend Mitchell express this opinion to you?"

"When he had his regular pre-wedding talk with Crosby and me the other night," Polly said. "He said that if the rehearsal is the same night as the bridal dinner some of the gentlemen in the wedding party are apt to be in their cups after partaking too generously of the fruit of the grape." I gave her a look.

"Well, that's the way Reverend Mitchell talks," Polly said defensively.

"I thought this big pre-wedding talk he gives was supposed to be about the spiritual side of marriage," I said. "What else did he warn you about besides the danger of drunken ushers?"

Polly thought for a moment. "He told Crosby to be sure to black the soles of his shoes for the ceremony," she said at last.

"OK," I said. "Let's get back to the rehearsal. Are all the ushers going to be there Saturday morning for certain sure?" Polly said of course, except for Perry. I drummed my fingers on the desk top.

"Don't get excited, Mother," Polly said. "We told you about Perry at least a million times."

"Tell me again," I said. "Perry is bringing Anita in from Boston at noon on Saturday," Polly said. "Anita has a biology lab Saturday morning and she can't leave Boston until after it's over."

"What you are actually telling me is that neither Anita nor Perry will be present at the rehearsal," I said. "Is that correct?" Polly said it was correct but that I shouldn't get excited.

"Stop telling me not to get excited!" I said. "I'm not the least bit excited. I am simply attempting to introduce a minimum of order into this overwhelming chaos."

"What are you shouting about, dear?" my mother asked, entering the apartment with a big, lumpy parcel in her arms. "I just passed a nice-looking man in the hall. Who is he? Is he married?"

"He's an airline pilot," Polly said. "He's a bachelor. He despises Puddy. What's in the package?"

My mother handed Polly the package. "It's from Aunt Olivia," my mother said. Polly ripped it open. "Poor thing," my mother said. "It's her old wedding veil." Polly eyed the wedding veil with distaste. "She wrote me the sweetest letter," my mother said. "She can't be at the wedding but she wants you to wear it."

"But I already have my wedding veil," Polly said. "Anyway, this one is all yellow and mildewed."

My mother told her that was because it was an heirloom. "It was hand-woven and it's extremely valuable."

Polly said it smelled mouldy and that she wasn't going to wear it under any circumstances. My mother said very well but Aunt Olivia would be terribly hurt, poor thing. I took my pencil and wrote "Old Veil?" on the yellow pad under "Mono—White Blood Count?"

"I just saw Lydia Fenstermacher in Moosop and O'Gorski's," my mother said. "Have you decided yet what to do about the Fenstermachers?"

"Yes, I've decided," I said. "I'm going to do nothing about the Fenstermachers because the guest list is already up to one hundred and thirty-eight and I am now drawing the line. I am drawing it at the Fenstermachers."

"I was in Moosop and O'Gorski's last week, Grandma," Polly said. "I picked out my china pattern. It's beautiful—it's called Camelot. Isn't that a coincidence? I mean, with my Camelot train and Richard Burton and everything."

"Polly," I said sternly, "if you don't mind, let's drop Richard Burton for the moment and get on with this wedding. I want you now to write down for me the name of every single..."

"Puddy!" my mother screamed, leaping up. "The veil! He's got himself tangled up in Aunt Olivia's veil! He'll claw it to pieces!" She made a lunge for Puddy, who was racing hysterically around the room trying to disentangle himself from the veil. "Close the door—he's running outside!" my mother cried, but it was too late. Puddy shot through the open door with my mother in hot pursuit, nearly knocking over a strange man who had just arrived at the top of the stairs.

"Yes?" I said to the man. "What can I do for you?"

"I beg your pardon, but that was a cat that just went by, was it not?" he asked me. I said, impatiently, yes, yes, it was a cat. "Did this cat by chance have on a wedding veil?" he inquired.

"Look," I said, "I happen to be rather busy at the moment, so could you please state your business?"

"Sorry!" he said briskly. "You are the mother of the bride, I presume? I take great

To page 84

KEMPTHORNE 1966 LIGHTING CONTEST WINNERS

Grand Prize:

J. F. Andrews, 77 Fort Street, Maryborough, Queensland, 4650.

Consolation Prizes:

VICTORIA: Mrs. Helen Roussiyen, Flat 10, 8 Pasley Street, South Yarra, 3141. Mrs. B. Steen, 74 McKinnon Road, McKinnon, 3204. Mr. G. V. Betteridge, 4 Hinchcliff Crescent, Newcomb, 3219. Mrs. Anna Segina, 77 Augustine Terrace, Glenroy, 3046. Mrs. G. L. Hughes, 8 Norman Avenue, Frankston, 3199. Mrs. Margaret Collins, 11 Elit Crescent, Noble Park, 3174.

N.S.W.: B. Lacey, 47 Garden Avenue, Figtree, 2500. Mrs. J. Boyd, 18 Caloola Crescent, Beverly Hills, 2209. Mrs. E. Farmer, 3 Johnston Avenue, Kirrawee, 2232. Mrs. L. Sampson, Flat 2, 56 Parthenia Street, Dolan's Bay. Mrs. P. Davies, 38 Greville Street, Randwick, 2031. Mrs. J. Brownlee, 600 Main Road, Wombarra, 2512.

A.C.T.: Mrs. A. D. Clark, 25 Manning Street, Watson, A.C.T., 2602. A. L. Packham, Gibbs Street, Hall, A.C.T., 2600. Eva M. Burd, 5 Adams Place, Watson, A.C.T., 2602. Renata A. Gill, 34 Barrallier Street, Manuka, A.C.T., 2603. Mrs. J. Johnson, 14 Padbury Street, Downer, A.C.T., 2602. Mrs. V. B. Gleeson, 36 Gladden Street, Chiffley, A.C.T., 2606.

QUEENSLAND: Mrs. M. J. Brandenburg, 104 Nelson Street, Corinda, 4075. Mrs. B. M. Deacon, 3 Webster Street, Mundingburra, Townsville, 4812. Mrs. H. W. Thompson, 111 Taylor Street, Toowoomba, 4350. Mrs. P. Christensen, 22 Harvey Street, Mackay, 4740. Lynette Shield, 27 Sheffield Street, Oxley, 4075. Mrs. D. J. Percival, 97 Martha Street, Camp Hill, 4152.

S.A.: Miss Caroline Crawford, 62 Lyons Road, Holden Hill, 5088. Mollie Nestlany, 12 Jersey Street, Naracoorte, 5271. Mrs. R. Crawford, 62 Lyons Road, Holden Hill, 5088. Dulcie Tulloch, 23 Brown Road, Christie's Beach, 5165. Mrs. E. Jenner, 5 Lee Street, Eden Hills, 5050. Mrs. H. A. Eland, 26 Glenhuntingly Street, Woodville, 5011.

W.A.: M. R. Chadwick, 70 Austin Avenue, Kenwick, 6107. Mrs. Garth O. Kowald, Mugga-Wogga, Cannan, 6627. M. J. Young, Carmel Road, Carmel, 6076. Mrs. V. T. Mengler, P.O. Box 1, Tenterden, 6322. Mrs. Ann Wood, 23 Pitt Street, South Perth, 6151. Mrs. J. McMahon, 14 Bussell Road, Wembley Downs, 6019.

TASMANIA: Mrs. Jenni Bletz, East Crescent, Midway Point, Hobart, 7171. Mrs. Nancy Fromberg, 140 Trevor Street, Ulverstone, 7315. Mrs. P. M. Eaton, Main Road, Kingston, 7150. Mrs. Patricia E. Hall, 23 Hymettus Street, Howrah, 7018. Mrs. John Kirkpatrick, 15 Henry Street, Hayes Estate, Burnie, 7320. Miss Daire Lohay, Tunbridge, 7208.



Mrs. H. WIFE

"I would rather stay home, but Ron needs the rest."

It's time women had a little more comfort.



This is it. Soft Impressions. The new Kotex with the softly dimpled texture that takes moisture below the surface.

Still with the famous polythene panel that gives absolute protection — but with a completely new dimension in comfort. So when you see this new package — pick it up. You'll be pleased.

When a girl
wants to feel well
on those unwell days—
only **cyclopane**
TABLETS
will do



Today's women are right to demand a genuinely feminine answer to a very personal feminine difficulty. As a modern woman, then, you should know about **Cyclopane Tablets!**

First, during those trying pre-menstrual days, **Cyclopane Tablets**, working gently and effectively, will bring you calm and comfort.

But they go further. **Cyclopane's** balanced formula continues to work right through your period, too—relieving pain, cramps, backache... **Cyclopane Tablets** leave you relaxed and cheerful, free to accept and enjoy every social engagement.

cyclopane
TABLETS

to feel well on those unwell days

Now—from your chemist only.
A product of SERA.

357CYC

The Roller

is the most important part of a blind
so make certain yours are fitted with



"Eclipse" self-acting spring rollers give dependable lifetime service because they are made of special close-grained timber and powered by springs of finest tempered Swedish spring steel.

WHEN BUYING YOUR BLINDS LOOK FOR "Eclipse" STAMPED HERE.



For complete satisfaction, always insist on
The World's Best is Australia's Best!

look alive with
The Bulletin
Political Comment • News & Views
EVERY WEEK, ONLY 20c

EVERY DAY
IS
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
DAY

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

pleasure in introducing myself—Max Moffo, of Max Moffo and his Merry Massachussetts Melodeers." He swept off his hat with a flourish. "I am here to finalise the details of your daughter's wedding reception." I invited Mr. Moffo to step inside. He put his hat on the table and opened a big black notebook with an air of importance. "You want we should come as gipsies?" he said to me, gold fountain pen poised.

I stared at him blankly. "A band of gaily appressed Roman gipsies," he explained. "Costs nothing extra, lends a touch of color to the festivities. No gipsies? Well, then, how about a band of pirates? Crimson sashes, black eye-patches, selections from 'Pinafore'—Oh we sail the ocean blue! And our saucy ships a beauty!—No pirates, either?" He shook his head sadly. "It's your wedding reception," he said, "but personally I think you're making a big mistake."

"Kindly just come as people," I told Mr. Moffo firmly. He wrote something down in the notebook, and then he asked Polly if she had any favorite selections that she would like played at the reception.

"Oh, yes!" Polly said. "Can you play 'Camelot'? That's my favorite song in the whole world."

MR. MOFFO made another entry in the notebook. "When you hear Max Moffo and his Merry Melodeers play 'Camelot,'" he assured Polly, "it will be like you have never before heard 'Camelot' rendered by human instruments." At this juncture my mother came back into the apartment, breathing heavily, and collapsed into the desk chair.

"I got the veil away from Puddy," she said, panting. "Hot!" She picked up the yellow pad to fan herself. "What's this?" she cried, staring at it. "Mono—White Blood Count?" she read aloud. "Tell me—don't try and spare me! Who is it? Who's sick?"

"Nobody's sick, Mother," I said. "Don't get excited."

"It's Polly!" my mother said. "How bad is it? What does the doctor say?"

"Nobody is sick!" I said loudly. "It's one of the ushers."

"You're trying to spare me," my mother said. "Nobody is trying to spare you!" I said.

"That child has looked like a ghost ever since she came home from college," my mother said. "I knew something was wrong. A grandmother's heart always knows." "It's Gary Endicott!" I shouted at her. "Nobody looks like a ghost! Nothing is wrong! Calm down!" We both glared at each other in silence for a minute.

"If she ate a piece of calf's liver once in a while she might have some color in her face," my mother said.

Mr. Moffo cleared his throat and said he would be running along now if he could have his hat, please? We discovered the hat in the kitchen after a brief search. Puddy had dragged it inside one of the cupboards and made a nest out of it.

"I'm so sorry," I told Mr. Moffo. "He must have trampled it down or chewed it or something—it looks just awful."

"Think nothing of it," Mr. Moffo said, politely. "Once it's blocked and steamed it should be almost as good as new. I bid you good day."

He backed out of the apartment, nearly colliding in the doorway with the Moosop and O'Gorski delivery man.

"Oh, goody!" Polly cried. "Here's the stuff I bought at the White Sales!" She took the packages from the delivery man and began to open them feverishly, her eyes shining. "Look!" she said, and held up a black net bathing suit.

"How come?" I said. "Because a person can't go on her honeymoon wearing last year's gingham suit that a child of five would wear, for heaven's sake!" Polly informed me. "Anyway it was a big bargain—it was reduced to only fifteen dollars."

After that she hauled out of the packages, in rapid succession, a black chiffon nightgown (because her entire life a person has wanted a black chiffon nightgown), a pink silk nightgown (because a bride can never have too many nightgowns), a pair of babydoll pyjamas (because a person can't spend her entire life in chiffon nightgowns), and a white chiffon peignoir (because a person can't wear her old flannel bathrobe from college on her wedding night. For heaven's sake!).

FROM THE BIBLE

● *Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.*

— *Philippians 2; 3.*

Also, a blue cotton housecoat (because a person needs an everyday housecoat. To dust in, and things), four steel guitar strings (no explanation), an orange linen dress (to wear at the bridal dinner. Crosby's mother is having torches on the lawn. A person can't wear her old pink brocade with torches), a pair of orange linen pumps (only eighteen dollars. To wear with orange linen dress), and a pair of orange enamel earrings (if a person had pierced ears a person could pick up lovely earrings like these at only half the price).

Also, five sterling silver bud vases (gifts for the bridesmaids), a pottery bowl with "Kitty" hand-painted on it (imported from France. Because nobody ever buys poor darling Puddy Tat a present), and a pair of black lace panties (because they were reduced to only three dollars).

"And I saw the most heavenly Italian knit for only forty-five dollars!" Polly said. "Look, dear," I said, managing to ignore this final "only." "I don't mean to nag, but where are the sheets? Where are the pillowcases? Where are the towels? Do you plan to spend the rest of your life in a motel room changing nightgowns every hour on the hour? Life is real, you know. Life is earnest. People use laundry."

"This is strange," Polly said, puzzled. "Here's another package, all gift-wrapped and everything. I know—it must be a present from somebody that Moosop and O'Gorski sent over with the other stuff." She opened it. It was a wooden cheese board with a cunning little knife attached to it.

"A person can never have too many cheese boards," my mother said. "Who sent it?"

Polly looked at the gift card. "Mr. and Mrs. Harvey

Fenstermacher sent it," she said.

"Oh, well," I said, pulling open the desk drawer and taking out the guest list. "When you get right down to it, it's only two more people."

NORTH BRATTLEBORO TO WELCOME 25 FOREIGN STUDENTS

Twenty-five students from foreign nations will arrive in North Brattleboro today, Thursday, as part of a Student Cultural Exchange program arranged through the co-operation of the U.S. State Department.

The students, many of them from emerging nations, are on their way to colleges and universities throughout the country.

"We chose North Brattleboro as one of the participating towns," a State Department spokesman said, "in order to give these students, who are visiting America for the first time, an opportunity to observe daily life in a typical New England household."

Mrs. Harvey Fenstermacher, chairman of the North Brattleboro Committee for Cultural Exchange, said: "I thank all the residents who have opened their hearts and homes to these young people."

The students will arrive by bus this afternoon.

North Brattleboro (Mass.)
Weekly "Clarion,"
August, 18, 1966.

The doorbell rang. "This had better be Bentley," I said, picking my way through the half-packed cartons, oceans of shavings, piles of record albums, bundles of textbooks, and old issues of the Wisconsin "Octopus" that took up every inch of space on the living-room floor. "The day before the wedding and the best man still isn't back in Massachusetts!"

I flung open the door to reveal a small, coffee-colored Hindu standing there in a tunic and sandals and with a turban wrapped around his head. He had a short beard, neatly encased in a hair net, and he was carrying an Air India flight bag.

"Mrs. Paulson?" he inquired politely. "I am Hakim Abdullah Bandershee."

"Ha?" I said. "From the Student Cultural Exchange program," he said. "It is possible that I have the wrong address?" He consulted a slip of paper in his hand. "Mrs. Helene Paulson? Wellfleet Road?"

"Ha?" I said again. Polly emerged from her room. "Is it Bentley, Mother?" Polly asked.

"No, dear," I said. "It's not Bentley. Won't you come in?" I said to Hakim. He stepped into the room and made a sweeping obeisance, his forehead nearly touching his sandals.

"Shirvana Vishnavani," he said, or something that sounded like it.

"This is Hakim Abdullah Bandershee," I said to Polly. "From the Student Cultural Exchange. Excuse me for a moment, but I must make a telephone call." I rushed into my bedroom and closed the door behind me and dialled Mrs. Fenstermacher's number with a trembling hand.

"Helene!" Mrs. Fenstermacher exclaimed. "The mother of the bride! Oh, happy, happy time for you, dear!"

"Lydia, there must be some dreadful mistake," I said. "A person named Hakim Ab..."

"You are an absolute angel to take Hakim under these circumstances," Mrs. Fenstermacher told me. "So unselfish of you, so conscious of your obligations. Magnificent!"

To page 87

Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

303 STAMPS 25c FROM ALL PARTS OF WORLD



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER to new approval applicants, a wonderful collection of 303 different genuine postage stamps from all parts of the world, including giant multi-colored cat stamp from Ras Al Khaima (in the Persian Gulf), Jamaican stamp featuring Miss World Beauty Queen, Tahitian native girl musicians, pictorials, commemoratives, etc. All for 25c each, free. An exciting selection of interesting pictorial stamps from faraway places will also be enclosed on 14 days' approval (no obligation to buy), plus a FREE COPY of the interesting and instructive guide "Stamp Collecting Can Be Fun." Send 25c stamps or postal order to Dept. WW.

SEVEN SEAS STAMPS PTY. LTD.
Sterling Street, Dubbo, N.S.W., 2830
(Offer limited to Australian residents. One collection only to each applicant.)

Nail biter's nails

keep away the males

Are you lonely—and wonder why? The truth is that no man is attracted by ugly, bitten down nails. You need Stop 'n Grow, the wonderful new nail biting deterrent. Stop 'n Grow is instant willpower at your fingertips. Just paint it on. Doesn't show, doesn't stain—goes on over nail polish. You will have long, strong nails in just 3 weeks. Stop 'n Grow—from chemists.

ppp



DON'T EXPERIMENT WITH YOUR RHEUMATISM...

You can rely on De Witt's Pills to bring you fast relief. In more than 80 countries, De Witt's Pills are trusted for safe relief of backache and the pain of rheumatism and sciatica. Take De Witt's Pills—the trusted remedy.

De Witt's Pills



JAPAN

2 exciting tours



GOLDEN ORIENT HOLIDAYS
from \$890*

18 or 23 DAYS —
WEEKLY DEPARTURES
Visit Singapore, Bangkok,
Hong Kong, Japan

• This tour includes all meals and first class accommodation with private facilities.

• A Japan Tourist Bureau man meets you at every centre to provide on-the-spot service.



FOUR SEASONS TOURS
from \$1,265*

31 DAYS —
REGULAR DEPARTURES
CHRISTMAS
CHERRY BLOSSOM
SUMMER
AUTUMN

Visit Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Penang, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Japan (including Southern Japan).

• This deluxe tour includes all meals and first-class accommodation with private facilities.

*Fare Sydney/Sydney

BOOK NOW FOR JAPAN —
Major airlines jet you on your way throughout the Orient.

For full details and reservations contact your travel agent or

JAPAN TOURIST BUREAU

Melbourne: 63 4881. Sydney: 27 7133. Brisbane: 23008. Adelaide: 51 2722. Perth: 27 2424. Hobart: 25057. Launceston: 24479.

MAIL THIS COUPON

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
Please send me your brochure for _____
— Golden Orient — Japan
— Four Seasons — Japan

Please mark with X your preference. Details will be forwarded from your nearest I.T.B. office.

CLARA'S QUIRK

By LORIMER HAMMOND



CLARA said to Virginia, "Just for luck, please let me borrow your clover earrings to wear tonight. I've got a date with a new fellow and I need luck because of my dangerous quirk."

Virginia Judson owned a pair of earrings shaped like four-leaf clovers, so they were supposed to be lucky. She and Clara Rossiter were pretty close friends, but somehow Clara hadn't ever told Virginia about the peculiar little trait of character that she called her quirk.

"Quirk?" said Virginia. "What kind of a quirk? Why, is it dangerous?"

"It can get me into trouble," Clara said. "It may seem perfectly harmless, but it has landed me in more than one horrid jam and it might be even worse the next time."

Virginia said: "How does it get you into trouble? What happens? What do you do?"

"I pick threads off people," Clara sheepishly confessed. "No matter if the person is an absolute stranger, whenever I see a loose thread on somebody's clothes, I can't help picking it off."

"Well, for heaven's sake, who could object to that?" Virginia exclaimed. "It's a very considerate thing for you to do. Any nice person ought to appreciate it."

Clara said, "Some people thank me in the nicest way. Others gawk at me with a cold fishy stare as though they think I must be nuts. There are those who have made so much trouble for me that I feel terrified at the sight of a loose thread hanging on anybody."

"Why not leave it alone? You aren't compelled to pick it off," said Virginia. "Yes, I am," declared Clara. "That's how my quirk works. I'd rather not pick the thread off, yet I can't ever withstand the temptation. I simply can't resist it."

"In that case," said Virginia, "you ought to use very careful discretion about the people you pick threads off. You only ought to pick them off the nicest kind of people — the kind you can trust."

"Uh-huh," said Clara. "You would certainly think I could have trusted Mr. Belknap."

"Who's Mr. Belknap?" Virginia asked. "He's a librarian at the public library where I go to get a free look at the expensive fashion magazines. I know his name because he wears a big lapel button with 'Mr. Belknap' printed on it. He is one of those awfully prim-looking librarians who talk in such a refined way that it sounds like saying 'prunes and prisms.' He always seemed to me to be the most proper type of a goody-goody person. You'd never dream you couldn't trust him. So one day when I saw a loose thread on his jacket I didn't hesitate to pick it off."

"So you picked it off," said Virginia. "So then what?"

"So then Mr. Belknap accosted me. Right away Mr. Belknap turned into a wolf. I suppose he must have had the idea that I was aiming a flirtatious pass at him when I picked off the thread. Of course, I wouldn't dream of doing such a thing, but there was no mistake about the passes Mr. Belknap then began to make at me. And I had certainly been mistaken about his goody-goody nature."

Virginia said, "Well, well! That was a rough experience for you and your quirk. However, it merely shows you can't ever trust any man from his looks."

Unthinkingly Clara picked a loose thread from the librarian's coat.

"Yes, but wait till I tell you another experience of mine," said Clara. "In this one, the person I picked the thread off wasn't a man. The thread in this case was on the coat of a pretty little baby girl."

Arching a puzzled eyebrow, Virginia said, "A little kid? How come?"

Clara said, "I was walking alone through the park. A bunch of nursemaids were there with kids in go-carts and baby carriages. One of the kids was a sweet-looking little girl about four years old. She looked like a lovely little angel. I heard her nursemaid call her 'Flossie.'"

"The child had on a pink knitted coat and I saw a loose thread on one shoulder of it. Automatically my quirk impelled me to take hold of the thread and pick it off. But it didn't happen to be really loose. When I tried to pick it off, it pulled the stitching out, so that the whole shoulder of the pink coat came off and sweet little Flossie yelled blue murder at me."

"All the nursemaids and all the kids surrounded me in a screaming, howling mob, accusing me of committing deliberate assault and malicious mischief. They were hollering for a cop but I escaped by legging it out of the park as fast as I could run."

"You poor dear!" Virginia sympathised. "You nearly got pinched for obeying a kindhearted impulse."

"I came nearer than that to getting arrested another time," Clara told her. "On a crowded bus, I stood packed in behind an enormously fat old lady who had a lot of junk jewellery on her. There was a loose thread hanging down the back of her dress. I picked the thread off, as usual — and she felt me do it."

"She turned around and grabbed me, shrieking that I was a sneak-thief pick-pocket trying to rob her of her jewels. She wanted to stop the bus and turn me in to the police and she would have done it if the other passengers hadn't sworn I was innocent."

"Phew!" said Virginia. "With that dangerous quirk of yours, it's a wonder you aren't in jail. By luck you've managed to steer clear of the police."

"No, I haven't," said Clara.

"What do you mean?" Virginia said. "You haven't what?"

"Haven't steered clear of the police," said Clara. "On the avenue, the day before yesterday, I was watching a parade. Cops in spick-and-span uniforms were stationed all along the kerb to keep people out of the street. Right in front of me stood a handsome young cop. There was a loose thread on the back of his tunic, so..."

"Ha! You don't need to tell me," said Virginia. "I can guess what you did. You picked the thread off that cop. So what did the cop do?"

"He was adorable about it," Clara answered dreamily. "I think he's sweet. His name is Cullen — William Cullen. He isn't married and he's the fellow I have the date with tonight. That's why I want to borrow your four-leaf-clover earrings to wear for luck."

(Copyright)



shower fresh...
at the end of the day

Day/Long

DEODORANT, ANTIPERSPIRANT

Roll-on 81c • Refills 63c
Stick 75c • Cream 58c
Aerosol 95c & \$1.45

From Chemists
NYAL COMPANY • SYDNEY



MUSCULAR ACHES

By the time you've read this advertisement your pain could be **GOING!**
Read how a lumbago sufferer got "near miraculous" relief from Mentholatum "Deep Heat" Rub...

"Dear Sir,
After the near miraculous results this week-end I felt I had to write to you to express my gratitude for such a wonderful product.

I had a severe attack of Lumbago, so bad that Saturday morning it took me thirty minutes just to get out of bed. The simplest of movements such as a cough, or even a deep breath brought on excruciating spasms of pain.

I walked about for hours, unable to sit because of the agony involved in getting up again. A friend called and suggested Deep Heat rub. As the shops were shut by then he kindly went home and brought me his own tube. As I stated, the results were little short of miraculous.

I still have a soreness in the base of the spine, but today I have done about five hours work of lifting, bending, stretching without one grab of pain. I thought I would have been off work for a week, but thanks to your Deep Heat, I can carry out my normal duties. A truly wonderful product.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) J. Richmond, Hawthorn.

"DEEP HEAT"

RELIEVES ALL
MUSCULAR ACHES
AND PAINS

EVERY DAY
IS
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
DAY

LOOK ALIVE with
The Bulletin
POLITICAL COMMENT,
NEWS, and VIEWS
EVERY WEEK • ONLY 20c



Heirloom 'Tudor Lodge'; made from 100% Acrilan fibre. Illustrated is 'Seatoness', just one of the many fresh, clean colours in this range.

How can you be sure this fresh, clean sweep of colour will last? Heirloom made it from 100% pure Acrilan. That's how!

This is Heirloom 'Tudor Lodge', planned by a group of modern designers at Felt & Textiles to give your rooms a clean, quiet sweep of colour that will make them seem bright, uncluttered and more spacious.

Heirloom made 'Tudor Lodge' from 100% Acrilan so that its deep, thick pile will spring back from feet and furniture, year after year after year.

Like all Heirloom Carpets, 'Tudor Lodge' is practically child-proof. Those 'little accidents' will be sooner forgotten when you see how marks and spills clean up in minutes without a trace.

Heirloom Carpets offer you a *real* choice – of colours or patterns and natural or modern man-made fibres. So choose from the Heirloom Carpet Stand at good carpet stores and departments now. You'll find the prices as sensible as the carpet!

HEIRLOOM CARPETS

Products of the Carpet Division of Felt & Textiles of Australia Ltd.



See the Heirloom Carpet Carousel now at

HORDERNS



BRICKFIELD HILL
WEST RYDE
WOLLONGONG
ALSO MID-CITY

There are 30 great ways to make your rooms seem bigger with Heirloom's clean, quiet sweep of colour. See them all when you join the happy crowd of carpet hunters now at Horderns' great Heirloom Carpet Carousel. You can phone 20951, or write to P.O. Box 1, Brickfield Hill, Sydney, for free quote.

Terms available at all stores. Free measure and quote in metropolitan areas.



9 clean new colours to choose!
12 feet wide.
\$36.50
a yard.

Heirloom "King's Walk": a clean, quiet sweep of colour that will stay modern as long as it's on your floor. It's made from 100% child-proof Acrilan so you can be sure that will be a long time.



6 subtle shades to choose.
12 feet wide.
\$36.50
a yard.

Heirloom "Town House": the 100% pure Caprolan pile means this fresh, clean sweep of colour will never vanish into your vacuum cleaner.



7 deep-dyed colours to choose.
12 feet wide.
\$36.50
a yard.

Heirloom "Helen Vincent" resists dirt and stains and the 100% Caprolan pile means you can vacuum it as often as you like; you pick up all the dirt but the pile stays in the carpet.



8 fresh tones to choose.
12 feet wide.
\$36.50
a yard.

Heirloom "Tudor Lodge": a carpet that will take all the wear that your family can give it (and that includes the junior members). The pure Acrilan pile springs back after the toughest treatment.

All prices include making, laying and underfelt.

HEIRLOOM CARPETS

Heirloom Carpets are new products of the Carpet Division of Felt & Textiles of Australia Limited.



HORDERNS



P.O. BOX 1 • BRICKFIELD HILL • SYDNEY

MID-CITY • WEST RYDE • WOLLONGONG

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 22, 1967

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

"Lydia," I said. "I'm sorry, but it is completely out of the question for me to..."

"Isn't Hakim a dear, sweet boy?" Lydia said. "He's an Untouchable, you know."

"That's nice," I said. "I mean, that's too bad. Now, see here, Lydia, he cannot, under any circumstances..."

"Your cleaning lady was so cunning over the phone," Mrs. Fenstermacher said. "She quite won my heart with her happy chatter. How do you manage to find them? Those that I get do nothing but stamp about slamming things — never a pleasant word, even at two dollars an hour."

"My cleaning lady?" I said. Mrs. Fenstermacher said yes, yes, my cleaning lady — "Clarice, wasn't that her name?" — at any rate, she had assured Mrs. Fenstermacher that indeed Mrs. Paulson would be most pleased to entertain a house guest for Cultural Exchange weekend.

"There's nothing wrong, is there?" Mrs. Fenstermacher asked. "It would be extremely awkward if we now were forced to try and find another hostess for Hakim."

I SAID, "I realise that, Lydia, and I'm sorry, but you must try and see my..."

"It would be a tragedy," Mrs. Fenstermacher said, darkly. "if Hakim's year in the United States were to be marred at the very outset by an unpleasant incident." I sighed. "A tragedy!" Mrs. Fenstermacher repeated.

"Very well, Lydia," I said, and hung up the phone. I went to the bureau, looked at myself in the mirror, and said to my image, "This is the end. I cannot endure any more. I shall go mad." Then I went back into the living-room, where Hakim was eating oatmeal cookies and drinking a can of beer. He had picked up an old copy of the "Octopus" and was studying it with interest.

"If you will be so kind as to explain," he said. "Is this intended to be a literary publication?"

"It's a college humor magazine," Polly said. "Bentley Lawrence, our best man, was editor last year. It has jokes in it." Hakim looked bewildered. "Funny," Polly said. "Ha-ha. Here, I'll show you." She took the magazine and read aloud. "Waiter: Will you have some pie, sir? Customer: Is it customary? Waiter: No, its huckleberry." Hakim looked more bewildered than ever. "It's a joke," Polly explained.

A great smile spread slowly across Hakim's face and he broke into a high-pitched giggle. The giggle gathered force until he was whooping and gasping with glee.

"It's huckleberry!" Hakim cried between paroxysms. "Oh, that is funny! Funny! My, my, I shall be ill. It's huckleberry! A huckleberry! A huckleberry!" He went off into a fresh spasm of

hilarity, sobbing with glee. "A-ha-ha-ha-ha!" he gurgled. The door opened. Bentley and Crosby stood there.

"A-ha-ha-ha!" Hakim gasped, stamping his sandals in delight. "Huckle-huckle-ha-ha-ha!"

"Who's she?" Bentley asked, scowling at Hakim, who was now doubled over with mirth. "One of the bridesmaids?"

"It's Hakim Abdullah Bandershee," Polly said. "Hakim, this is Bentley Lawrence. Bentley was editor of the 'Octopus'."

"You were the editor?" Hakim exclaimed to Bentley in awe. "I am overwhelmed by the honor of..."

The remembrance of the joke swept over him and he started to giggle again. "A thousand pardons," he gasped, his shoulders heaving. "I must — I must —" It was no use. He was doubled over once more, whooping with delight.

"What the hell's the matter with him?" Bentley asked.

"He read one of your jokes," Polly said. "The one about the waiter and the pie."

"No, it's huckleberry!" Hakim cried, still doubled over. "Oh, my, the master will enjoy that when I return to my country."

"The master of what?" Crosby asked.

"My guru," Hakim explained, giving a last convulsive heave of mirth and finally managing to pull himself together long enough to shake hands with Crosby and Bentley.

"Crosby is the bridegroom," I told Hakim. "He and Polly are going to be married day after tomorrow."

"My deepest congratulations," Hakim said to Crosby. "Your chosen bride is indeed a veritable star of the East, graceful as the willow trees which sway along the sacred stream of Benares." Polly looked pleased. "A jewel in the crown of Allah," Hakim assured Crosby.

"These are just my old dungarees," Polly said, modestly. "And my hair is really a mess today." There was another ring of the doorbell. It was Captain Archibald with a telegram.

"This is for you, I think," he said to Polly, meanwhile eyeing Hakim and his tunic. "It was shoved under my door by mistake."

"I don't believe you've met my daughter's fiance," I said to the captain. "Crosby Adams, Captain James Archibald. Bentley Lawrence. Hakim Abdullah Bandershee. Captain Archibald."

"Congratulations, old chap," Captain Archibald said, giving Hakim a manly handshake. "Best wishes for a life of wedded bliss."

"Crosby is the groom," I told the captain. Captain Archibald shook hands with Bentley. "Congratulations, old chap," he said. "Best wishes for a life of wedded bliss."

"Bentley is the best man," I said. "Crosby is the groom."

The captain finally got everybody sorted out and their hands shaken in order. Hakim made an obeisance to the captain. "A rare honor," he said. "The father of such a beautiful bride is indeed favored of Allah."

"No, Hakim," I said. "Captain Archibald isn't Polly's father. Captain Archibald is..."

"My uncle Frank got in from Topeka this morning," Crosby informed us. "He and my father opened three bottles of champagne already to sample it. My mother is very nervous — she's over at Moosop and O'Gorski's again buying more torches. She keeps buying torches. It calms her down, I guess."

"Did you find out yet exactly which dress your mother is wearing tonight, Crosby?" I asked. Crosby said she was wearing a yellow suit. "A suit?" I said. "To a bridal dinner?" Crosby said, well, maybe not exactly a suit, but it was yellow and had things on the sleeves.

"I certainly hope..." I began, and then turned, startled, as Hakim emitted a sudden whoop. He was deep in the "Octopus" again.

"Each time I read it the humor strikes afresh," Hakim said, apologetically. "No, it's huckleberry! A-ha-ha-ha!" He wiped his eyes.

"Listen to this," Polly said, in disgust, having opened the telegram. "It's from Aunt Olivia. She's coming to the wedding after all, and not only that, she's bringing Bonnie Sue with her."

"What's Bonnie Sue?" Bentley asked. "A sailboat?"

"It's a child," I said.

"A five-year-old child," Polly said.

"Polly, go to the telephone, please," I told her. "Call M. Lamartine in Boston. Inform him that there will be three additional guests at the reception. Then call the Ye Playful Pilgrim Liquor Shoppe. Inform the proprietor, Mister Kretschmer, that the guest list for the Paulson-Adams wedding reception now totals over one hundred and forty persons. After that, go to the medicine cabinet and fetch me my bottle of tranquilizers. Quickly, if you please." The doorbell rang. "Don't answer it," I said, in a conspiratorial whisper. "Perhaps, if we're all very, very quiet, whoever it is will tiptoe away."

"Hi, everybody," Alice said. "The door was unlocked so I came on in."

"It's Alice," I said, to nobody in particular. "Of course, Alice. It would be. I see that now, Alice." Alice said she had been watching the news on television and guess who she saw?

"Yes, let me guess!" I said. "Don't tell me — it's more fun this way. Was it the Archbishop of Canterbury? Was it Eberhardt Altschuler?"

"Why, Mrs. Paulson, you guessed!" Alice exclaimed. "You must be psychic!"

"Well, I am, Alice," I said. "Voices come to me in the night. Oracles whisper. Doves hover."

"They were showing pictures of a big protest march"

To page 88

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



in New York this afternoon and there was Eberhardt Altschuler, big as life, being arrested," Alice said. "He just lay there on the sidewalk and let the police haul him away."

Crosby asked Alice what the marchers had been protesting against. Alice said it was hard to tell.

"Some of them had signs saying 'Get Out of Vietnam,'" Alice reported, "and some of them had signs saying 'Ban The Bomb' and some of them had signs saying 'Go North!' and there was one sign that said 'Re-Elect Water Commissioner Monaghan.' Eberhardt was carrying a sign that said 'Fluoridate Now.'"

"At least old Eberhardt got as far as New York," Crosby said. "Maybe he can still make it to the wedding. If he can raise bail, that is."

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

"I have to run now," Alice said. "I actually just stopped in to find out what time the bridal luncheon is tomorrow, Mrs. Paulson?"

I looked behind me, but it was clear that Alice was speaking directly to me. "I don't know anything about any bridal luncheon," I told her. "What's a bridal luncheon, anyway?"

"It's a luncheon given for the bridesmaids on the day of the wedding," Alice informed me. "It traditionally takes place immediately after the rehearsal."

"I see," I said. "And who, may I inquire, is supposed to tradition-

ally give this so-called traditional bridal luncheon?"

"The mother of the bride," Alice said. I looked at Polly, who was examining her fingernails and humming rather nervously. "Emily Post says it doesn't have to be a formal luncheon," Alice assured me. "As a matter of fact, Emily Post suggests a clear turtle soup, followed by Oysters Terrapin, a tossed salad, and perhaps a simple dessert."

"Clear turtle soup, eh?" I repeated. "Oysters Terrapin and a tossed salad, eh? And dessert? You did mention dessert, Alice?"

"Banana blanc mange," Alice

said. "Or maybe an apricot trifle." I eyed her ominously. "Emily Post says," she added.

"Now don't get excited, Mother," Polly said. "After all, the bridesmaids have to eat somewhere on the day of the wedding."

"I am not excited," I said. "On the contrary, I am smiling. See? Mother is smiling—isn't that fun? See Mother smile. Why does Mother smile?" Polly and Alice regarded me apprehensively. "Mother smiles because Mother has absolutely no intention of giving a bridal luncheon either before, during, or after the wedding rehearsal!" I shouted at them. Polly and Alice shrank back. "Mother actually doesn't give a damn whether or not the bridesmaids starve to death on the day of the wedding!" I ended with a snarl.

Captain Archibald beat a hasty retreat at this point. No sooner had the door shut behind him than the doorbell rang again. I put a warning finger to my lips. "No!" I said. "Don't open it. If we open it the Wee Folk will troop in and take control of the wedding!"

"My mother is very nervous," Polly announced to the general company. She opened the door.

"Anybody homesies?" Cyprian Oxford inquired, his elfin face peering in. Polly and I stared at each other in sudden horror. "I'll just tip-toe in and leave my little giftie for the bride," Cyprian said, tip-toeing in. My eyes turned toward the desk where the guest list was lying, all tattered and torn and hideously devoid of at least one MUST INVITE! name after all.

EVERYBODY had forgotten completely about Cyprian Oxford.

"Cyprian!" I cried, with hideously false enthusiasm. "You won't believe this, Cyprian, but Polly and I were just this minute talking about you, weren't we, Polly?"

"Oh, yes, we were!" Polly said. "We were talking, and talking about you, Cyprian."

"What we were talking about, Cyprian," I went on, feverishly, "is how come we haven't received your RSVP yet. You are coming to the wedding tomorrow, aren't you?"

"But, darlings, how can one come when one wasn't invited?" Cyprian said. "Now don't say a word—I understand perfectly. You can't have everybody, I quite realise."

"Of course you were invited, Cyprian!" I said. "Heavens, it wouldn't seem like a wedding if you weren't there."

"I absolutely won't feel married if you aren't there, Cyprian," Polly told him.

"But it's perfectly all right," Cyprian said, with wounded dignity. "Don't give it another thought."

"Polly, did you by any chance forget to mail Cyprian's invitation?" I demanded in stern tones.

"Certainly not, Mother!" Polly said. "Don't you remember—you said to me, 'Polly, is that Cyprian Oxford's invitation you have there?' and I said, 'Yes, Mother, it is Cyprian Oxford's invitation.' And then I put it right into the mailbox."

"Well, I thought there must be some mistake," Cyprian said, happily.

"It's all the fault of this wretched North Brattleboro Post Office." He handed Polly a gift-wrapped box done up in mauve paper and silver ribbons. "This is for you, angel. I must dash now—I left Teddy in charge of the bookstore and, alas, Teddy is far off on the other side of the moon when it comes to ringing up on the register," he said.

To page 89

OUR TRANSFER



Bridesmaid motif for your best linens is from Embroidery Transfer No. 222. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Price, 15c plus 5c postage.

get them into flying colours!

They're so light! Bond's new wave of young nauticals. Balloon bright young sea shapes for beach belles and boys. In active stretch nylon and super soft terry... pertly pleated and coyly covered, buoyant and brief with nothing to hide! Out of the water and into the wash, no trouble for mother... no fuss!

Style 42951. Beach Jacket, front opening button at neck. In white. Sizes AS1-AS14. From \$1.59. • Style 92602H. Two piece Swimsuit, pleated skirt, two pearl buttons on bra. Royal, Red, Pink, French Blue with White. Sizes AS3-AS8. \$3.99. • Style 92603H. Swimsuit with check pleated skirt. Royal/Red, Red/Royal, White/Black. Sizes AS3-AS8. \$4.99. • Style 92004. Swim Shorts, fully elasticised waistband, contrasting insert panel down side. White/Red/Royal, Royal/Red/White, Red/Royal/White. Sizes AS1-AS6. \$1.99. • Style 42911. Terry Jacket, knitted collar, full zip opening, elasticised waist band. Contrast stripe. White/Red/Blue. Sizes AS2-AS8. \$2.99.

BOND'S

"Oh, thank you, Cyprian," Polly said, taking the package. "You really shouldn't have."

"Well, darlings, I must hurtle."

Bye!"

"Is it a book?" I asked Polly, as soon as the door had closed behind him.

"It's a cheese board," Polly said, removing the mauve-and-silver wrappings. "With a cunning little knife attached to it."

"I beg pardon," Hakim said, "but would someone explain?"

"It's a cheese board," I told him. He looked puzzled. "To serve cheese on," I said. He still looked puzzled. "It's a wedding gift," I explained. His face brightened.

"Ah!" he said. "A wedding gift! Now I understand." He nodded his head. "In my country it is customary to send a goat," he said.

It was one of those hot, velvety, star-studded August nights that seem to be made expressly for bridal dinners. The garden of the Adams house was illuminated by flaring torches. Round tables covered with pink tablecloths and decorated with brightly colored centrepieces of zinnias and daisies were scattered about the spacious lawns. A bar was going full blast under the grape arbor, music floated over a public-address system hidden in the trees, and the whole effect was one of bubbling gaiety compounded of a heady mixture of fresh shrimp, caviar, champagne, avocados, white wine, chicken mousse, Irish whisky, and fine Havana cigars.

I ARRIVED promptly at seven o'clock wearing my blue chiffon with the rhinestone clips and my brand-new Moosop and O'Gorski wiglet (genuine imported human hair — while they last only \$25!! Hurry!!!).

Mr. and Mrs. Adams greeted me. Mrs. Adams was wearing an identical blue chiffon with rhinestone clips.

"What a coincidence!" Mrs. Adams said to me, laughing gaily. Mrs. Adams was ten pounds thinner than I was and had her on her own hair in the bargain, so she could afford to laugh gaily. "Crosby told me you were going to wear red silk," she said.

"Crosby told me you were going to wear a yellow suit," I said.

Mrs. Adams laughed again and remarked, fondly, "Oh, well, that's how boys are when it comes to describing clothes."

"Have some champagne," Mr. Adams told me expansively. Mr. Adams, I noted, was wearing a white dinner jacket. "Have a cocktail. Have some champagne and a cocktail." He pointed me in the direction of the bar and I walked over and found Polly and Crosby there. Polly said the wiglet looked pretty but that it wasn't fair for me to wear someone else's hair while she wasn't even allowed to have her ears pierced.

"Tomorrow afternoon you can have your ears pierced," I told her. "Tomorrow afternoon you can have a ring put through your nose if you want to, because by then you'll be a great big married woman, but tonight you're still my little girl."

"Don't start to cry again," Polly said. "Oh, Mother! Here — take my handkerchief." I took her handkerchief and dabbed at my eyes. Crosby now arrived at my table with a distinguished-looking grey-haired man in tow and introduced him as Uncle Frank from Topeka.

"Oh, the famous brain surgeon!" I said. Uncle Frank said modestly that he wasn't really famous and sat down at the table with me. Polly and Crosby wandered off to greet the other guests. A waitress came around with a tray of martinis and Uncle Frank and I each took one. Another waitress came around with a platter of hors-d'oeuvre, and we each took a whole bunch of hors-d'oeuvre.

"Beautiful party," Uncle Frank said, contentedly munching away. "I usually make it a rule never to travel out of town for social reasons, but this time I said to myself . . ."

I gave a tiny sneeze. "Excuse me," I said.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

"Bless you," Uncle Frank said. "As I was saying, I said to myself, Frank, old chap, you can't let your nephew Crosby get married without at least . . ."

I sneezed again. "So sorry," I said.

"Perfectly all right," Uncle Frank said. "Bless you. Where was I? — Oh, yes. I couldn't let my favorite nephew get married without . . ."

"Ah-choo!" I sneezed. "Excuse me."

"Bless," Uncle Frank said. "As I was saying, Crosby is a pretty special young man in my book and I couldn't let his wedding go by without . . ."

"HAH-CHOO!" I sneezed, "HARACHACHI!" I dug Polly's handkerchief out of my purse. "It's the centrepiece, I think," I managed to wheeze. "I'm allergic to z-z-zinnias." I gave another enormous sneeze. Uncle Frank handed me a clean handkerchief and studied me with a professional eye.

"If I were you I'd see a good allergy man," he said. "Often a series of shots can . . ."

"HACHOOZA!" I sneezed. Several guests at adjoining tables turned around to watch the

To page 90

LULUBELLE



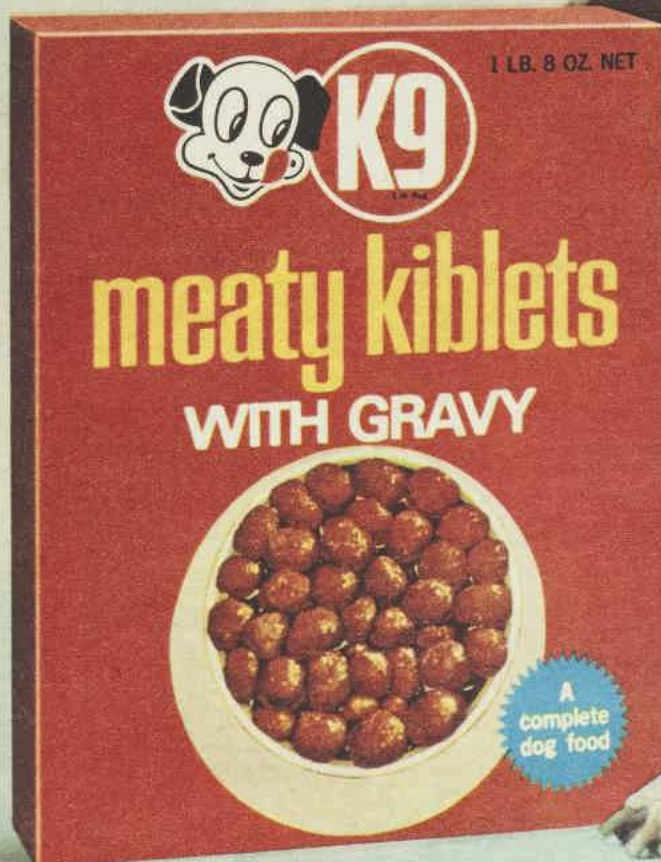
"Sorry about the curlers . . . I'm going out tonight."

Summing up the case
for complete nourishment:

Feed K9 Meaty Kiblets every day

Rule in favour of rugged health with K9 Meaty Kiblets. They're packed with real-meat protein (and plenty of it) plus all the other nutrients a dog is known to need. Flavour? Rich and beefy! Go ahead, be a worthy guardian. Give your dog the full protection of a balanced diet. A very wise decision indeed, K9 Meaty Kiblets every day. Just weigh the evidence!

K9 Meaty Kiblets — more nourishment
than twice their weight in steak



FROM A WORLD LEADER IN NUTRITION — Carnation



"Your neighbors will expect you to have a boy, a girl, and a cocker spaniel."



Insurance knows change, too

Fashion isn't the only thing that changes. Insurance changes, too — constantly, but with this vital difference: Insurance is more individual, it can be tailored to the specific 'build' of the insured. Modern insurance — A.F.G. Insurance — is a matter of fitting the policy to the specific needs of the policy holder, whether it be a simple

householders' policy, domestic and workers' compensation policy, an all risks, or a complicated business portfolio. Talk to A.F.G. We'll understand your insurance problems and work out a beneficial policy — just for your 'build'. Or utilize the services of one of the local A.F.G. Agents. They are established in every State and display the A.F.G. symbol.



THE AUTOMOBILE FIRE & GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED

MELBOURNE 277-297 William Street 67-8531
SYDNEY Gold Fields House, Circular Quay 27-9634
BRISBANE 533 Ann Street, Fortitude Valley 54726
PERTH 81 St. George's Terrace 23-2148
HOBART 34 Elizabeth Street 36403
ADELAIDE 33 Pirie Street 84252

Sub-branches at—
Wagga
Albury
Geelong
Canberra
Newcastle
Townsville
Warrnambool



AFG438A

mother of the bride apparently writhing in the throes of some sort of a convulsive seizure.

"ACHZAHARACHA!" I sneezed again.

"Sometimes it helps if you put your head down and take a deep breath," Uncle Frank said, and before I could stop him he had a firm hand pressed on the back of my neck at the exact spot where my Moosop and O'Gorski Genuine Imported Human Hair was attached to my real hair. I gave one final, convulsive sneeze and Uncle Frank jerked his hand away. The wiglet came away with it.

"Good grief!" cried Uncle Frank, the famous brain surgeon, in horror. "This is terrible!" he said, staring at the matted clump of hair in his hand and obviously under the impression that I was the victim of some sort of obscure scalp condition. "My dear lady, I had no idea . . ."

"It's perfectly all right," I said. "It's just my wiglet." Uncle Frank dropped the wiglet on the table as though it had been a fiery coal. "I guess I better put it in the car," I said.

UNCLE FRANK said yes, yes, for heaven's sake, do that, and I made my furtive way across the lawn and out to the driveway, the wiglet concealed behind my purse. I shoved it into the glove compartment of the car and was about to return, wigletless, to the festivities when an enormous garbage truck roared into the driveway and the driver leaped out and began to dump the contents of the Adams' garbage cans into the maw of his truck.

"Some party!" the garbageman commented loudly, over the clatter and clash of discarded whisky bottles. "Ain't seen this many empties since the Democratic picnic over to Squantz Pond last spring. What's going on here tonight with all them torches—some kind of political rally?" I told him it was a bridal dinner. "It must be the same wedding over at the Community Centre tomorrow," he said. "I was just there carting away the trash. Never laughed so much in my life."

"Laughed at what?" I said. "What's so funny over at the Community Centre?"

"That thing in the front hall," the garbageman said. He picked up one of the empty bottles, examined it with a connoisseur's eye, and said, "Irish, eh? Pretty classy."

"What thing in the front hall of the Community Centre?" I demanded.

"This statue," the garbageman explained. "Big bronze thing on a marble pedestal all surrounded with potted palms and green stuff—" He burst into a loud guffaw. "Honest, I thought I'd bust laughing when I saw it. Who's the couple taking the fatal step tomorrow?"

"My daughter," I said with dignity. "Now if you'll kindly excuse me, I must be getting back . . ."

"Do me a favor, will you, lady?" the garbageman asked, digging into his over-all pocket and producing a small card which he handed to me. I accepted it gingerly. "Nutmeg Garbage Removal Company," I read in tastefully engraved Olde English lettering. "It may Be Only Your Garbage But It's Our Bread and Butter!"

"In case the happy couple has not as yet given any thought to their future garbage removal problems," the garbageman explained. "The boss gives me a commission for every new account I dig up."

I went back to the party

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

and found Polly and Crosby and Alice deep in conversation at one of the tables. I joined them. "Crosby," I said, "I realise this is a delicate subject to bring up on your wedding eve, but have you given any thought to your future garbage removal problems?" I handed him the card. "Put it in your wallet," I said. "Talk it over with Polly on your honeymoon."

"We were just discussing you, Mrs. Paulson," Alice said. "We were trying to decide what Crosby should call you after he and Polly are married."

"You know—like 'Mother' or 'Mom' or 'Ma' or 'Muzzy'."

"Muzzy?" I said. "That's what I call my mother," Alice said. "I think it's kind of cute. It started when I was little and I couldn't pronounce 'Mother'."

"Crosby," I said to him earnestly. "Do not call me 'Muzzy,' OK?"

"OK," Crosby said. "I actually think 'Mother' is best," Polly said. "That's what I'm going to call Mrs. Adams. Go ahead and practise it, Crosby. See how it sounds."

"Hello, Mother," Crosby said. "Goodbye, Mother. Happy birthday, Mother. Merry Christmas, Mother." Polly told him he was mumbling the word "Mother." "It's going to take a lot of practice until I get used to saying it," Crosby explained. "I've been calling your mother 'Mrs. Paulson' all my life. I can't just suddenly turn around and start calling her 'Mother' right off the bat like that."

A waiter came around with a tray of champagne. We each took a glass. "A toast!" someone called. "A toast to the happy couple!" I recognised Uncle Frank's voice. Everybody began to say "Sssh! Sssh! A toast!" at everybody else, and Uncle Frank came over to our table with Mr. and Mrs. Adams and we all stood in a circle around Polly and Crosby.

"To the health of the bride and groom," Uncle Frank said, raising his glass. "In all the long years to come, may they always be as happy as they are on this glorious night!" Mrs. Adams and I burst into tears.

"Actually, the father of the bride is supposed to offer the toast at the bridal dinner," Alice told Uncle Frank.

"My little boy!" Mrs. Adams cried, clutching at Crosby's arm. Crosby handed her a handkerchief and patted her shoulder. "All grown up!" Mrs. Adams sobbed. "Leaving the nest!"

I fished Uncle Frank's handkerchief out of my purse and mopped my eyes.

"Crosby was always such a sweet, biddable child," Mrs. Adams keened, rocking back and forth as though over a dead body. "So bright! So happy!" She gave a strangled sob.

"Now, Mother," Crosby said, and "Now, Rose," Mr. Adams said. Uncle Frank put an arm around her and said, "There, there, Rose—before you know it you'll be bouncing a grandchild on your knee."

I immediately left off crying and said, with a tight smile, "Well, let's hope not quite that soon!" The idea of suddenly being presented with a bouncing grandchild seemed to set just as badly with Mrs. Adams, who gave another anguished wail and reluctantly allowed Mr. Adams to lead her away.

"Oh, hell, now what have I said?" Uncle Frank asked, and followed after them.

I wandered off across the

garden, still dabbing at my eyes.

"Darling, you've been crying!" Crosby said, appearing in front of me. He was wearing some kind of a vaguely Edwardian outfit and nibbling daintily at an enormous shrimp. "Come along, sweetie—I'll buy you a drinkie. Oh, no need—here's a waiter." Crosby and I each took a drinkie from the waiter's tray. "To love!" Cyprian said. We drank to love.

"I know it's none of my business, pet," he said, "but I really think you ought to know."

"Know what?" I said.

"I dashed into the Community Centre on my way here tonight," Cyprian said, "just for a look at the decorations and darling—well, really!"

"Really what?" I said. "That statue," Cyprian said, with a shudder. "It's too much, sweet. I mean, there it stands, positively looming among the smilax. He started for the bar again. 'It really must go!' he called back over his shoulder."

I wandered back to the table where Polly and Crosby and Alice were still sitting.

"Hello, Mrs. Paulson," Alice said. "I was just telling Polly and Crosby how I stopped off at the Community Centre to leave my extra false eyelashes there for tomorrow, and the florist has all the potted palms set up in the hall and the smilax on the banisters and everything. It's too bad."

"What's too bad?" I asked, although I knew what was coming.

"I suppose it will be all right," Alice said. She sighed. "Maybe."

"You suppose what will be all right?" I inquired.

To page 92

1968



A GREAT YEAR FOR TRAVEL

make it your year

1968 will be a wonderful year for travel. World Travel Headquarters has scheduled the best ever programme of Trans-World and Lisind Tours . . . Tours to make it easy for you to see the world comfortably and leisurely. Make your decision — right now — to make 1968 your year for travel!

Whichever way you want to go — via U.S.A. or Canada; via Japan or the Mediterranean — there's a Tour planned specially for you. Remember too, these tours have guaranteed departures. Booklets giving full details and day-by-day itineraries of all tours are yours — free for the asking.

Here are just a few of the exciting Lisind and Trans-World Tours from which you may choose.

DEPART	RETURN	MIN. COST
ARCADIA March 5	ORSOVA September 10	\$2553
ORIANA March 10	ARCADIA August 18	\$2736
ORONSAY March 10	ORSOVA September 10	\$2735
CANBERRA April 2	CHUSAN September 16	\$2741
HIMALAYA May 1	ORIANA September 21	\$2645
ORCADES May 14	ARCADIA October 14	\$2816
IBERIA May 26	ORIANA November 21	\$2935
ARCADIA May 28	CANBERRA October 14	\$2440

WORLD TRAVEL

HEADQUARTERS PTY. LTD.

33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Telephone 28-4841
(Just up from the Savoy Theatre)

WT383



It used to take months & months
to age a great tasty cheese.

At Kraft it still does.



You can't hurry a great cheese – it needs time to mature. In the cool, quiet cellars at Kraft, CRACKER BARREL ages in its own good time. Then when it's ready, Kraft wraps CRACKER BARREL in double strength aluminium foil to protect the great flavour which time and Kraft care have given it. Wouldn't you protect your cheese this way if you'd waited so long for it to mature?



How well aged do you like your CRACKER BARREL*?
Choose from Extra Tasty, fully matured Tasty, Semi-Matured and Mild.



for good food and good food ideas
*Reg'd Trade Mark

KR535B



Beautify Your Hair

YOUR hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

look alive with

The Bulletin

Political comment • News & Views
EVERY WEEK, ONLY 20c

"The way it looks," Alice said.

"Alice," I said. "I don't like to be the one to criticise," Alice told me, "so maybe I'd better not say anything."

"ALICE!" I said.

"All right," Alice said hastily. "It's that hideous statue of Mr. Krendleman. It's standing there in the middle of everything and it ruins the entire redecoration of the hall to say nothing of making all that smilax and greenery look absolutely ghastly, and, when you walk in, the very first thing that hits you in the eye is this repulsive statue on that nauseating marble pedestal." She shuddered and took a dainty sip of champagne. "Otherwise everything looks perfectly lovely," she added, cheerfully.

The Community Centre was pitch dark. I opened the door and tiptoed cautiously into the hall. I was afraid to switch on the light for fear some passerby would see it and become suspicious, because it was long after midnight. I groped my way along the wall until I came to the spot where I thought the statue should be, and then I struck a match. Sure enough, Krendleman and I were

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

standing less than a foot apart, staring into each other's eyes. I blew out the match.

"Sorry, Krendleman," I said aloud, "but you'll have to go." I took hold of the pedestal in both arms and began to drag it in the direction of the coat room. It felt like it weighed about a thousand pounds. "It's back to the showers for you, old chum," I panted.

THERE was a rustling in the shadows on the other side of the hall.

"Who's that?" I demanded. The rustling stopped. "It's only a mouse," I told Mr. Krendleman nervously. The rustling sounded once more. I stood rooted to the spot, breathing hard. "Who's that?" I demanded again.

"Who's that?" somebody demanded back. It was a masculine voice.

"Who is it?" I quavered. I hoped the voice would answer "Nobody" or "Just us

mice," but all it said, again, was "Who's that?"

"This is ridiculous," I said.

"Now speak up — who is it?"

"Mrs. Paulson?" the voice inquired cautiously.

"Mother?"

"Crosby!" I said, "What on earth —? Wait a minute."

I fumbled for the light switch.

"There!" I said, flicking it on. Crosby was crouched behind one of the florist's potted palms. "What the big idea?" I asked him.

"I came to move the statue of Mr. Krendleman out of sight," Crosby told me, and then he added proudly, "Did you notice how I called you 'Mother,' Mrs. Paulson? I've been practising. Mother Mother Mother Mother."

He hiccupped. "Mother."

"Crosby, are you by any chance drunk?" I asked him, suspiciously. He stood up, drew himself to his full height, and replied with indignation, "Certainly I am not drunk!" He hiccupped again, and added, "Mother."

"Well, since we're both here, let's move this monstrosity into the coat room together," I said. "It weighs a

ton. I'll take the head and you take the bottom. Ready? Up we go!"

Crosby and I staggered toward the coat room with Mr. Krendleman horizontal between us, his eyes staring accusingly up at the newly redecorated ceiling.

"Hold it!" Crosby said, suddenly. We halted. "Someone's coming," he whispered. I could hear footsteps crossing the porch. "It's the cops," Crosby said as the front door banged open and two members of the North Brattleboro Police Force came charging in, guns drawn. I screamed.

"OK, drop the statue," one of the policemen ordered. I hastily dropped Mr. Krendleman's head. "Ouch!" Crosby cried, as the full weight of the pedestal landed on his toes. "For heaven's sake! Mother."

"Caught 'em right in the act," the first policeman said to his fellow officer with great satisfaction. "Breaking and entering, larceny, trespassing with criminal intent, and malfeasance. Judge-Reilly can throw the book at them for this little escapade."

"Objection!" Crosby said. "In the first place, officer, the doors were unlocked," he told them, enunciating each word with great care. "Judi-

cially speaking, therefore, no breaking or entering was involved under any situation whatever, and moreover I demand that Mother and I be allowed to summon an attorney in pursuance with the recent Supreme Court decision in the case of Escobedo versus . . ."

"Shut up!" I hissed at him.

"Mother and son, eh?"

The policeman shook his head. "Looks like a regular Fagin caper, Joe," he said to his fellow officer. "Makes your blood run cold, don't it?"

"I am not his mother," I said. "This is all a ridiculous misunderstanding."

"Don't lower yourself by arguing with them," Crosby said. "Mother."

I turned on him fiercely. "Stop calling me Mother!" I said.

"For shame," the first policeman told me disapprovingly. "Turning against your own flesh and blood. Disgusting!"

"Officer," Crosby said, "I must absolutely insist that we be allowed to communicate with an attorney because if litigation should sometime in the future occur to rise from this situation the entire judicial process will be . . ."

To page 93

Truly you-ly

Cool, light, lacy comfort all summer long!

Move, reach, stretch, run. Bask for hours in the sun! Your Goddess Summer bra stretches when you do, breeze-light, breeze-cool, designed for heavenly comfort in lace and stretch Lycra. It's Truly you. It gives natural support, natural shapeliness. You'll love the way you look. You'll adore your blissful freedom. Summer sunshine and action go with Goddess! Styles illustrated: 281, adjustable stretch straps, cup support, in white and black: \$4.00. 608, contour cups, firm diaphragm band, multiway straps included, in white and black: \$4.50. 288, contour stretch bra, satin and lace, in white and black: \$3.00. Write or phone for a free copy of the new booklet, "Your Guide to Goddess". Choose from the complete Summer Collection of Goddess Bras (cool girdles to match, too). Your search for your ideal bra is ended. Goddess is truly you-ly!

Bras by

goddess

GODDESS BRAS AND GIRDLES, 194 Melbourne Street, South Brisbane, Queensland. Telephone 46011

\$4.00
STYLE
281

\$4.50
STYLE
608

\$3.00
STYLE
288

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

will be... His voice trailed away. "What was that I was saying?" he inquired of the policeman, his eyes slightly glazed.

"Crocked," one officer told the other. "Smashed, stoned, shellacked, and inebriated, to say nothing of boiled as an owl and strictly non compos mentis."

"Objection!" Crosby shouted. "I am judicially and legally and humanly not drunk! I am merely guarding my constitutional rights guaranteed by my forefathers and your forefathers and all our forefathers in and of the Constitution of the United States in Congress assembled."

HE stopped and raised a warning forefinger at both policemen. "Benjamin Franklin!" he announced in ringing tones, and with this an angelic smile spread across his face, he crashed to the floor as though smitten with a pole-axe, and lay there side by side with Mr. Krendleman, snoring gently.

"Crosby!" I cried. I knelt down next to him. "Crosby, speak to me!" I entreated. I wrung my hands. "Are you all right?" I asked him anxiously. Crosby at last opened his eyes, gazed up into my face, and gave me another beatific smile.

"Muzzyl!" Crosby said.

"This will be the first church wedding I've ever played at," the substitute organist confided in me. He and I were the only ones who had showed up so far for the rehearsal. "I imagine I'll soon get the hang of it, though," he added optimistically.

I closed my eyes briefly and then opened them again to gaze at him. After straightening out the Krendleman mess with the police last night I had taken two sleeping pills, and this morning I had taken three tranquillizers before leaving for the church. As a result, I was now entering into a state of Buddha-like calm.

"I suppose you'll be wanting the same old stereotyped Lohengrin and Mendelssohn," the organist said. "There's a smashing new anthem by Wedelmyer Vernerholtz, the German atonal composer," he went on hopefully. "Homage to an Episcopal Astronaut." No? Oh, well, I thought not. Pity, though.

Reverend Mitchell came striding down the aisle, black robes flying, and exclaimed, "Ah! The happy couple!" before he realised that it was only me and the organist. "Terribly gloomy in here," Reverend Mitchell said, and hurried out the side door into his office. The organist also disappeared up the stairway leading to the choir loft, from whence emerged a moment later the strains of "Hit the Line for Harvard" with all the tuba mirabilis stops pulled out. "Just noodling, Mrs. Paulson!" the or-

ganist called down to me reassuringly.

I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes past ten.

"I'm sorry we're late," Polly said, half-running down the church aisle with four of the bridesmaids streaming behind her. "Anita called from Boston because she won't be able to make it to the rehearsal after all. She was dissecting a rat in her biology lab and she cut her finger. Three stitches."

"A curious accident," I said.

"How are you, Mrs. Paulson?" Alice asked.

"I am approaching the meditative plateau of Satori, Alice," I said. "I am contemplating the heart of the lotus."

"I see that Crosby isn't here yet," Alice announced, peering around the church. "I was reading in the newspaper about a wedding in Detroit where there were about a million people waiting in the church and the groom just vanished. Into thin air!" I looked at her with an inscrutable expression. "Well, not exactly thin air," Alice amended. "They found him two weeks later in New Jersey."

"Kwatz," I said.

"Huh?" Alice said.

"Kwatz is an ejaculation traditionally uttered by the Zen disciples of Rinzai," I said. "Rinzai, as we know, was the originator of the Rinzai school of Zen Buddhism."

"My mother just took a whole bunch of tranquillizers," Polly told Alice. "She's very nervous," Alice said that Crosby's mother was nervous, too.

"I saw her down at Moosop and O'Gorski's this morning buying a new girdle," Alice said.

"Here's Hakim and Bill Goochman," Mildred said. I looked around to see Hakim and a young man whom I had never laid eyes on before approaching us down the aisle. "Who is Bill Goochman?" I asked. "Pray?" Mildred said he was the new head usher. "Ah," I said.

Hakim greeted me with a slight obeisance, and said, "We carry a disturbing message from the groom and the best man. In their zeal to follow your instructions and transport the family cat for the weekend to—to—alas, I have forgotten the name of the destination."

"Kaplow's Kozy Kat Kennels," Polly told him.

"—Kaplow's Kozy Kat Kennels, an unfortunate incident has occurred. The animal has escaped from the automobile."

"Escaped?" Polly cried. "Oh, no! Poor darling Puddy! He'll be lost! Crosby!" Crosby and Bentley had just now arrived, breathing hard. "Did you find poor darling Puddy?"

"No, we didn't," Crosby said shortly, mopping his forehead with his handkerchief. "And frankly, Polly, I refuse to spend any more time tramping up and down Wellfleet Road yelling 'Here, Puddy Tat! Here, Puddy Tat!'"

"I'm surprised someone didn't come and throw a net over us," Bentley added, scowling.

"Make love, not war!" a deep voice said. This time everybody turned around. Eberhardt Altschuler and Gary Endicott were framed in the church doorway, arms draped over each other's shoulders and swaying slightly. "Fluoridate now!" Eberhardt said, just as Reverend Mitchell emerged from the vestry.

AS I READ THE STARS

Week beginning Nov. 15

By ELSA MURRAY

ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, red, yellow.
Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, orange, tan.
Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
Gambling colors, blue, green.
Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, blue, grey.
Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

★ A bad patch for making new moves or for achieving wider horizons between 15th-19th. Your private life and your public relations come under chilling and restricting stars. Things improve.

★ If you have important legal business, especially if connected with matrimonial matters, then try to postpone it after the 19th. It's also adverse for letters, correspondence, and communications.

★ Don't worry if you think you are losing your sex appeal and can't handle the male with your accustomed adroitness. It's nasty old Saturn, and he is putting a damper on romance.

★ Thinking of blasting off with a new venture? Well if you do, 16th-18th, you will be liable to get out of orbit. Stick to the tried and true, and endeavor not to get too involved romance-wise.

★ Surprising things, financially, could happen, and it's an unusual week for the lighter side of life. You'll need cheering up, 16th-18th, when you should be careful on the road. Marital mix-up.

★ Perhaps you could suffer a financial setback, 16th-18th. Don't loan money to a friend—you might lose both. Much muddling could confuse your decisions—there is the danger of accident.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

LIBRA

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, green, red.
Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, pink, navy.
Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, green, brown.
Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
Gambling colors, blue, white.
Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, violet, green.
Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ Your ruling star gets at loggerheads with Saturn, 16th, and there could be a disappointment in the personal life—perhaps a check to career. You could get financially entangled, 17th-18th.

★ You have not had an exactly propitious cycle of self-promotion so far, but after the 18th you get the "walk" sign. The 16th is adverse for luck, 17th-18th is deceptive and confusing.

★ Any new venture undertaken this week could have surprising and unusual results, but don't act until after the 16th. A disappointment in love is possible or bad news about loved ones.

★ There could be trouble with the soul-mate and the family, 16th-18th. You'll need all your patience to cope and level-headedness to avoid getting snarled up emotionally.

★ Adverse span 16th to 18th, during which you might have to carry extra burdens on the job—if a working woman. It's bad for travel. A lot of deception could stymie new projects.

★ Pisceans are renowned for their willingness to help and for their self-sacrifice—traits that are mighty handy for certain people. They must control their benevolence this week, sip purses.

(Advertisement)

There Is No Stronger, More Powerful Killing Insecticide Than Pea-Beu

THE important development of a powerful aerosol insecticide with a fine-mist action ensures a deep penetration into all corners of the room and because of its characteristic strength it destroys all insect pests on the pattern of fumigation and ensures that no insect can escape death.

Special features of Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide

- This Pea-Beu insecticide is tremendously powerful because it has the strongest concentration of the world's most effective killing substances, yet it can be used with complete confidence in the home.
- Pea-Beu also has enormous power of penetration due to its unique "umbrella-spreading" action. In a room, short bursts only adequately produce a devastating effect on insects—a result due to its tremendous Fume-Action strength and killing power.
- Regular nightly spraying of premises to cover all usual breeding places will wipe out insect pests entirely.
- Pea-Beu is highly concentrated, which means its use in the home is most economical even though it costs slightly more.
- Equally effective against flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, fleas, moths, bugs, spiders and ants.
- It has a pleasant perfume which delightfully freshens the home.
- Pea-Beu is formulated to give a long-lasting killing pattern against all insect pests. Rooms previously sprayed remain effectively proofed for long periods.

Pea-Beu

There is no stronger, more powerful aerosol insecticide than Pea-Beu.
Available at leading stores and chemists.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

To page 94

INNOXA MAKES YOU FEEL BEAUTIFUL. PART IV. CHOOSING A DEODORANT.

Don't you want to stay this clean and fresh all day?

You're a woman. So you know the value of freshness. Know how important it is to your morale. How you can't even begin to feel beautiful unless you feel completely fresh underneath it all.

And that's why you use a deodorant. But most deodorants don't last beyond the lunch hour. Because they just can't

stand up to the pace of a long, active day.

Innoxa knows this. So we came up with Free & Easy. It offers you the freshness of a deodorant and the cleanliness of an anti-perspirant. And they work together in perfect harmony, balancing each other at all times to give you complete freshness that lasts.

Free & Easy is a roll-on because it's so much gentler, so much more precise

than a spray. And infinitely more feminine.

Free & Easy is more than kind to your skin. And that beautiful fresh feeling it gives you lasts and lasts all day.

Don't you think that's a good reason to use it?

INNOXA FREE & EASY



From your
Appointed
Innoxa Retailer



INNOXA

INN-P217

170 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

"I got Eberhardt sprung from the New York clink," Gary proudly informed the assembled company. "We just flew back to Boston on the Eastern Airlines shuttle." He cleared his throat. "I mean," he amended carefully, "we flew back to Boston on the Eastern Airline shuttle. Suttle. We had li'l drink on the way to celebrate."

"Those New York cops wouldn't lemme call the dean men at Berkeley," Eberhardt told us in indignant tones. "Wouldn't lemme call the dean women, either, Cossacks!"

"Nex' they'll be tearing out people's toenails," Gary said.

Reverend Mitchell beckoned to the head usher and whispered something in his ear.

"Does everybody here know what good ol' Eberhardt is going

to do after this wedding?" Gary inquired. "Good ol' Eberhardt is going to join the Peace Corps, thass what good ol' Eberhardt is going to do."

"Rah!" good old Eberhardt cried, waving his free hand in the air.

"His regiment," Gary said tearfully. "Good ol' Eberhardt is going to join his Peace Corps regiment. At dawn, if not earlier."

"My regiment," Eberhardt repeated, placing his hand over his heart and reciting, dramatically, "'Cause it's boots, boots, boots, marching up and down again,

you're a better man than I am Gunga Din!"

The head usher came over and said to Gary, in a fierce undertone, "Reverend Mitchell wants you both to sit down and be quiet!" He gave Eberhardt a forcible shove. "Siddown!" he said.

"Wassamatta?" Eberhardt inquired, and immediately leaned his head against the back of the pew and began to snore.

Gary sat down next to me and said, "H'lo, Mrs. Paulson."

"Hello, Gary?" I said. "White blood count all straightened out now?" A clap of thunder echoed through the church and rain be-

gan to pelt the windows. Eberhardt stirred briefly, cried out "Boots!" and sank back once more. The sexton stuck his head through the doorway and said there was a telephone call for either Miss or Mrs. Paulson.

"You answer it," I said to Polly. But Polly said, "I'm the bride. The bride isn't supposed to do hard things the morning of the wedding," so I went into the minister's office and picked up the phone.

"Morton has chicken pox," my mother said without preamble. "He pushed little Bonnie Sue into the pond and she's perfectly all right, but Aunt Olivia got hysterical, poor thing, so we called Dr. Spofford and Ron has to drive into Boston to get some special blood-pressure pills for her, so he won't be able to make it to rehearsal. And Dr. Spofford said that of course

Morton has to stay in bed and can't act as ring bearer."

"Ah," I said.

"Helene?" my mother said. "Are you there? Are you all right?" "Master Pai-chang," I told her, "upon being asked as to his welfare, replied, 'What is the sound of one hand clapping together?' Goodbye, Mother." I hung up the phone gently and went back into the church, where I immediately noticed that Captain Archibald, in full uniform, gold wings and all, had for some reason joined the assemblage.

"Captain Archibald found Puddy!" Polly cried happily when she saw me. "Puddy was hiding under Captain Archibald's bed when Captain Archibald got home from the airport."

ANOTHER clap of thunder sounded. "Boots!" Eberhardt shrieked, rearing up. He subsided again almost immediately.

"I have a splendid idea!" Reverend Mitchell said. "Since the good captain is already present perhaps he will consent to play the part of the bride's uncle and give her away?" Captain Archibald looked startled. "Merely during the rehearsal," Reverend Mitchell assured him. Captain Archibald explained that he had only stopped by to ask me what I wanted him to do with the stupid cat.

"Yes, yes, we know," Reverend Mitchell said, "but it is obvious that you have been sent to us in our hour of need and we must accept you, must we not?"

"Oh — I mean, all right," Captain Archibald said.

"Isn't it romantic having Captain Archibald give Polly away, Mrs. Paulson," Alice whispered to me, wide-eyed. "It's like a movie or something. In the movies Captain Archibald's eyes would meet your eyes as he was taking Polly down the aisle and Zap! the two of you fall madly in love."

"Zap?" I said.

"Captain Archibald would end up as Polly's stepfather!" Alice marvelled. "Oh, I can't stand it! It's too romantic!"

"Shall we begin?" Reverend Mitchell asked. "If the bridesmaids will go to the back of the church, please. Ushers also — no, no, Mr. Goochman, I think perhaps it would be wiser to leave Mr. Altschuler where he is for the present. Groom and best man at the side aisle here, if you please. Organist? Ready?" The organist said he was ready. "Now, Polly," Reverend Mitchell said. "Take the captain's arm, if you please."

Polly, in her old blue cotton skirt and her last year's middy blouse with her blue enamel earrings dangling from her unpierced ears, stepped into the aisle and took Captain Archibald's arm.

"Music!" Reverend Mitchell ordered. The organist began the "Wedding March." "Ushers, start down the aisle, please," Reverend Mitchell called. "Good! Very good! Now bridesmaids — fine! Fine! Dum-dum-de-dum. Dum-dum-de-dum. That's it. Slowly — good! There we go. Now ready? Here comes the bride, dum-dum-de-dum! Polly? It's almost time to start, dear."

Polly, clinging to Captain Archibald's arm, put one foot tentatively forward. Her rehearsal bouquet of shiny satin shower-gift ribbons trembled a little in her hand and she gave me one last half-smiling, half-tearful glance from under her golden bangs.

"Polly!" I said, and it was then that I realised, for the first time, that it was all over and finished, every single bit of it — teddy bears, orthodontist's bills, German measles, calf's liver, school, pew ribbons, Fenstermachers, intermediate algebra, Richard Burton, giant maldets, Siamese kittens, Italian pilots, black lace nightgowns, Alice, and even long-distance — reverse — charge — person — to-person telephone calls from Madison, Wisconsin, before six p.m.

"Ready, Polly?" Reverend Mitchell asked.

"Ready," Polly answered in a small voice. "I suppose," she said.

(Copyright (C) 1967 by Irene Kampen.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 22, 1967

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



4485.—Pretty sleeveless A-line dress with "pie-wedge" pleat in front. Pattern gives alternative neckline treatment and sleeve variations. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

4487.—Full A-line dress with cowl neckline and extended shoulders has soft folds continuing from front and back darts. Pockets in side front seams. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 75 cents includes postage.

4450.—Short, short shift with buttoned straps and self-bias folded ruffles at hem. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



4485

4487



4450

3867.—A-line hipster skirt and sleeveless top - front blouse. Short-sleeved blouse and ankle-length bell-bottomed hipster pants also in pattern, plus triangular kerchief. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

3867



6425

6425.—This baby dress is part of a layette pattern including long (21in.) dress and cap, wrapper, matinee jacket, long and short slips, nightgown, booties, and bib. One size. Price 50 cents includes postage.



4248

4248.—Girl's full A-line dress with seven-eighths length sleeves, contrast banding. Sizes 4 to 14 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 50 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

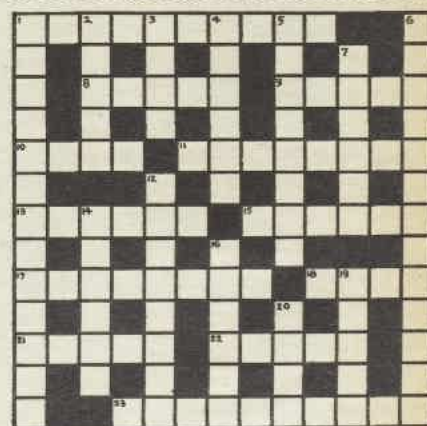
MANDRAKE and Lothar trace Dill to Zodum, a smugglers' haven and killers' hideout ruled by Zoon, an old friend of Dill's. What evil will they find there? NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Causing fear of male bird (10).
- Loud volleys of sound (5).
- The last or perfect state of insect life (5).
- A rash arpeggio betrays this musical instrument (4).
- Going in (8).
- Bring back to life (6).
- Become less severe concerning the fast of forty days (6).
- Terror is a blunderer (8).
- Gaelic in perseverance (4).
- White of egg made of argil (5).
- Remove faults (5).
- Move forward with a swaying gait to a Glasgow inn (5, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Boxer not over nine stone (7-6).
- He throws the lasso (5).
- I hurried to Persia (4).
- Not present sailor dispatched (6).
- He just hangs about (8).
- Absentmindedness (4-9).
- An invective literary composition (6).
- To do this the consent of your bank manager is needed (8).
- Appearing in spring (6).
- Toward the hinder part of a ship (6).
- Wireless telephony or aid (5).
- Woman's name (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.



WHICH PICTURE FITS YOU?

Are you a fun girl? Or do you drag through the day tired . . . never sick enough to stay in bed, yet never feeling inclined to join in the family fun.

If you have that continually tired feeling . . . if you find yourself being unusually nervy and irritable — perhaps your body is warning you that your blood, tissue, nerves and muscles need an extra supply of essential, health-giving vitamins and minerals!

The difference between feeling unable to cope . . . and coping . . . is often only a daily PLURAVIT capsule!

PLURAVIT is a balanced multivitamin preparation, in a soft gelatin capsule. Just one capsule a day provides your body's daily requirements of 21 essential vitamins and minerals.

PLURAVIT helps relieve lassitude, loss of appetite, as well as depression due to mental

and physical stress if due to vitamin deficiencies. PLURAVIT is often helpful to adults over 35; people on special diets; or for expectant and nursing mothers. Your family chemist recommends PLURAVIT Multivitamin Capsules.

NOW A PLURAVIT JUNIOR . . . FOR CHILDREN

Formulated for children 6-15 years of age. PLURAVIT JUNIOR contains the same 10 essential vitamins and 11 necessary minerals as Pluravit, in a smaller, easier-to-take capsule. Pluravit Junior is especially helpful to children suffering a vitamin deficiency during periods of rapid growth; when studying hard; when engaged in competitive sport; or when convalescing from illness.

AND A PLURAVIT EFFERVESCENT!

Here's the new "fun way" for all the family to take their multi-vitamins — Pluravit Effervescent. Make a "toast" to your "good health" each morning with this delicious, orange-flavoured vitamin mix containing 8 essential daily vitamins. Takes just one heaped teaspoonful in a glass of water, **once-a-day!**



PLURAVIT CAPSULES AND
EFFECTESCENT MIX

Nyal

MULTI-VITAMIN PRODUCTS

NYAL COMPANY • Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Limited, ERMINGTON, N.S.W.

PLURAVIT: 1 month's supply \$2.25
3 months' supply \$5.25

PLURAVIT JUNIOR: 1 month's supply \$1.56

PLURAVIT EFFERVESCENT: 5 oz. jar \$1.47